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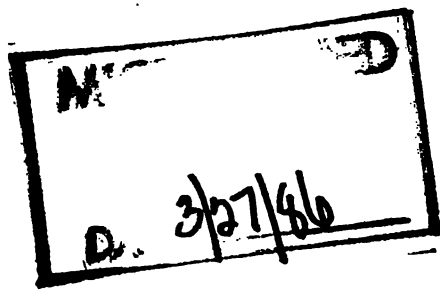
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# ROUND THE WORLD

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## TOWARD

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# THE WESTERING SUN

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BY

LEE S. SMITH

AUTHOR OF

"THROUGH EGYPT TO PALESTINE"

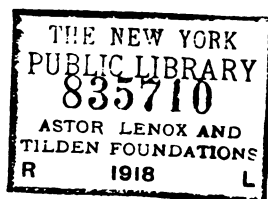


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TO MY SON,

*His Wife and Children,*

*Whose faithful attention to, and care of, our mutual interests in things temporal, enabled us to take this tour, and the thought of the happy reunion with whom cheered us on our way, this volume is lovingly dedicated.*





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## FOREWORD

Some years ago, after an extended tour through Italy, Greece, Egypt and Palestine, when asked if I would write a book, I said, "No," but afterwards at the earnest solicitation of many friends I changed my mind and did so. The warm reception accorded that work, and the many favorable criticisms, both of my friends and the public press, caused me to make a different answer this time, when solicited to write an account of our tour "round the world," so I said, "Yes." Another reason for doing so is the fact that the "round the world" tourist feels the need of a general work embodying the information which I have tried to collect herein, one that would comprise in a general way a guide to, as well as a suggestion of the history of the places and countries visited. Feeling this want myself, I have tried to condense into one volume the most important facts covering these needs of the tourist. In how far I have succeeded my readers must judge. Added to the above reasons, my beloved wife, my constant companion on all my travels, urged me to do it.

The material I prepared as we traveled, jotting it down day by day, while it was fresh in my mind. Where I have gained the knowledge from books, I have given credit for same in the text; and yet I wish to especially acknowledge here my indebtedness to "Murray's Guide Books for India and Japan," "Things Japanese" by Prof. Basil Hall Chamberlain of Tokyo,

"Brief History of the Indian People" by Sir W. W. Wilson, and "Land of the Veda" by Bishop Butler. All of these books I consider of inestimable value to the studious tourist through these most interesting countries. To a number of worthy people who aided me in my research and added their knowledge to assist me in my quest, I say, "Thank you," in this general way, trusting that each may accept it as personal to himself.

As in my book "Through Egypt to Palestine," I shall in as far as possible avoid guide book details, and strive to describe the countries, peoples and customs as they appeared to, and impressed me. In seeking to condense such a vast subject into a single volume, I find my difficulty in deciding what not to say, rather than in what I shall say. If I do not say too much, but leave my readers anxious for more, I shall be more pleased than if I shall have tired them.

To my fellow travelers of our own party, whose association together for the six months' tour proved so pleasant and profitable, as also to the many other most delightful people with whom we were thrown by the similarity of our adopted routes of travel, I extend my kindest greetings. That we had to put up with some hardships and disappointments in traveling nearly 30,000 miles by land and sea, is but what we naturally expected. In traveling we cannot always have a "Chamber de Luxe" on steamer, or a corner room with a bay window and bath in the hotel; and besides, our travel was so supremely interesting, that all discomforts were overshadowed and buried beneath the grand success of the tour as a whole. Notwith-

standing the fact that the Plague was raging in India, and that some tourists were laid up from one cause or another at different points, our party came through with nothing worse than some slight indispositions (perhaps less than had we been at home.) For all of this we feel thankful.

In writing this account of our "Tour round the world," I, at first, intended referring only to places visited at this time. This would have left out much of interest to the general reader, in the regions around the Mediterranean which we omitted visiting, as we had toured them so thoroughly before. On second thought, however, I concluded that an account of a "round the world" tour would be incomplete without some reference to these interesting countries, consequently I have introduced some running references to them, drawn from memory, and not copied from my former work, though I suppose I might safely have done even that without charge of plagiarism. I therefore submit this book to my present friends, and others who may become such through perusing its pages, trusting that it may, at least in part, prove as interesting to read an account of our travels, as it was for us to make the tour, and for me to write of it.

LEE S. SMITH.

Pittsburg, April 24, 1904.





# ROUND THE WORLD TOWARD THE WESTERING SUN

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## CHAPTER I

### WHAT SHALL I DO?

There certainly never was a time in the history of the world when the above question was asked by so many people as during the closing years of the nineteenth century, and all indications point to its still greater popularity during the twentieth.

It is within the recollection of persons yet living, and not in old age either, when those who regularly took an annual vacation were in a very small minority; but gradually customs have changed, until now all classes and conditions of workers, either of brain or muscle, expect at least a two weeks' outing during the year; and now the question has changed from, "What shall I do?" to, "Where shall I go?"

And why not? What is there in life to make it worth the living, if it is all grind; if the years are all occupied with school hours and no recess? If the child in school needs a break from the monotony of school life in form of recess and vacation, is it less essential that these same breaks should continue in after-life, when overwhelmed with the cares and responsibilities of business or home?

As to where we shall go, or what we shall do, in order that we may get the greatest good and benefit out of our days of rest, depends with most upon the financial problem; with others upon education; and with a third class upon an unwillingness to enjoy by spending what money they have accumulated, or even a reasonable part of it. In other words, there is a disposition upon the part of many very wealthy people to keep on hoarding more and more, while getting no real enjoyment out of it, just as if they could take it with them when at last they lay their poor, tired, over-worked bodies down in the universal allotment of six feet of soil.

In my way of seeing things there is nothing which yields more for money spent, both of a mental and physical nature, than does travel; and especially can this be said of ocean travel. While all absence from the scenes of our daily toil, either in cares of business or of home, is a relief, a change, and therefore of great benefit, yet there is no absolute cutting off and thus, by stopping the physical machinery and letting it cool off, store up energy for the future, like an ocean voyage. We may go into Canada for a summer's camping out, or into California or Florida for a relief from the rigidity of our northern winter, and in so doing think we will leave business behind us, but we don't do it. Certain questions are sure to arise which, so long as we are within reach, will be submitted to us, either by mail or wire; and so our business is still present with us and while our bodies are resting, our minds are only partially doing so, and our nerve force is still being expended. But let a busy, worried man, strug-

gling to keep up with the procession in this pushing, driving age, or a care-worn woman, tired out by the monotony of home and family life, go aboard an ocean steamer, bid farewell to loved ones and business, resign himself fully to the care of the officers and crew of a good ship, recognizing that he is in far greater actual safety than when traveling by rail, and see, when the "All ashore!" has been called, the waving of handkerchiefs by friends on the pier has faded away, and he fully realizes that he is a citizen of a little world bounded upon the north, south, east and west by water, if he does not feel a sense of rest creeping over him such as he has never experienced before, when he realizes in all its fullness the great fact that he is now free from business; that, for a time, at least, neither mail nor wire can penetrate his bower of seclusion and security.

"Oh, yes," I know the skeptical will ask, "how about sea-sickness?" Well, that is too disagreeable a subject for discussion; so with your permission we will pass it by with the assurance to those who dread it, that, while it is, undoubtedly, one of the most disagreeable afflictions that one can experience while it lasts, it never kills any one, and, like the boy's whipping, "it feels good when it quits hurting."

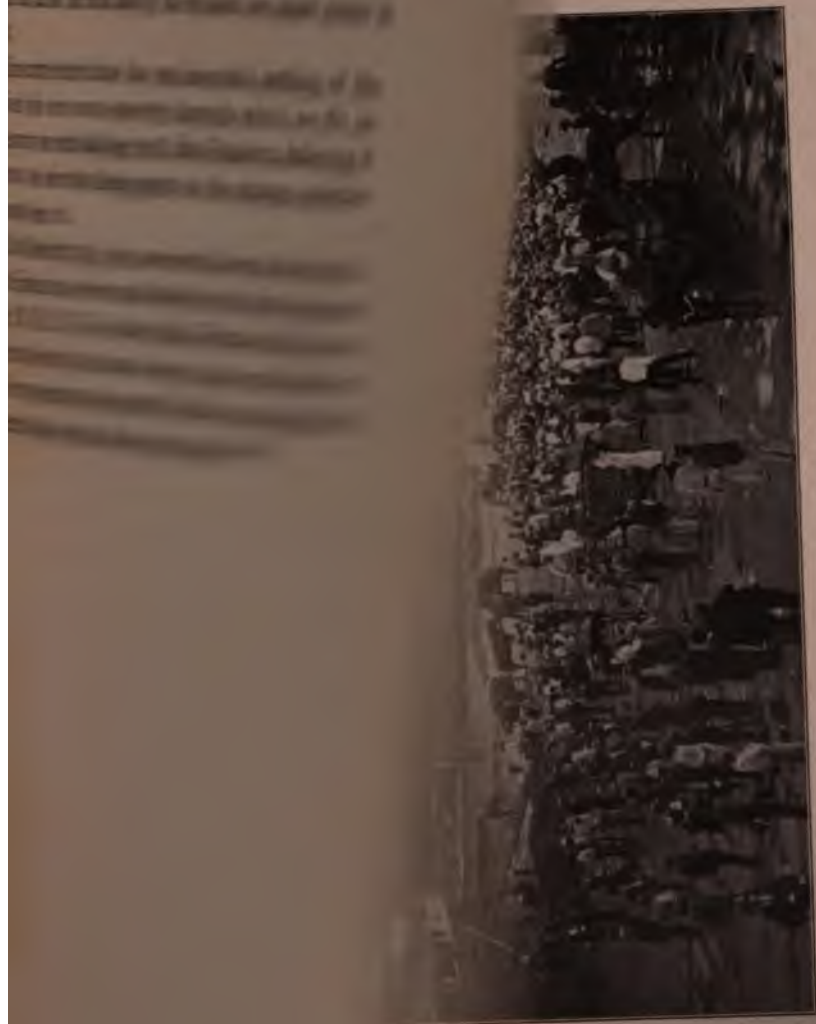
A paradox evolved by a tour round the world is the fact that the farther we go away from home, the nearer we come to home. In other words, on all other tours we travel a certain time, when, having reached our destination, we turn our faces homeward, while in a tour "Round the World" our faces are set towards home from the first step we take away from it.



In contemplating such a tour as this, so protracted a stay from home, one naturally considers it with more or less anxiety and feels that if he could take all his loved ones with him, so as to sever no family ties, then he would not care whether it required six months or a year; yet, on the other hand, such an arrangement would eliminate the greatest enjoyment of any tour, viz., the home-coming, that to which we look forward from the moment we take our parting from those we must leave at home, whose welfare we place in the hands of kind Providence, as we do our own during our long journey by land and sea.

With 28,500 miles to cover in our direct tour and side trips we start upon our journey.

How all things are gauged and judged by comparison! Of this we were forcibly reminded when one of our party called attention to our ordinary dread of a long trip to California, while, as the first stage of a world-trip, it seemed so short as we steamed away on the Overland Limited to San Francisco. As we go by rail we lose an hour a day, so that by the time we reach California we are eating our meals and retiring to rest three hours later than when at home, and so the clock goes on by losing a half hour a day upon sea, until finally, when we cross the 180° of longitude between Honolulu and Japan, we drop one day entirely from our calendar. Hence, hereafter, when stating the years upon our birthdays, to be exact we must say, "many years, three hundred sixty-four and a fourth days." The only way we can correct this is to take another tour of the world, traveling east to west, in which we gain a day to replace the



DOCK AT HONOLULU.

## CHAPTER II

### HAWAII

In the early morning of the sixth day out we sighted the Hawaiian Islands, turned Diamond Head of the Island of Oahu and tied up at dock in the capital city, Honolulu. The city is a complete surprise to the tourist, if he has visited the West Indies and has formed his ideas of Honolulu by the cities of those islands, for, counting out the palm and other tropical growth, one might well imagine himself in some American or European city. It is provided with elegant hotels and beautiful stores; the larger of the former, the Alexander Young Hotel, covering the whole face of a square, built of stone and lined with marble, all brought from California, has two elevators, a roof garden, all modern improvements and cost over \$1,500,000.00. In addition to this the Royal Hawaiian is an elegant hostelry—in point of fact the hotel supply business is, undoubtedly, overdone for the present.

The show places of Honolulu are the Pali about seven miles up a most beautiful and fertile valley, consisting of a gap in the mountains at 1,000 feet elevation, affording a magnificent outlook, first, down a sheer precipice, then, out over beautiful fertile plains with old ocean as a background. The day we were there the wind blew a hurricane through this gap, almost overturning our carriages, making it next to im-



DOCK AT HONOLULU,





possible to stand in it, and costing me a four-dollar hat by taking it a half mile or more up the mountain side, but, unlike the celebrated cat we read of, it did not come back. Another drive is to the Punch Bowl, a gigantic extinct volcano just back of and overlooking the city. The last drive is to Waikiki (also reached by electric cars), a distance of three miles, where are located two more elegant hotels—annexes to those in the city. Here is one of the finest beaches of beautiful, clean sand, adapted and used for surf bathing the year round. Last, but not least, we visit the most important sight in Honolulu, viz., The Kamehameha Schools for boys and girls, established for Hawaiians by the will of the late Mrs. Bernice P. Bishop, and a most beautiful Museum, established by Hon. Charles R. Bishop. The buildings are numerous, elegant and well adapted for the purpose intended, while the grounds surrounding them form a veritable tropical park.

The city contains a population of 30,000 and, thanks to the influence of the large foreign element, which is chiefly American, can boast of many of the most improved, modern facilities to enable it to rank high among the cities of the world. It contains a public library of 12,000 volumes, an interesting museum, a home for sailors, a home for the indigent and aged, two colleges, thirty-five private and twenty-five public schools, and has a rigid law on compulsory education, so that the inhabitants, native as well as foreign, are of more than ordinary intelligence. There are five daily papers, four in English, one in Hawaiian. A very pretty custom prevails and attracts the tourist's attention even before his ship has been fully docked, that of

wearing garlands of flowers around the neck and hat; one sees this everywhere he goes, even among the poorest classes.

It is not my intention to attempt even a historical sketch of the countries we visit on this tour, but, as the Hawaiians were, until such a recent date, foreign to our country and have lately come under the jurisdiction of Uncle Sam, we think it may be an item of interest, and, under the circumstances, will not be considered out of place, should I give a brief outline of this old monarchy, later a republic and now United States territory.

The islands were discovered in 1755 by one Gaetano, who made no use of his discovery. After this a Spaniard and his sister were shipwrecked upon one of the group, and, being well received by the natives, both married into some of the families of the feudal lords holding sway. Our next and more definite knowledge is furnished by Captain Cook, the celebrated English navigator and explorer, who landed upon the islands in 1768 and gave to them the name by which they were known for many years, viz., The Sandwich Islands, in honor of Lord Sandwich, first Lord of the English Admiralty.

Strange to say, so far as we can ascertain, the islands have produced but one truly great native ruler, viz., King Kamehameha, born in 1737 as a member of a family of one of the then numerous chieftains governing the islands in feudal form and state, much after the style formerly prevailing in many far more civilized countries, when might was considered right and when, like the lower animals of the forest or the fishes of the

seas, it was truly "a survival of the fittest." Kamehameha was early recognized as a great warrior, organizer and leader of men, and, making himself familiar with the inhabitants and political conditions prevailing upon the various islands comprising the group, he began a warfare of conquest for the avowed purpose of unifying the governments. This he accomplished, his last battle being fought in the beautiful valley lying back of the present city of Honolulu, and, defeating the enemy, drove them to and over the great precipice now known as the Pali. During his reign he wisely encouraged immigration and took into his council some of the most learned and able foreigners, thus benefiting by the advanced civilization of the great outside world. He is known and respected by all Hawaiians, both foreign and native, as King Kamehameha the First or the Great, and a beautiful monument, erected to his memory, adorns the city of Honolulu. He died in 1817, aged 92 years.

Then followed four successive reigns of the same dynasty, until 1874, when, there being no legitimate successor, an election was held for ruler, the contestants being Emma and Kalakaua. The latter was elected and under his rule as king great dissatisfaction prevailed, causing the convening of a mass meeting in 1887 and an open revolt in 1889, instigated by one Wilcox, in behalf of Liliuokalani. The king died in Palace Hotel, San Francisco, January 20th, 1891, and Liliuokalani was proclaimed queen. Her reign was still more obnoxious to the people than was that of her predecessor, so that there was an uprising of the people and she was deposed January 17th, 1893. A provi-



sional government was placed in power with S. B. Dole at its head. A treaty had been drawn up and submitted to the United States Congress, by which it was sought to annex the islands to the United States and to allow the ex-"Queen Lil" an annual pension of \$20,000, about one-fourth her former salary as queen. Rather a high price to pay for royalty over such a small nation, I would think.

Grover Cleveland, having been elected to the presidential chair, conceived the rather strange idea of overthrowing the Hawaiian Republic, which had succeeded the provisional government, and of restoring the monarchy under "Queen Lil"—this against the earnest protests of not only all the foreign inhabitants but also of all the better element of the native population. For this purpose he sent A. Willis as minister in December, 1893. Willis, immediately upon his arrival, began an intrigue with the ex-queen, hearing of which President Dole wrote Willis asking as to his conduct and intentions. Willis evaded the question but kept up his intrigue. One of the demands of the Cleveland government upon the ex-queen, conditional upon her being restored to power, was the pardon of all members of the republican government and the assumption of its financial obligations. At first the queen refused to grant these concessions, but, finding her restoration dependent upon so doing, she acceded to the demand. Willis then made formal demand upon the president and officers of the Republic that they should restore the ex-queen, which they positively declined to do, denying the right of the United States to interfere in their internal affairs, and notified Willis that they would re-

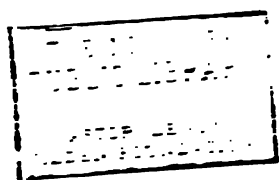
sist by force of arms any such attempt. Fortunately, this brought President Cleveland to a standstill, for, while he could use all the moral force of our government in a diplomatic way, he had no authority to back up this demand by use of the army or navy without the consent of Congress. President McKinley having succeeded Cleveland, a new treaty for annexation was sent to the Senate. It failed to pass at the special session of June, 1897, but the Spanish war coming on, followed by Dewey's victory at Manila, as well as the constantly growing pressure brought to bear by the government of the islands, led our Congress to recognize the advisability of securing the Hawaiian Islands as permanent United States possessions, consequently the treaty was passed, signed by President McKinley, July 7th, 1898, and accepted and passed, August 12th, 1898, by the Hawaiian Congress by a vote of 42 to 21.

In considering the Republic of Hawaii we find that its constitution was modeled after that of the United States, but was decidedly better in some respects, one in particular, viz., in requiring an educational test as prerequisite to entitle a man to vote. Without sufficient education to at least enable a man to read and write, man differs but little from the lower animals walking on four feet, and to our mind is not properly qualified to vote, no matter whether his color be white, black or yellow; and the sooner our lawmakers recognize that fact, the sooner will they eliminate the greatest element of danger that menaces our free government.

Leaving Honolulu we sail away upon the broad

Pacific for Japan, and with the exception of some rough weather during the last few days while nearing Japan, "pacific" it proved itself for us. Between Honolulu and Japan we cross the  $180^{\circ}$  of longitude, made memorable by the fact that in crossing it going west a day is lost, or, rather, dropped from the calendar, while in traveling east the day is added to same. We crossed this line on November 2d at 11:25 a. m., thereby causing us to have two days crowded into one, or, in other words, it was Monday, November 2d, until 11:25 a. m., while for the balance of the twenty-four hours, or until midnight, it was November 3d, which caused us to remark that November 2d and 3d were exactly alike.

The first sight one gets of Japan from the sea is the snow-crowned summit of Fuji, a volcanic mountain 12,365 feet high, which can be seen far out at sea. When we could see it plainly from our vessel, the captain measured the distance with his instruments and pronounced it 118 miles, and stated that such a rare treat of seeing it so far at sea might not occur again in a dozen years. It presents a most beautiful appearance, being conical in shape and completely covered with snow; and after a long voyage anything that does not tremble, plunge or roll is most acceptable.





YOKOHAMA HARBOR FROM GRAND HOTEL.



## CHAPTER III

### YOKOHAMA

'After ten days' sailing from Honolulu to Japan from San Francisco we awoke one morning to find our good ship riding at anchor at quarantine station in the harbor of Yokohama, Japan, when for the first time in all our travels, we were very fearful of having to be in quarantine. Upon arrival of the health officer our first cabin passengers all passed muster but when the steerage, consisting of Japanese and Chinese, were lined up, one of the number was ordered on for further examination, as a suspected case of scarlet fever. After considerable discussion the quarantine tug was sent ashore for the chief officer of that department. After a delay of several hours it returned bringing that individual, who, upon making a full examination during which we almost held our breath through anxiety as to the result, lifted quarantine embargo and permitted us to steam into the harbor. Perhaps we did not give him our thanks when we saw him salute our gallant captain and give him permission to pass.'

Prior to sailing from San Francisco the papers had been full of a prospective war between Japan and Russia, so we approached Japan with more or less anxiety, as in case war should have been declared it would naturally interfere somewhat with our tour through that country and the far East. When we

steamed into the harbor of Yokohama, it presented a most warlike appearance. We found no less than seventeen men-of-war riding at anchor, representing many of the most powerful nations, especially those of the United States, Great Britain, Germany and France. Ostensibly they were here in honor of the birthday of the Emperor of Japan, which occurred November 3d, but, as that time had passed and still other boats were arriving, it was plain to us that they were here to look after the interests of their respective nations in case of a set-to by Russia and Japan. Most prominent among the United States warships present was the Oregon of world-wide renown on account of her great work during the Spanish war. As we sailed across her bow, our passengers gave her three cheers, while her "jack-ies" crowded the decks, giving us a hearty greeting in return.

By way of parenthesis—does it not seem a travesty upon our boasted civilization of this twentieth century that such a thing as war is even a possibility? A few years since the leading nations of the world sent representatives to The Hague peace conference to consider the possibility of adopting some means of settling international disputes without resort to arms. That conference decided upon a basis for arbitration, which action was ratified by the representative nations, and it was proclaimed abroad that war was a terror of the past, but the ink used in signing this document was hardly dry, before England invaded South Africa and began a war of conquest against the Boers, Turkey continues to annoy her neighbors in her old style of hellish oppression and cruelty, and now comes the Russian-Japanese

war. General Sherman is reported to have once said, "War is hell," and I think he was putting it too mildly, but perhaps it was the best he could do for lack of more forcible language. Should the leading powers enter into a compact to settle all disputes by arbitration, what a blessing to mankind it would be, financially, physically and morally! It certainly can and should be done. God speed the day when war and rumors of war shall be but a memory of the past!

During our tour Russia and Japan opened up hostilities in a death struggle. For what? Because each thinks her rights are being encroached upon. What will be the result? After the devastations of war have ravished the lands, after the loss of thousands of poor men who have no personal interest in the conflict whatever, after the removal of the support of innumerable wives and families, and the impoverishment of the nations by national debts, then, the so called honor of one or both of the combatants being satisfied, one nation will score a victory, or other nations will step in and do what should have been done at the beginning, arbitrate the question in dispute. While this death struggle is going on between Japan and Russia, other movements are taking place upon the world's chess-board; for one, notice England's invasion of Tibet under Colonel Younghusband. This is by no means a holiday parade, but a movement of national significance and importance, as I think the sequel will show. England is not in the habit of making meaningless moves simply to sacrifice lives and money, and the meaning of this, time will tell. One thing I do believe, that

in this instance it will be in the interests of modern civilization.

We are at last in Japan. We have traveled before over Europe, America, as well as through Egypt, Palestine and Syria, and found them much changed by modern ideas, but Japan is strictly Japanese in all respects, and we are thankful for it. The new part of Yokohama is much like other cities, especially those of the Orient, while the older part, with its quaint temples, factories, costumes and customs, is as different as though it were on another continent.

We had always heard of jinrikishas and considered them a side-novelty of the country, but never dreamed of their general, we might say almost universal, use by all classes. In the city of Yokohama of 200,000 inhabitants there are thousands, and we are credibly informed that in the city of Tokyo, with a million and a half population, there are 41,000 licensed jinrikishas, while all other cities are supplied in proportion. Resident Americans informed me that they hardly ever walked a square. The vehicle itself is a miniature buggy with only two wheels, holding but one person, and, as all know, is pulled by a man who operates between the shafts like a horse. He starts off at and maintains a steady dog-trot for hours at a time. Were it not for a natural feeling of sympathy for the poor fellow who does all the work, both driving and pulling, I would pronounce this method of locomotion the acme of traveling. As your man does the driving, as well as furnishes the power of propulsion, he naturally cares for protection against accident, hence all the tourist has to do is to fold his hands and enjoy

the ride and scenery. Upon entering one for the first time the sensation is that it is all a joke, and one feels that those who see him will laugh, but this soon wears off, and from that time on he can richly enjoy it.

While in Yokohama we visited the native temples, both of Buddha and Shinto, representing the two native religions. Here the temples are small when compared with those of other cities, as also are the idols, after seeing those of Kamakura, an hour's ride from Yokohama, where one of the largest and most remarkable idols of Buddha may be seen. It is of bronze, cast in sections and then brazed together into an immense image, called Daibutsa, or Great Buddha; it represents Buddha seated in Oriental style with his hands clasped in front; its height is 49 feet 3 inches, while the circumference is 97 feet 2 inches. It was erected in 1252. Kamakura is also noted for the temple of Hachiman, the God of War, where rulers of Japan, prior to entering upon a war, make offering of a sword to the god, and pray for success upon their arms. I can assure you that the number of swords would not indicate that Japan is a peace nation. Located near by there is also the temple and colossal image of the Goddess of Mercy, but what makes Kamakura additionally interesting is the fact that it was at one time the capital of eastern Japan, and contained over a million inhabitants, the city spreading over a most beautiful valley, while now the other cities of Tokyo and Yokohama near by, have almost depopulated it, until at the present time it has but a few scattered villages containing a population of scarcely a thousand.



Thus once great cities in their course decay,  
So flourish these, when those have passed away.

Our first evening in Japan was made memorable by a severe shock of earthquake. We were dressing for dinner and while I was standing in front of the bureau there was the sound as of a terrific explosion; the bureau made a lunge, first to right, then back again, while the walls swayed back and forth as though they would tumble down. The sensation was anything but pleasant, and we would prefer, if Japan wishes to "shake us" in the future, that she would do so in some more gentle way. Many of the guests in the hotel rushed into the halls, some being badly frightened. Judging by the way it swayed, I was certain the wall of the room was a curtain, and was not convinced to the contrary until I pushed against it with my hand and found it solid. To us this was a novel experience and one always to be remembered. It is impossible to describe the sensations produced; I can only attempt it by saying that all things stable seem to vanish, and a sense of faintness and fear permeates the entire being, and I do not wonder at the panic following more severe shocks, even among those living all their lives in an earthquake country. Upon inquiry I learned that there are 51 active volcanoes in the Japanese Empire, and that annually there are no less than 500 earthquakes of greater or less force, many only perceptible by the delicate scientific instruments used for this purpose.

What fearful internal forces are constantly at work beneath our feet! When and where they may break

forth to destroy property and bring about the destruction of the city. We saw the smoke of the fire can tell. A few years ago the city of Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, a fine city with many fine buildings, had been shaken almost to pieces by an earthquake. During the same year we visited Saint Pierre and Miquelon and drove over the mountains of the island, and on the shoulder of Mount Pelée, the highest mountain of the island, we saw many kinds of tropical vegetation and many of the same as one of our native hills. We saw many of the same things thereafter this terrible volcanic eruption of 1902, and the tropical mountain of Saint Pierre and Miquelon, carrying instantaneously to the bottom of the sea the inhabitants of Saint Pierre, the first of the West Indies.

## CHAPTER IV

### SOME JAPANESE HISTORY

As in referring to Honolulu we felt compelled to bring in a sketch of the Hawaiian Islands because of our acquisition of them, thereby causing interest in the minds of Americans where before they had taken but little interest, so in referring to Japan we must mention at least one fact in her history the particulars of which may not be known to the average American. Prior to 1854, only 50 years ago, Japan was virtuously closed, commercially and otherwise, to all of the civilized world; swelled up with a bombastic idea of her importance, she virtually said, "Japan is for the Japanese, so keep out." The leading nations of Europe, England, France, Germany and others, said that such a condition of affairs should not be allowed to exist, but, just as they are now doing regarding Turkey with all her dark-age cruelty, each afraid to move for fear of the others, so in regard to Japan they did nothing but talk and make meaningless protests. Not so with Uncle Sam. Commodore Perry was dispatched to Japan by President Fillmore. In July, 1853, he anchored in Yeddo Bay, below Yokohama, met the shogun's representative and delivered an ultimatum viz., that Japan must be thrown open or we would blow her open. In consequence of this, Japan's first foreign treaty was signed at Kanagawa, on March 31st,



1854. This result not only benefited all of the outside world by starting a movement which has thrown Japan open to all nations, but has proven the greatest move ever taken in the interest of Japan herself. From that occasion and date she reckons her era of prosperity, both commercially and politically. Prior to 1854 her people lived within themselves, and instead of benefiting by the advancements of the age she was actually going backwards. Since that time she has nationalized to such an extent that she now has taken her place among the more important nations of the world in many ways that go to make a nation.

In a word or two let me give the result of this opening of Japan upon Japan herself. At the time Commodore Perry compelled her to sign the treaty in 1854, Japan did not have a mile of railroad, a single steamship or any foreign sale for her products. In 1872 her first railroad was begun, in 1903 she had 4,237 miles in operation, while she had listed as in commission 6,211 steamers, with an aggregate tonnage of 11,399,915, and her exports in 1902 amounted to \$265,017,162.00.

While in Yokohama we were favored by receiving an invitation to visit in a typical Japanese home. I wish I could describe it so that my readers could see it in all its simple unadorned beauty. Japanese people do not change in their homes or methods of living, retaining the habits and customs prevailing for centuries past, except that they have modernized some of them slightly in the way of enhancing their beauty and durability. Accustomed to our large American homes, this Japanese house seemed a toy, while the beautiful

service of afternoon tea by our hostess appeared like playing housekeeping. Before entering the house we must put on slippers, as the matting is so scrupulously clean that no footwear used on the street must be worn in the house,—the Japanese simply slip their feet out of their sandals and enter in their stocking-feet—in fact, the Japanese as a class are most scrupulously clean in person, home and business. Their rooms are small, the floors covered with nice clean matting; and in order to be served with tea, we must seat ourselves upon mats on the floor. Well, we did it as gracefully as we could,—and that was not much to brag of—and tea and cakes were passed. The accommodations in these homes, as viewed from our standpoint, are very meager; they have no tables, chairs or beds, but instead of the latter have mattresses which are brought out at night and spread upon the floor; the walls are thin, rice-paper instead of glass in the windows, and no method of heating, except small charcoal braziers. Indeed, the homes, habits and dress of the people of Japan will never cease to be a mystery to me, for their homes are built like play-houses or summer cottages, and would be untenable to us in cold weather; and they have severe frosts and snows there, so cold at times as to form ice. Notwithstanding the fact that it was November and December when we were there, and that the weather was so cold and the winds so penetrating that we had on our heaviest winter clothes, including wraps and furs, and had fires in our rooms, and yet were cold, the store fronts were nearly all open, the entire fronts being removed and goods spread all out, or, if a work shop, the men and women at work

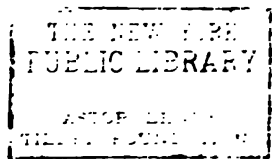
with nothing for heating but the small braziers. The people themselves, from the babies on the backs of children or women up, seem to live out of doors, many of them going about in bare feet and bare legs, and all, seemingly, but poorly clad against the cold. The women, generally, are dressed in native kimono garb which they wrap about the body, short socks coming to the ankle, wooden sandals, and legs bare. When asked if they did not suffer from the cold, they answered that Japanese were used to it, but at the same time we saw them with arms pulled out of their sleeves, hugging themselves, or huddled over their little braziers. They need not tell me that they are hardened to it, for their frequent coughing, the running noses of the children, the cold sores, all indicate that they suffer from the exposure like other poor mortals. Besides that, statistics show that there is great mortality among them from consumption; this is especially so among the jinrikisha boys, who by their long runs become overheated, then cool off too suddenly, bringing on disease.

One thing, if we may judge from appearances, we do not think there is any danger of, that is, the Japanese race dying out, as everywhere we saw babies without number, many of them sound asleep upon the backs of those carrying them, their little heads hanging in all directions. I certainly think that, after the scorching they go through, they could sleep if hung up by their little heels. Until we traveled through Japan and saw the thousands of babies in every direction, I never rightly understood why the "stork" entered so largely into Japanese art.



One of the first things to attract and please the tourist is the excessive politeness of the natives; from the highest classes of society down to the humble servants, they are taught and practice extreme politeness. Their greeting of their equals or of a superior, or in making adieus is done with a bow, made by placing the hands on the knees and bending at right angle at the hips, and this is kept up so long as either of them will continue bowing. This led me to think it would be a bad country in which to seek to get the "last bow" in the same way our children at home strive to have the "last word," or "last tag," as etiquette not permitting one to stop bowing first, might force us to continue the process until we would break in two. The hotel menus have all the dishes numbered so that, if your waiter boy or girl does not understand English, you can give him the number. Each order thus given is acknowledged by a Japanese bow.

Another custom of the country attracts and holds the attention, viz., the foot-wear. Nearly all wear wooden sandals, most peculiar in construction; they consist of blocks of wood with different under arrangement, generally having two cross boards or strips an inch or more in width and about one-fourth inch thick; with these fastened to the feet by a band or strap passing between the big toe and the one next to it, they go clattering along, making a noise, when on a stone or concrete pavement, very much like a horse. We saw many children not more than two or three years old rattling or scraping along on these awkward appliances. We would say they have one virtue, that is, they keep the feet out of the damp, but all considered they are





JINRIKISHAS.  
GEISHA GIRLS,  
CHAIR AND CAGO.

exceedingly awkward. Why do they continue to use such outlandish appliances? Well, simply for the same reason that the Chinese women suffer untold agony in order to crowd what should be a six or eight-inch foot into a two-inch space and actually walk on their toes, viz., because it is the custom, and their ancestors did it. After all, are either or any of their customs more barbarous or contrary to nature than many customs prevailing in our own country? I think some of them will suggest themselves to my readers without my naming them. If we will find fault with others in following unreasonable and injurious customs, we had better remove a few chunks of dirt from our own eyes. However, it is true that sandals of some form seem almost a necessity in Japan, owing to the ease with which they can be removed in order that the wearer may enter the house with nothing that might soil the matting which is as scrupulously clean as a table at home.

Another striking custom, familiar to any who have ever seen Japanese ladies, is the way they have their hair dressed. It is done two or three times a week by a professional hair dresser, and consists in roaching, looping and twisting the hair in most peculiar shapes, it apparently having been first waxed or oiled that it may retain its shape. In order that it may be kept in this way the wearer sleeps with neck resting upon a small bench with cushion on top, thus preventing the hair from coming in contact with the bed. Another peculiar custom, which is fortunately passing away, is the staining of the teeth black. It was the fashion (and is so yet to a limited extent) to have the women,

when they had married and therefore their "market had been made," stain their teeth jet-black with some kind of a berry, the idea being, we suppose, to make themselves as hideous as possible so as to destroy their attractiveness, and thus be less liable to be sought after and led astray by other men. If this was the reason, how about the liability of losing their attractiveness for their husbands, and thus offering them an incentive to jump the fence into fairer pastures? Such a course would be the last one to be followed by their American sisters.



## CHAPTER V

### TOKYO

Tokyo or, as it is about as often spelled, Tokio, the capital of Japan and the residence of the emperor, is about an hour's ride by rail from Yokohama, located upon the head of the same bay used as a harbor of Yokohama. As previously stated, it contains a population of over one and a half millions. It is a city of magnificent distances with the magnificent mostly left out, and might be said to be purely Japanese, were it not for a limited number of modern houses, a perfectly equipped electric railway,—not used by the better classes, either native or foreign, as it is crowded by the lower element of society—and the filling of its principal streets with innumerable telegraph wires all on poles. I counted 110 wires on one street. The old city is closely built up with shops and houses, mostly of the pagoda style of architecture. Many of the principal streets are now being widened into avenues of 100 feet or more, the government paying for the ground taken and requiring the improvements to be made within twenty years.

The city covers an immense area of about 100 square miles. Within it are located the grounds containing the royal palace; these grounds are quite extensive and are enclosed by high strong walls, these by deep moats, so that his majesty is completely shut in from the world except to such as he sees fit to favor.

The rulers of Japan were formerly called shoguns, ruling Japan under the mikado; they not only kept the masses in knowledge of their existence while living, but took especial care that their memory should not die after their departure from this mundane sphere. In the early part of the ninth century an innovation, which continued until 1868, was introduced into the government of Japan. This was the appointment of a prime minister by the mikado, or literally a generalissimo, called a shogun, introduced at first for the purpose of having a general or commander of the army with full authority to act in war matters in subduing the barbarians of the northern islands. It was soon so abused that, although the mikado continued to be the nominal ruler, in fact he was under the rule of the shogun. These usurping appointees lived and reigned like kings, and took good care that they should be buried in even grander style than the mikados themselves. As a matter of fact, while the shoguns prepared for themselves indescribably grand and imposing burial places, consisting of gateways, shrines and tombs, many of them extending over acres of ground literally covered with the grandest specimens of architecture (that of the third shogun at Nikko requiring forty years for its erection), all being done during the lifetime of the one who was to be buried within these sacred precincts for which the necessary funds were furnished by the feudal lords of the realm, called daimios—ostensibly as a voluntary contribution—while the shogun holding the position of prime minister was doing all this for himself, the mikado, the nominal ruler, lived in his gorgeous palace, where he was virtually held as a state

prisoner, having an allowance per annum made him by the shogun, upon which he must exist and maintain his show court. When he died he was buried with a plain slab to mark his resting place. Today, while no attention is paid to the tombs of the mikados, millions are spent to preserve these self-erected monuments of the shoguns, some of which are in Tokyo, but the finest are at Nikko. I do not believe that the history of the world can furnish a parallel. In 1868 the reigning mikado, very wisely, I think, concluded that the emperor should be emperor, and abolished the shogunate and resumed the duty of ruling as well as of reigning.

In the city the temples and shrines of Buddha and Shinto are without number, those of Kwannon and Shiba being especially fine. The museums are interesting and instructive, particularly to the student of history, the war museum containing arms of all times. In the general museum there is much to see, but I shall refer to only one item, viz., the long-tailed fowl. It is a stuffed rooster which, when living, was in the zoölogical garden, and its tail feathers measure sixteen feet. How it ever managed to handle its "train" when out for a promenade nobody can tell but a lady who has safely piloted a modern train through the mazes of a reception.

While strolling through the streets one day, we had a view of her majesty the empress, as she was on her way to a duck-netting sport in the country, but owing to some difference between us "we did not speak as we passed by."

While in Tokyo we were favored, doubly, first in



participating in and witnessing a performance at the Maple Club. It was strictly Japanese in every sense. Before entering we removed our shoes and replaced them with felt slippers; we had to sit down on mats upon the floor, and, could a flash-light have been taken of our party, I do not imagine that our attempt to *sit Japanese* would have been pronounced either a success or graceful. They do not sit like the Turks, with legs crossed in front of them, but kneeling down and flattening out the feet they sit on their legs. Then begins the dinner. Cute little "maids from school" serve the courses, bowing low each time they serve or speak to you. (The Japanese bow is really very pretty and graceful.) I shall make no attempt to describe the courses, simply because I do not now, nor did I then, know what they were. One custom I will refer to, however, that is, the serving of dessert as the first course; it consists of three different sweets served in a pretty wooden box about seven inches square; the guest is supposed to taste of the sweets and then take the box and its contents home. Soup, fish and beans entered quite largely into the dinner. I forgot to say, however, that the courses were served upon small lacquer trays about eighteen inches broad and four inches high. One course we distinctly remember was raw fresh fish which is considered quite a delicacy. Suffice it to say that, owing to my lack of education, I did not partake of it; nor did we of all the courses, or one-tenth of the amount served us. During the dinner, sliding doors into an adjoining room were thrown open three times, where we saw our orchestra of from three to five girls seated on the floor; they played for

us a kind of Oriental music upon some unnamable instruments, accompanying it at times with weird songs and sounds from the throat. During these numbers of music, three, and sometimes five, girls, attired in full Japanese costume, would appear and go through graceful movements supposed to be a dance. These were the celebrated Geisha girls of Japan.

In addition to this experience I, with my wife and cousin, was favored with an invitation to dinner in the home of a Japanese gentleman, a baron, who was educated at Harvard University, in the United States, as a classmate of our family physician at home. He has an elegant home upon one of the heights, of which there are several in the city. His house is furnished part American and part Japanese, as his study and dining room were provided with chairs, and, what was most acceptable to us, he had a large Dutch heater in the former. With the exception of the fact that we sat at the table, the dinner was purely Japanese, similar to one served at the club, except that it was far more elaborate. Some of the food we remember: there were seven kinds of fish, two of them being entirely raw; rice was also served, these two items entering largely into Japanese diet; then there was wild goose, two soups, fruit, vegetables, two kinds of tea, etc. At the beginning of dinner our host was kind enough to say that some of the dishes might be uncanny to our American tastes, and if so that we should not hesitate to pass them. Most important of all to us, both at the club dinner and at this, was that we were furnished with chopsticks with which to eat all of the courses except the



soup; it we drank from the bowl after removing the solid ingredients with the chop-sticks. If you wish to know how we succeeded in using this to us entirely new appliance, just take two lead pencils in one hand, and attempt to take up pieces of meat, vegetables, etc., using them as a pair of pinchers. At first we found them disposed to wobble in every way but the right one, but under kind and careful instruction, we learned to manage them in a fairly passable manner before the evening was over. On the second occasion our hostess was considerate enough to furnish us with forks also, but as we have always believed in the old maxim, "When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do," we stuck to the chop-sticks.

Our host was dressed in American evening dress; our hostess and her sister, who was present, were attired in the beautiful Japanese costume. We shall never forget the kind hospitality of this Japanese nobleman and his estimable wife.

Do you ask whether we enjoyed these dinners? If so, I say, beyond all question as a most interesting experience, yes, but, as their cooking is so different from ours, we did not, perhaps, relish it in all respects as we would otherwise have done. One Japanese custom was to us peculiar, viz., they serve a dinner in such a multitude of courses and in such quantities that no one could eat one-fifth of it. Our host explained this by saying that it was their custom to partake of a little of such dishes as pleased them. By referring to some of the food furnished at these Japanese dinners as being unpalatable to our American taste, I do not wish to be understood as speaking against the quality of food.

furnished in the homes or at the hotels in Japan, for, in so far as our experience goes, it is of an excellent order, as a rule equal to that served in the average hotel elsewhere. In all the large cities, towns and resorts the hotels cater to the foreign travel, and consequently are conducted upon American and European plans. Upon some of the lines of travel they have even adopted the dining car, but as a rule the native passengers depend upon the lunch venders who frequent all the principal stations, while Europeans or Americans carry a cold lunch; if they desire tea, it can be bought of the venders along the road at a price which seems incredible, viz., a small earthenware teapot full of hot tea and a small earthenware cup for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  sens, or the equivalent of  $\frac{3}{4}$  of one cent in United States money.

In going to this dinner we, of course, employed jinrikishas, having them for three and one-half hours for which they charged 35 sens (equivalent to  $17\frac{1}{2}$  cents) each. Rather cheap carriage hire, was it not? In fact, so pleasant and cheap is this method of travel that one feels that he cannot afford to walk,—like the Columbus, Ohio, man who always walked because he could save five cents each time, but growled when an ordinance was passed reducing the fare to three cents because he could not afford to walk then, as he would save only three cents.

How did we get along with the language? Let me explain. In the Hawaiian language there are but twelve letters in the alphabet, while in Japan there are untold thousands of characters. While in Honolulu we acquired nothing of the native tongue; we had not



been in Japan twenty-four hours before we had satisfactorily laid away a vocabulary of one word, viz., what sounded like "Ohio," meaning "Good morning;" and upon leaving Japan we found that that was about the Omega, as well as the Alpha, of our Japanese.

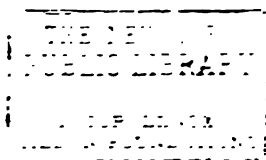
The railroads of Japan can hardly be said to be No. 1, as viewed with our eyes. The native travelers are largely of the poorer classes, and mostly go third class, it being much cheaper than first or second class, while the better conditioned people generally travel second class, and, as the Japs are inveterate smokers, either of pipe or cigarette, they permit smoking in any carriage, whether or not there are ladies, though in justice to the natives, who are excessively polite and considerate, I never knew them to violate the rules of gentility by smoking without asking if it was offensive. I cannot say as much for some of our English cousins.

We visited the graves of "the forty-seven ronins." The history of this band of men reads almost like a romance; it is quite long, but I shall try to boil it down to the simple story. One Asano, Lord of Ako, was in the capital in attendance upon the shogun and, not being familiar with court etiquette, consulted another nobleman named Kira, a man of mean disposition. Asano failed to "tip" this noble in return for his information; Kira called Asano ugly names and commanded him to perform some menial service for him, whereupon Asano, who, if not a courtier, was a noted warrior, drew his sword and cut Kira across the face, who then fled for safety. To do this within the palace of the august shogun was punishable with death, and

Asano was condemned to death by *hara-kiri*, that is, by killing himself by cutting open his own bowels; this was a custom prevailing in Japan in the past and corresponded with the old Roman custom of committing suicide by falling on the sword; both of them were practiced by defeated generals or others desiring to escape disgrace. In Japan a samurai or nobleman, upon being condemned to death, was given permission to execute himself in this way and thus save his honor. When he performed the act, it was done in the presence of witnesses, one of whom, if he failed to kill himself, would lend his kind aid by cutting off his head. The condemning to death in this way has been abolished, but this method of committing voluntary *hara-kiri* is still in vogue. In this case Asano did the job properly, but that did not end the punishment; his castle and lands were forfeited, his family declared extinct, and his followers disbanded, becoming wanderers, or in Japanese called ronins. But these were feudal days, and the death of Asano did not end the tragedy. Forty-seven of his followers entered into a conspiracy to annihilate Kira in revenge for the death of their lord. They knew full well that what they proposed doing would mean death to them, but they cared nothing for that, if they could accomplish their end. After two years' scheming, avoiding the vigilance of the spies employed to watch them and thus to protect Kira, one night during a violent snow storm they forced the gates of Kira's mansion, slew his retainers and dragged forth his lordship, who had hidden himself. The leader of the ronins gave Kira a chance to perform *hara-kiri* and thus save his honor, but, be-

ing a craven-hearted man, he could not do it, so they slew him. This done, they openly marched through the streets, carrying the head of Kira to the temple of Sengakuji, and laid the head on the grave of their lord in the temple grounds. They were all sentenced to perform *hara-kiri*, which they separately did, and their bodies were buried in a group in the same temple grounds where we saw their graves and many natives burning incense to their memories, as they have been doing for 200 years.

We left Tokyo in a cold driving November rain; the tops of our jinrikishas were put up, a rubber apron was buttoned over us; our boys stepped into the shafts and, with a poor rubber or oil cloth jacket and bare legs (for cloth leg coverings cost more to clean than bare legs), they trotted through the mud and slush to the depot, a distance of over five miles. We certainly felt for them under such circumstances, if never before. On our way we noticed many pedestrians carrying Japanese umbrellas with bamboo frames, such as we use for decoration at home, and nearly all shod with wet-weather sandals, made as described heretofore, except that the two cross pieces were three to four inches deep, while many laboring men had on capes, made of rice straw, hanging from the shoulders, and some with a similar band of straw around the waist.







JAPANESE CHILDHOOD.

## CHAPTER VI

### NIKKO

Nikko is nearly one hundred miles east of north from Tokyo. The name refers to the district, not to the town, there being two villages near together, but the one nearest the sacred shrines has appropriated the name Nikko, as the hotels are located in or near it. It is 2,000 feet above the sea level, located in a most romantic and beautiful gorge of the mountain, down which pours a miniature river that in rainy seasons becomes a raging torrent. It is a popular summer resort for the residents of Yokohama and Tokyo and is crowded in the summer. The hotels are beautifully located and well kept.

From just above Nikko to the top of the mountain range is considered sacred ground, and until quite recently no woman was allowed to cross a certain imaginary line, but Americanism and Europeanism have broken down the barriers, and women now go where they please. It appears that these old Japs were much like the Mohammedans in respect to women, keeping them within certain prescribed limits especially in matters religious, although the Japanese did not go quite so far as the others.

Just across the lake from Nikko, and the grandest forest of gigantic cypresses, some of character similar to the ones we have seen the trees, some of all the great trees of the Japanese forest of the

first and third, grandfather and grandson, the son having built his monument at Tokyo. These two, like those at Tokyo, consist of gateways, shrines, temples and tombs, the entire collection belonging to each tomb covering acres of ground; the buildings are literally covered with wood carving, decorated with bronze trimmings, the whole being surrounded by massive stone walls. (We think we have fine architects now, but these artists of hundreds of years ago were masters of their work.) As a matter of fact, Nikko might be called the center of old-time Japanese art. On a section of one of these monuments are the celebrated Nikko monkeys, beautifully carved in wood; one has his eyes covered, another his ears, the other his mouth, the meaning being, "See, hear, speak no evil." History does not inform us whether or not the Japanese of a few centuries ago obeyed the injunction any better than we do some of the injunctions given for our guidance, but it is a good admonition just the same.

We were favored (twelve of us) by being the congregation for a special service in the temple, or shrine, of the first shogun, for which we footed the bill; pay, pray; no money, no service, so we paid our pew rent. The service consisted of invocation, and some hideous noises made on outlandish instruments. When it began, a man went to a big temple drum and hit it several hard blows to rouse the gods and to inform them that service was about to begin, so that if asleep they might wake up. I hardly think this would have been necessary, as the din of the instruments would certainly have accomplished that end. Offerings of rice and



other edibles were made, then more noise on the instruments, without a note of harmony, then service was declared over, and we were invited to take a peep into the "holy of holies." Just outside of this main shrine we noticed a pretty Japanese girl kneeling in another shrine. She was a priestess, and for a contribution of a yen, or 50 cents in Uncle Sam's money, she bowed to the floor, then stood up and went through the sacred dance, which consisted of walking forward and back, forward and back, accompanied by twirling of a fan and jingling of a cluster of small bells. Just a yen's worth, then more money, or no more sacred dance,—we knew when we had enough.

In the top of the mountain range, beyond Nikko and about ten miles distant, rests the beautiful lake of Chuzenji of considerable size, the source of the river referred to. It is one of the things to do to visit this lake while at Nikko; some do it on horseback, some in sedan chairs, but most in jimrikishas; we chose the last as being less liable to make life uncomfortable for us and with three men to each passenger we made an early start, as the trip is an arduous one. The lake is nearly 3,000 feet higher than sea level and this height must be attained in addition to the distance to be covered. For the first half of the way the road follows the river bank, some of it fairly good, other very bad, all the time gradually ascending, then the road gains in ascent more and it becomes very steep and is an almost perpendicular mountain then follows a regular zigzag way up the face of the mountain, passing thirty-four distinct turns before the top is reached. Located on the lake is a great water wheel, no picture

of an excellent luncheon, and then took the back track down the mountain. How our poor jinrikisha boys stood the strain I do not know, as I am sure a horse would not have gone as far and as fast in the same time. Yes, it is the thing to do, and we did it. We would not have missed it for a great deal, and we would not do it again for double that amount. Had it been summer instead of bleak November, we would have liked to tarry a week or so at Nikko with its wonderful tombs, temples and natural scenery, but our comfort prompted us to hie ourselves to a lower latitude for, notwithstanding the lovely character of the hotel, it is quite difficult to warm up a large summer dining room with charcoal braziers.

Just above Nikko, about eighteen miles, are located the largest copper mines in Japan, owned by one man, a Japanese. Like many other successful mines the world over, for several years after opening it was a source of great discouragement to its owner, but for some years past it has been a bonanza indeed; it furnishes employment to over 25,000 people, and has yielded as high as 4,000,000 yens (\$2,000,000.00) as one year's profit. The strange part to me was that they continue to use an ox tramway for the purpose of hauling supplies to the mine, and the product away, a distance of eighteen miles, to the railroad. We saw a line of them plodding along, attached to small cars, loaded with all kinds of merchandise from baskets of fruit to a load of telegraph poles, and so naturalized as Japanese were the oxen, that they all wore rough straw matting sandals tied on their feet to protect them.

## CHAPTER VII

### MIYANOSHITA

From Yokohama to Kazu, an hour and a half's ride by train, then by electric cars to Yumoto in one hour, thence by jinrikisha up the mountain for four miles, lands us in the most beautiful and attractive rural spot we visited in Japan, the village of Miyanoshita. There is a Japanese proverb which says, "Do not use the word 'magnificent' till you have seen Nikko." To our way of thinking Nikko, though certainly magnificent, does not equal Miyanoshita in many ways. The natural scenery in and around the village and hotel is grand, consisting of deep gorges and high mountains, with little cottages perched far up their slopes, while directly back of the hotel are two natural cascades pouring into a large basin filled with fish. Hot springs abound all about, and you can have a natural hot bath upon a moment's notice right in the hotel.

From this place we make a trip to Hachioji Lake. To get up in the mountains a distance of seven miles. In order to reach it you must go up the mountain side to an added ascent of fifteen hundred feet. The road is rough and in places very steep, and is only traversable by riding on a pony or in a cane chair hung between two bamboo poles and carried upon the shoulders of four hardy Japanese mountain climbers. The gentlemen of our party were mounted upon ponies, while

ladies went by chair, which they pronounced exceedingly comfortable; the gentlemen, not being accustomed to horseback exercise, found these hardy little ponies far more satisfactory on the day of the trip than they found themselves for several days thereafter. Lake Hakone is a beautiful body of water, resting in a basin among the mountain peaks, at an elevation of 2,400 feet above sea level. From here we extended our trip to Ten Province Pass, nearly 1,000 feet higher, so called because from this place you can look out over the island and see ten provinces of Japan. This trip the members of our party pronounced the grandest and most satisfactory of any taken in Japan. Personally, I think it is simply indescribable. Viewing from this vantage ground far up on the barren mountains, you look over the fertile plains and valleys and out upon the ocean on either side, while all around you are the mountain peaks with old Fujiyama, ever snow-capped, rearing its lofty head above all. While riding through the mountains on this trip, we passed through a village called "Little Hell," because of the hot sulphur springs abounding in its neighborhood, the fumes from which permeate all of its atmosphere. On another day we took a trip far up another gorge of the mountains to what is termed "Big Hell," where great quantities of boiling hot sulphur water gush out of the ground in every direction, while the smell of sulphur is everywhere.

We left Miyanoshita in a violent rain storm, through which our faithful jinrikisha boys trotted all the way down the mountain road to the station, a distance of four miles, two men to each vehicle, one in the shafts

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IN TEN PROvence PASS, JAPAN.

and one behind to hold back. On a former page I remarked one's natural disposition to sympathize with the man in the shafts as tending to mar, to some extent, the pleasure of this most excellent method of travel. There is one other disposition which one must overcome in order to fully enjoy it; the "rikie" being two wheeled and the man holding up the shafts by hand only, the novice finds himself seeking to balance the machine and to help matters by leaning forward or back; this is a mistake. In order to get full enjoyment out of it you should remember that the man who is pulling your "jinrikie" is glad to have the opportunity to do it, it is his business, and he does not seek for nor really deserve your sympathy, more than any one in other callings or vocations of life; second, allow yourself to realize that in addition to pulling the machine your horse does the driving and thinking, as well, so that all you have to do is take your seat, fully relax your muscles and enjoy all that is to be seen. Do not imagine for a moment that this is the only form of vehicle for which man is the motive power in Japan, for nearly all the hauling in the cities and towns is done by men or women. They use long, two-wheeled carts resembling the old-fashioned dray, except that they are narrower; on these two wheels are two poles about twelve feet long, connected by cross bars, the whole frame work being almost evenly balanced upon the axle. Upon this they place a good one-horse wagon load of merchandise; the man walks at the side in front with a strap across his breast or shoulders, which is attached to the cart by a rope, while with one hand he guides it, and thus passes to



his destination. Sometimes, when the load is extra heavy, two persons, often a man and a woman, will be in the harness. Occasionally we see one of these loads hauled by a single ox, shod with rough straw sandals, such as the men wear when mountain climbing, or running jinrikishas, or other rough work, and for the same purpose, to protect the feet. These sandals are very cheap and wear out rapidly by being torn on the stones, and most "rikisha" men carry an extra pair. In the large cities most of the inhabitants wore only a cloth sandal, the feet and legs generally bare, notwithstanding it was November and December, and that it snowed on at least one night in the early part of December while we were in Kyoto, while in the mountain towns, they informed us, they sometimes have one or two feet of snow.

At home the chill of early fall stops all garden growth, but for some reason vegetables keep on growing here even now (December) and the rice is still being harvested. From what we hear about the Japanese and Chinese as rice eaters, one might naturally suppose that those countries raised or used nothing else. The principal grain products of Japan are rice, millet and barley, rice production being more than the others put together. Owing to the price of rice being higher than millet, the poorer classes do not use rice generally. Rice culture attracts the attention of the tourist through the far East, owing to the peculiar preparation of land for the purpose; and when we realize the detail work necessary to its proper cultivation, we marvel that it can be produced as cheaply as it is. In the first place in order to prepare the fields,

they are divided into squares, like a checker-board, the divisions consisting of mud banks. After being thus prepared they are called "paddy-fields" by Europeans. This enables the farmer to flood the squares, thus forming numerous small lakes into which the rice is sown in April, and in June all the young sprouts are taken up and transplanted in rows, the people wading about in the water and mud for the purpose. The rice blossoms in early fall and is harvested in October, tied in bundles and hung up to dry. It is then threshed out with old-fashioned flails, or by drawing it through coarse wooden combs made for the purpose. The transplanting of the young rice is what astonished me most.

## CHAPTER VIII

### SHIZUOKA AND NAGOYA

Leaving Miyanoshita we make a short run to Shizuoka, a purely Japanese town, there not being one foreign merchant or resident in it. It is especially noted for its rare and beautiful basket work, also for what were at one time gorgeous temples, but which from neglect are in exceedingly bad repair. Formerly there was also here a strong castle, surrounded by heavy walls and deep moat, but the castle is in ruins, and the walls are crumbling away.

Nagoya, our next stop, is a city of about a quarter of a million inhabitants, and was formerly a seat of a daimio's government under the rule of the shoguns. The castle, which was erected for Daimio Owari, son and ruler under the shogunate of his father, Ieyasu, is still one of the wonders of Japan. The castle is in excellent preservation; with its out-buildings, the home of the daimio and his retainers, all surrounded by several immense walls, each of these in turn being surrounded by deep broad moats, it covers a very large area of ground near the center of the city. The castle, although about three hundred years old, is in perfect repair. It is not a castle as we understand the meaning of that word, that is, a palace or place of residence, but was built as a citadel, or place of final rally and defense in case of siege; the

outer walls being taken, the besieged could occupy this building and, defending it to the last, would, under the feudal code of honor, fire the building, then commit *kawa-iri* rather than that they or it should be taken. To our way of thinking such a custom seems barbarous, and yet we must acknowledge that it exhibits a high degree of bravery and chivalry. As in attacking and capturing such a stronghold each wall must be captured successively, so in taking such a citadel, should the enemy succeed in capturing the first story, the defenders could retire to the second, shut off the stairway, and thus on up to the top story. Such a structure would stand a modern siege only a very short time, but in the old feudal days and under conditions existing then it would be almost impregnable unless the enemy could succeed in firing it. Fortunately this one was never attacked.

The temple of Nagoya, like many others in Japan, is both old and dilapidated and is scarcely worth a visit. The cloisonné factories deserve attention, as they manufacture a most beautiful variety peculiar to this city, known as silver cloisonné. The city itself has little or nothing beyond these attractions to detain us, so we take up our watchword and "move on."

## CHAPTER IX

### KYOTO

Kyoto is a city of about 400,000 inhabitants, and is the western capital of Japan, as Tokyo is the eastern. It is also like Tokyo in that it is almost solely Japanese in its architecture. Its shops and factories are all, so far as we saw, owned by Japanese. In this respect both of these great cities differ from Yokohama and other seaports, which have quite a number of European and American merchants, steamship agents, etc., while many of their largest merchants are Chinese.

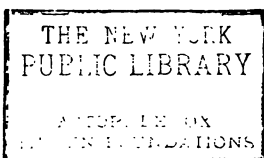
Kyoto has an immense palace belonging to the mikado, but as the permanent seat of government is at Tokyo, this palace is only used on the occasion of a visit from his majesty, or some of the royal family. It covers twenty-six acres of ground with the main and out-buildings, besides vast grounds extending around it, all enclosed by walls with moats, the whole being in the hands of government custodians, who show such visitors through as may have obtained a government permit. After removing our shoes, donning slippers and leaving our overcoats behind, in order to show proper respect (because we had to), we were conducted through it. It is certainly more notable for its vastness than for its magnificence, as it is finished and furnished in strict Japanese fashion; not a picture is hung on the walls, but many are painted on the





THE GENERAL, KUMON, JAPAN.





panels and doors; indeed, as to anything resembling elegance it is far eclipsed by many other buildings in Japan, especially those connected with the reign of the shoguns. The walls surrounding were pierced by six gates. Could we believe that the plainness of this the imperial palace of the west was so built and ordered by the wishes of the mikado, we would certainly consider him a most modest autocrat, but when we compare it to the gorgeous castle of the shoguns near by, it speaks louder than words in telling us who were the actual rulers of Japan during the shogunate. Nijo Castle (as it is called) was the western palace of the shogun and was used upon occasions of his visit to Kyoto. In speaking of it one author says, "This palace, a dream of golden beauty within, is externally a good example of the Japanese fortress with its turrets at the corners and its walls of Cyclopean masonry." All of which is true of it today, after standing the wear and tear of centuries. Its floors are beautifully lacquered and then covered with padded matting about two inches thick; the panels in the walls and sliding doors are all covered over with the finest of art known to Japan, while the ceilings are paneled and adorned in the finest work possible. If this building is so artistically beautiful after the lapse of centuries, what must it have been when it first came from the hands of the builders! Here the shoguns, the self-created usurpers of the power and rights of the throne, sat in state, surrounded by the three hundred or more daimios, or lords of the realm, passing upon and deciding all questions of state, as well as of life or death, while the "Heaven-descended" mikado, the

lawful head of the land, sat a virtual prisoner in his palace, living and holding his mock court upon an allowance most graciously made for him by Mr. Shogun. What surprises me most of all is that some of the ruling mikados, during the shogunate, did not have sand enough to rise up and overthrow these usurpers, but no one seemed willing to undertake such a radical move until 1868, when circumstances were such that the present mikado concluded that, if he was the "Heaven-descended" ruler of the universe, it was as little as he could do to rule as well as reign in his own country, at least. And it was in a room in this same castle of Nijo that the mikado, having been vested with full rights as ruler, on April 6th, 1868, met the Council of State, and in their presence made oath, signed a new constitution granting a deliberative assembly, and that matters should be decided by public opinion, and from that date the New Japan stepped forth from the shades of absolutism, and took her place among the more enlightened nations of the world. In accordance with the custom of the past the deposed shogun should have committed *hara-kiri*, and this in the eyes of the Japanese would have saved his honor, but not so,—he, too, it seems, had imbibed more modern ideas and, believing that his bowels might still be of use to him, he preferred to accept the disgrace of being reduced to the ranks, from having been the ruler of the nation, and is still living in retirement.

As for temples, Kyoto is full of them, having untold hundreds, but, as I have already referred to several, I suppose that my readers are by this time as tired of

temples as we were shown the enormous  
complex of wood that we saw in the  
peculiarities. Above the temple the  
goodness and wisdom of the  
temple is often seen. The  
writing volume. The  
order is that of the  
be found in the temple. The  
sai-gi-oi know a temple.  
Kwanon the Buddha  
founder of the temple  
Lao images of Kwanon  
emperor and a temple  
ages of the temple  
five in the temple  
five in the temple  
Kwanon is the temple  
five in the temple  
gold. The temple  
temple. The temple  
arrangement of a temple  
state that the temple  
in the temple the temple  
heads and feet as well as the temple  
larger one. What is the temple  
these images was the feet the temple  
hands. these images moving various temples of the  
Buddhist religion. When we remember the temple  
work was carved out of wood that the temple images are  
exactly alike and that the temple are seen in different  
positions. many with delicate fingers extended we can  
appreciate the marvelous amount of work required

to furnish the temple, and further, you will not be surprised when I tell you that in passing along a hallway in the rear of the altar we found a number of images in "dry-dock" for repairs.

The other and last temple which I will ask you to visit with me is Higashi Hongwanji, the only new temple we saw in Japan. It is a marvelously fine specimen of Japanese art. It was completed, as far as we see it, in 1895 and cost \$1,750,000. A thorough inspection will show that, notwithstanding the fact that some writers on Japan speak of her glory in the art of wood carving some hundreds of years ago, she has not degenerated in that line, but rather has passed on to even a higher grade in the art.

Just to the right and front of this temple is a "miracle tree," safely enclosed and guarded, as the temple may need it some day. They claim that this temple cannot burn because of this tree, for, if it should catch on fire, "water would flow from the tree and put out the fire." Our Japanese interpreter asked the attendant if this was true. He said, "Certainly, it is true, and to show that it is so, there was a fire in another part of the city last November, which burned a temple only a mile away, and this one did not burn." I suggested as a further proof, that there were several churches in America at the same time, and they did not burn. One of our party suggested that some one set fire to the temple so that we might see the tree squirt.

Another fact connected with the erection of this great temple is the most remarkable of all, and were the proof not present to verify it, I think I should have considered it a fairy tale. During the erection of



the building, as immense timbers had to be lifted into position, some zealous women cut off their hair and gave it for the purpose of making of it ropes to be used in the work. This started a fad and thousands of women did likewise, until out of human hair—and nothing else—they made twenty-one immense hawsers nearly one hundred feet long each, or about two thousand feet in all, and fully four inches thick. Just think of how many heads of hair had to be sacrificed to obtain this result, and when you remember that no women on earth prize their hair more highly (if as much so) than the Japanese women, you can to some extent appreciate the sacrifice made. We were told that no other material would make so strong a rope. We saw some of the hawsers, therefore can vouch for the story.

A most delightful excursion was made by descending the Katsuragawa rapids. For this purpose we took train for about eighteen miles to the head of the rapids, then, entering large wooden, flat-bottomed boats about forty feet long, six passengers to a boat with four boatmen, we began the descent. The distance taken in boats is eleven miles; the river is narrow, running through a deep gorge of the beautiful mountains; at places the water pitches down steep, narrow passages, where one naturally thinks the boat must rush upon the rocks, but our boatmen have been reared to this life and safely pilot the frail craft through.

I have already spoken about the different character of the cities on the coast used as seaports, like Yokohama and Kobe, where the foreign element prevails to a greater extent, and modern European buildings have

been erected, as compared with much larger cities, like Tokyo, Kyoto, Nagoya, etc., away from the coast where nearly everything is Japanese. This is especially noticeable in the street appearance of the stores and factories. In riding or walking through these cities you would think there were nothing but small, insignificant shops, but, if you will ask your guide to conduct you, he will stop before some plain, unpretentious building, having outside simply a sign, no display of goods in front whatever. You enter through a hallway and find in the rear, great fine salesrooms and factories, with immense stocks of the most exquisite embroidery, cloisonné, china, bronze and art work of all kinds. Judging from what we saw, we were inclined to believe the statements made by a number of these manufacturers, viz., that they have market in America for very little of their first-class work. We found the Japanese, as a rule, truthful—in this respect in strong contrast to some of their American Japanese brethren. For instance, in America they offer many of their wares and, in order to enhance their value, tell you that this incense vase, or that gong, came out of some temple or other, while the manufacturers here are turning out the same articles by the thousands to take their places, and to be sold, if need be, by the same representations. Here we find the temples all intact and no one with any idea of trying to buy their furniture, because it is guarded in the most sacred manner. Personally, we never took any stock in these statements, whether made here or in America; more than that, I would not care whether the article had ever been in a temple or not, if I liked it, but the dealers at home, as

well as some here, knowing that such an idea will sell goods, do not hesitate to make such statements.

There are several other pleasant excursions made from Kyoto, one to Lake Biwa for a ride on the "raging canal," on a boat propelled by electric trolley passing through a long tunnel under the mountain,—a wonderful example of engineering skill costing millions. Another excursion is to Nara, a former capital of Japan, but for various reasons it is now only about one-tenth its size when it was in its glory. The sights consist of a museum, a park containing many tame deer, and a large number of temples, some of them in bad repair on account of the city's depopulation,—but I promised no more temples. Right here, however, I will answer a question which might be raised, viz., "How are these thousands of temples maintained?" by saying, by appropriations from the government and voluntary contributions from the people.

Osaka is but an hour's ride from Kyoto. It is a great manufacturing and commercial center, being near the sea, with which it is connected by river. Its hundreds of smokestacks almost made us homesick. It has a population of nearly a million. Its principal point of interest is a double-moated castle which was built in 1583 and when completed, under conditions prevailing then, was practically impregnable. Its massive walls are built of huge stones, some of them 40 feet by 10 feet by 8 feet, and brought a distance of seventeen miles by hand, that is, they were carried on rollers, men furnishing the propelling power.

## CHAPTER X

### OSAKA AND KOBE

Osaka is called "The Venice of Japan" because it is intersected by numerous canals, as well as having a river through it; over these the streets cross on numerous bridges. The streets are narrow and often crooked and, owing to the busy nature of its factories, much congested with travel of all kinds. There being scarcely any side pavements in Japanese cities, the people walk in the streets, which are kept in the best of order, being swept continually. Through these narrow streets our jinrikisha boys go, always on a trot, with their peculiar cry to clear the way. It would be impossible to make the same speed through these streets with a horse, to say nothing of the lawsuits for damage which might be done by knocking people over.

The Japanese are great carriers. In going about we often saw either a man or a woman carrying a load of wood or some merchandise, enough to fill an ordinary cart. In our entire trip through the country, although we saw them building immense walls and buildings, we never saw a single crane or block and tackle; everything was carried into place by men or women; coal and other boats are unloaded in the same way,—in the case of coal, it is carried in baskets.

The final point in our overland tour of Japan was





GOLDEN PALACE, KYOTO.



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the city of Kobe. This is the principal or leading seaport of Japan. For the traveler it has little of interest. The new part of the city has quite a section along the harbor front with wide streets, lined on both sides with sidewalks, and built up with fine modern buildings occupied by bankers, consuls, merchants, hotels, etc. One thing we remarked, that, after leaving Yokohama and while traveling in the interior, we saw no Chinese, while here we find John Chinaman with his familiar queue. At home we are apt to judge Chinamen by our "washee, washee" men, but in Japan we find a very different class of people; here they are bankers, money changers and merchants and, while dressed in Chinese costumes, they impress you at sight, as being well qualified to attend to their business.

From Kobe we go by steamer en route to Hong Kong, China, via the inland sea of Japan, calling at Nagasaki, Japan, and Shanghai, China. Many writers claim that the inland sea of Japan is the most beautiful body of water in the world; such a claim is a very broad one, and one hard to determine. There may be others its equal, but it certainly is not excelled for grand natural scenery.

## CHAPTER XI

### INLAND SEA OF JAPAN TO NAGASAKI

The steamer left Kobe at 11 p. m. The next morning we were up at daylight, as at that time the steamer enters what is known as "The Narrows," where she winds in and out for several hours through a neck of the sea not much wider than a good sized river, with mountains rising on either side, while here and there at their base nestled little Japanese villages occupied principally by fishermen. Some of the mountains were under cultivation far up their sides. Through these narrows, as well as upon the wider part of the sea through which we passed during the middle of the day, and also in the second narrows through which we left the inland sea, we saw thousands of Japanese boats, sampans and sailing craft, most of them occupied by native fishermen, others carrying freight. In short, it is one of the busiest places we have ever seen, and when we remember that most of them had been out before daybreak in a cold December morn, we can appreciate, to some extent at least, the hardships of these "who go down to the sea in ships."

Nagasaki is our last call in Japan. It lies upon the western border of the western island of the empire. While in the city we learned that the Tokyo Wrestling Club was giving an exhibition and that there were over four hundred wrestlers present. We paid the ad-

[illegible]

throw him clear over his head, when he would come down with a thud that we thought must kill him,—indeed, they are killed sometimes. The sight, though a brutal one, is interesting for once. Now that I have seen a wrestling match, a Spanish bull-fight and a football game, I have tried to decide which is the most brutal, and have concluded that the contest lies between the bull-fight and the football, for in the former they kill a few good bulls and some worthless horses, while in the latter they frequently kill or cripple some most excellent and promising young men.

Those who would see Japan as it has been had better go soon. Old Japan is fast passing away, and a more modern Japan is taking its place. The higher grades of society, including the ruling class, are fast adopting European dress; the army, navy and police are uniformed in the same way. In the interior, it is true, as also among the lower grades, the native dress yet prevails, though often furnishing a mixed outfit, part of each being used.





which is the one, they will soon draw apart and resolve the one into two. In Japan it is, and always has been, entirely different. The relation of the sexes there is so at variance with our ideas of the eternal fitness of things, that we feel disposed to call their so-called marriage anything but a divine joining of two lives in one. To begin with, Buddhism clearly teaches that, "Woman is impure and a scape-goat;" consequently, if a young man should profess love for a woman or marry for love, he will be looked down upon even by his parents, who would be ashamed of him. Again, having been taught from her birth up that she is inferior to man, she is commanded to be obedient unto him in all things, even to a greater extent than a slave might. In consequence of these conditions, the parents of marriageable boys or girls cast about them for a desirable partner for their child, often employing an agent, or "go-between," to assist them. All this time the wishes of the children are neither considered nor consulted; the arrangements are all made in accordance with the wishes of the parents. Sometimes the young people are permitted to see each other once prior to marriage; if so, it is in the presence of their friends, so that they are deprived of all chance to even freely exchange their views, or test congeniality. After that, however, they are deprived of even this poor excuse of a knowledge of the other one, with whom they are expected to link themselves and make or mar the happiness of their entire lives, and are not permitted to see each other until under their customs they have been pronounced husband and wife. The ceremony is this. The day of the marriage hav-



having a record made at the proper office. A marriage so simply made, how binding is it? Let us see. We stated that the ceremony takes place at the home of the bridegroom, and from that time on that is the home of the couple; the wife, by the nature of her new position, is a virtual slave in her husband's home, and is not only expected and required to obey and please him, but his mother as well—certainly a bad case of mother-in-law. It is true that, if she does not like her husband or his home or family, she sometimes returns home at the end of three days, providing her people will receive her, but this is very rare, as they consider that they have done their duty by their daughter in securing a husband for her; in other words, the wife binds herself for life (or until her husband tires of her) as a veritable slave to her husband and his family. How about his lordship? He marries the girl because his parents desire it, and no question of love or choice enters into it. It is no uncommon thing for him to have one or more mistresses, and his wife does not think of complaining, because that would only make her position worse. Then, too, it is optional for the husband to at any time divorce his wife simply by sending her to her father's home and changing the record.

## CHAPTER XIII

### DIVORCE

The man may obtain a divorce for

- (1) Disobedience to the father-in-law or mother-in-law,
- (2) No child,
- (3) Adultery,
- (4) Jealousy,
- (5) Loathsome disease,
- (6) Talking too much,
- (7) Stealing.

Another cause, and one which destroys all the rights of the wife in one fell swoop, is, if the husband simply dislikes her, he sends her home and that ends it. Would it be possible to invent a greater farce to be called marriage than this? It is true that it is not polygamy, but it is far worse, for, when a man has more than one wife, he must care for them, but under this condition, if the husband dislikes his wife, tires of her or sees some one he likes better, he simply cuts the tie by divorcing her, and it is but natural that these conditions should exist quite frequently where the preferences of the parties at interest are not consulted.

One writer on "Things Japanese" says that in matters of marriage, as in all her relations toward man, woman is a nobody and is not consulted, and all her



life having been taught her inferiority to man, she accepts the situation without murmur. Speaking of the marriage ceremony, he says that among the lower classes they do not even go to the trouble to observe any ceremony, and that many of the so-called marriages are cases of mere cohabitation founded on mutual convenience. "This accounts for the boy and the cook—to their foreign master's increasing astonishment—being found to bring home a new wife almost as often as they bring home a new sauce pan." He further says, however, that such laxity would never be tolerated in well-bred society, and that Japanese ladies are as chaste as their Western sisters. The upper classes rarely resort to divorce. "Why, indeed, should a man take the trouble to get separated from an uncongenial wife, when any wife occupies too inferior a position to be able to make herself a serious nuisance, and when society has no objection to his keeping any number of mistresses?"

To boil the whole question down to its true, unvarnished meaning, woman is looked upon as an inferior being to man; her whole duty in life is to bow down to and obey his lordship, and to bring forth children to him and thus perpetuate his name and that of his family. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, as no rule is so absolute as to be without exceptions, and it is but natural to suppose that all Japanese men are not libertines, but that there are among them true gentlemen who rise above even their unfavorable environments, and are the proper heads of happy homes where something at least of our idea of the relation of the sexes has obtained, and where the marriage



1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete them.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress to ensure that the project is on track.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the outcomes against the objectives and goals and identifying any areas for improvement.

In my opinion, the above information is true and correct and I am not aware of any other information that might be relevant to the investigation of the matter. I am not a member of the Communist Party and I am not aware of any other information that might be relevant to the investigation of the matter.

Japanese gentlemen may and do fall in love with their own wives, but it is a lamentable fact that, under existing conditions, such cases are most rare, and that the loving caresses and attentions that ought to be the wife's by right, are conferred upon others. Aside from the unnaturalness and immorality of such relations, the degrading of woman in her own eyes by this life-long drilling into her the false idea that her natural position in life is as a creature of service and convenience, certainly does not fit her for properly rocking the cradle that rules the world; or, in other words, in a positive application of the thought, it does not fit her to mold and form the minds of those who are to govern and make the nation what it should be. In referring to this condition of woman's enslavement as a relic of barbarism, it occurs to me to ask how many of my readers fully realize the fact that under barbaric conditions women were virtually slaves—in all that the word implies—to the so-called "lords of creation," men. Such was undoubtedly the case among all peoples of barbaric times. The male would kill the game or catch the fish with which to feed his family, but he would not condescend to dress or prepare it as food, nor, as a rule, would he till the soil or carry the burdens, whether they were in the form of their common offspring or of household utility. From this enslavement Christian civilization is the only element that has ever ennobled woman and emancipated her, and to this influence must we look for the new era so much needed in Japan and other countries of the Orient.

While condemning (as we must) the Japanese lack

of appreciation of woman's true merits and proper relation to man, let us not forget that it is the result of their environment, and made plausible in their eyes by the habits and customs of their people for the centuries that have rolled over their national life. To such an extent is this the case that it has become a part and parcel of their religion and very being. Therefore, we must look upon it with a charitable degree of allowance; give the bright, intelligent little people full credit for what they have done in other directions during the past fifty years, and hope and believe that in the future they may accomplish as much in this desired direction as they have in others during the short period of their association with more advanced nations.

If any of my male readers wish to draw a moral from these reflections on Japanese social conditions, don't hesitate to do so, but let each ask himself whether under our greater enlightenment and boasted appreciation of woman, he has done all that he could to make happy the little woman who gave up all her independence and freedom to become his wife, the mother of his children, and the head of his home. Let us never forget that man has the whole universe from which to carve out his destiny, while the sphere of the wife is largely bounded by the walls of her home. Unhappy marriages are by no means always caused by the man, but I believe most of them are. I honestly believe that if a man truly loves his wife, loves her after as before marriage, he can make her life and character much as he would have it to be. On the other hand, if the wife will try as earnestly to keep her husband, as some other women will try to take him from

her, there will be more faithful husbands. If both do their full duty their lives will be so cherished and necessary, the one to the other, that they become in spirit one; and such a couple thus mated, surrounded with loving, obedient children, would I recommend to our Japanese brethren as an ideal Christian home.

## CHAPTER XIV

### "THE YOSHIWARA"

Much has been said and written about the lack of virtue among the Japanese women. As to what extent these statements are true, I cannot say, but I really think that the marriage customs as related are not calculated to encourage virtue among men or women, and yet, I doubt whether the better class Japanese women are less virtuous than other people. It is true that, owing to the public manner in which they seek to control the social evil, it is brought more prominently before the public. It has always been a question in my mind, whether, in the interests of public health and good order, it might not be better to officially recognize an evil which has existed ever since man was created and will continue so long as sin remains in the world. It is more reasonable and just than the wicked graft system practiced upon this class in most of our American cities. Personally, I consider the grafters ten times worse than the poor woman. I would not have any one imagine, however, that I would favor its regulation with the privileges granted in Japan. There a section or district of the city is set aside, and all houses used for immoral purposes must be conducted under restrictions established by the medical and police departments, and within bounds set aside; but I certainly think the same law



should forbid the exhibitions nightly seen in those districts. In the Yoshiwara district of Tokyo there are about 2,500 wanton women, and you may walk for square after square and see houses of this description. In the front of each house is a large cage, perhaps ten feet deep and as wide as the house; the back of the cage is all covered with carved gilded animals, while the front is enclosed with bars, the whole resembling in every particular a wagon belonging to a menagerie, and used for enclosing wild beasts. Into these cages the inmates of the houses are placed—sometimes as many as fifteen poor little girls in a single cage—in the early evening and required to stay there until two o'clock in the morning, much as our merchants would expose chickens or some animals for sale, only a thousand times worse, as here they are selling their souls as well as their bodies. In these cages, with one side entirely open except for the bars, they sit, winter and summer, exposed to all kinds of weather—and they have some exceedingly cold, nasty weather in Japan. It was the latter part of November when we were there, and we had on our heaviest winter clothes and were then cold, while these poor creatures were huddling over their small charcoal braziers. We saw one of the contracts under which these girls are engaged and bound to the keepers of these dens. By this agreement they are supplied with clothes and outfit to furnish them for their calling, for, like their frail sisters elsewhere, they delight in gaudy clothes and showy jewels. In consideration of this advanced fund they bind themselves to continue in the place, paying a certain percentage of their income to the proprietor, until the bor-

rowed money is paid in full. On good authority we were informed that this time but rarely ever comes, so long as the girl is a desirable inmate and attraction for the place; the owner of the place keeps the books, and he sees that the account is not balanced.

Some writers have referred to the calling of these Japanese girls as differing from those of their class in other lands in that they often bind themselves to this life out of their love for and desire to help their parents, and that after a period of a few years, having accumulated a sufficient sum for the purpose, they return to their families, who receive them with open arms, they get married "and live happy ever after." The best writers, as well as intelligent Japanese whom I interviewed, say that this may occur in rare instances, but that, instead of its being the rule, it is the rare exception; and they state further that girls who adopt this life in Japan, like those of their kind elsewhere, rarely, if ever, reform, but continue on the downward road, descending in the scale of their class as their attractions fade away, until from reigning queens in the high class they end by being servants to their successors or find relief in the grave. To our mind the Japanese government is not to be blamed for recognizing and regulating the evil, but in permitting the damnable exposure of these poor outcasts in these cages upon the public streets.

Some may ask, "Why refer to this condition at all?" For two reasons—First, I promised to describe conditions, as well as people, as we saw them. Second, this state of affairs is owing to, and a part of the system of woman's degradation in the Orient, and the only way

to make such odious and bring about reform, is to tell the truth.

In so far as the effect such revelations may have upon others, I think it should act as a danger signal to warn them, and cause them to exclaim as I did, "My God, can such things be in this enlightened age?"

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TEMPLE GATEWAY, KYOTO, JAPAN.



## CHAPTER XV.

### RELIGION

As in Europe the tourist is kept busy visiting cathedrals and art galleries, so in Japan he is called upon to spend a large portion of his time in viewing gods, goddesses and temples. Indeed, we might recognize them as a nation possessing "gods many." Prior to the introduction of Christianity, which seems to be struggling for a foothold, Japan possessed two religions, Shintoism and Buddhism, and, while I do not propose to go into the subject to any depth, I feel that a superficial explanation might prove of interest to my readers.

The Shinto was the original religion of the nation; the Buddhist was imported, by way of Korea, from China, which received it from India. So generally have the two faiths commingled that their joint acceptance has become so universal that many of the temples are known as *Ryobu Shinto*, meaning a union of the two, or rather neither pure Shinto nor Buddhist. This condition prevails in all Japan except in the Satsuma province, where the Buddhist priests were long ago expelled for betrayal of a local chieftain. We were informed that every child is placed at his birth under the protection of some Shinto deity, while the funeral rites are generally conducted according to the Buddhist faith. Shinto means "The Way of the Gods;" it has



various gods and a variety of sects; the people have but little to do, and the priests but little more. There is no preaching or service which the people are expected to attend, and the priests' duties consist in making offerings of trays of rice, fish, fruits, vegetables, rice beer and the flesh of birds and beasts to the gods. The Shinto faith makes no profession as to morality. "Follow your natural impulses and obey the mikado" is the sum and substance of its requirements. It teaches the continued existence of the dead, but makes no profession as to where or how. Its gods, like those of Buddhism, are, as a rule, the personification of horrid ugliness. The genuine Shinto shrines are almost out-doors, in fact the services of some are so conducted altogether, while numerous gateways lead from without to the shrine, always beginning with the peculiar gateway so frequently seen in Japanese pictures, called torii, consisting of two upright posts with one slightly curved cross piece at the top and a straight beam a short distance below, the whole being made of stone, bronze, wood or any other material. In summing up, it may be said that Shintoism is in one sense nature worship, and finds its chief end in paying homage to the gods, that is, to the departed ancestors of the imperial family and also to other great men of the past in Japanese history, and blind, unquestioning obedience to the "heaven-descended monarch of the world," the mikado of Japan. Its deities consist of gods of war, pestilence, wind, fire, rivers, mountains, etc., running into untold thousands.

To attempt to enter into a general explanation of Buddhism would be to write a book, therefore I fear

I am almost attempting the impossible in trying to summarize it so as to give even a partial exposition. It is well known that it originated with Gautama, afterwards called Buddha, a prince of India, the founder of the faith, and from his teachings much good can be taken. It appealed to the better instincts of the human heart in a way impossible to Shintoism. In its temple ceremonial the service of the priests much resembles the cathedral service of the Roman Catholic Church, notwithstanding the fact that Buddhism was founded nearly 700 B. C. In doctrine it differs entirely, as it teaches self-perfectionment as the means of salvation, and not the redemption by sufferings of a Christ; and further, it teaches progression which shall finally end in absorption into "Nirvana." Its service is conducted by the priesthood and is participated in by its devotees scarcely at all. It differs from Shintoism in that it has a moral code for the guidance of its devotees, in which is to be found much that can be highly commended, especially when we remember when it was formulated. There are some peculiar facts concerning Japanese Buddhism, viz., notwithstanding the fact that Chinese Buddhism was introduced into Japan about the beginning of the seventh century, its profound mysteries have awakened but little interest in the Japanese nation, and they have never translated its canon into the Japanese language. The priests use the Chinese version, the laity no version at the present time, though history would have us believe that some hundred or more years ago they were more given to searching their scripture. At present the thousands of books containing the doctrine of Buddha are enclosed

at different places in revolving cases, which the devotees may turn, by faith, and thus be given credit for having read the whole library.

Seeking to gain some direct knowledge of Buddhism, at one of the temples I procured a small book published in English, entitled "Light of Buddha," by S. Karo, a Buddhist, but I am free to say that I see little in it to offer comfort or consolation to its followers. I quote from it some of the Buddhistic doctrines. "No sentient being has either beginning or end of his existence;" then, "It cannot be said that Buddha taught the immortality of the soul;" again, "As faithful adherents of our sect, we must pray for perfect deliverance from this false life, and for true future happiness in that Buddha Country which we can reach by the repetition of the name of the Buddha Amitabha only." Rather contradictory reading, one would say, but, when we explain further that Buddhistic doctrine teaches that the soul and body cannot exist apart, and when its devotees see the body go down to death and decay, and are thus told that the spirit has also died, it makes it still more contradictory. It is true, as we have said, that there are some beautiful precepts and principles laid down by Buddha for the government of the lives of his followers, as for example:

"Do not commit evil,  
Do all that is good,  
Cleanse your heart,  
This is the religion of Buddha."

But at the same time, as we see it, it offers but little of hope to its followers, for if this life is all, with its



sorrows and troubles, then, indeed, may we ask, "Is life worth living?"

Buddhism teaches the doctrine of transmigration in the past and for the future, but, as we are unconscious of any existence in the past, we could expect nothing more for the future, even should the soul continue its existence after the death of the body, which the Buddhists say it cannot do.

At most, all the doctrine teaches is that it ignores the existence of a Supreme God and Creator of Worlds, and only promises to the faithful the final absorption into "Nirvana," and what this "Nirvana" is "deponent sayeth not." But after all the Japanese cannot be said to be very strongly imbedded in the Buddhistic faith. Prof. Chamberlain, an excellent Japanese scholar and, perhaps, the best posted man on Japan, says, "In a word, Buddhism was the teacher under whose instruction the Japanese nation grew up. As a nation they are now grossly ignorant of the fact. Ask an educated Japanese a question about Buddhism, and ten to one he will smile in your face, a hundred to one that he knows nothing about the subject and glories in his ignorance," so that, as I view it, Japan has to-day virtually no religion, although the country from end to end is filled with gods, goddesses and temples.

The Mohammedan faith, while being the most brutal and cruel of all religions, has at least something to offer "the faithful." It recognizes the existence of one God, creator and ruler of the universe, and although it teaches that only men will get to heaven, the women can console themselves with the fact that

where men are, women will get by some hook or crook, and vice versa.

Before dismissing the subject of Japan's religion, a brief sketch of the life of the founder of Buddhism might prove interesting. Shaka Muni, also called Gautama, the founder of the faith and its recognized Buddha, was borne in India, a prince and heir apparent to his father's kingly throne, about 620 B. C. He reached his manhood surrounded by all the luxuries of life; his home was in the palace of his father, with servants without number to do his bidding. He fell in love with a beautiful princess. The love was mutual. He asked her father for her, and, according to the customs of that age, he was told that he must win her in a tournament open to all suitors for her hand. He entered the contest, and coming off victorious, won and married his sweetheart.

Up to this time his father had so carefully guarded his heir that, when he rode forth, all beggars, cripples, decrepit or aged people were required to hide themselves, so that he should know nothing of the sorrows of life. One day, however, he saw an aged beggar and upon making inquiry of his charioteer and learning that this was a common condition in the world, he insisted upon going forth without notice for further investigation. What he saw so impressed and overmastered him that he determined to give up his princely position with all his wealth, and to devote himself to seeking to help mankind. To this end he made all the necessary preparations and on a certain night ordered his horse, looked upon his sleeping, loving wife, and, fearing that should he attempt to bid her

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BUDDHIST PRIESTS.



GEISHA GIRLS.

adieu his courage might fail him, he mounted his horse, rode a certain distance, sent the horse and his rich belongings back with his charioteer, assumed the garb of a beggar and proceeded upon his journey. He made his home with other anchorites in a cave of the mountains, and when in want would go down to the villages and beg for sustenance. Thus, we are told, he lived for seven years, seeking and praying for light, and all the time his wife and family were in total ignorance as to his whereabouts or whether he was living or dead. At the end of this time he went forth preaching three great duties, "control over self, kindness to other men and reverence for the lives of all living creatures." He visited the palace of his father, and converted his father, his wife and son (born since his departure) to the new faith. He was accepted as and called "The Buddha," and continued his preaching until the time of his death about 543 B. C.

Whether we call him a religious fanatic, or condemn him as we do for the desertion of his wife, we must give him the credit of having the courage of his convictions, for, if his wife and father suffered by his erratic actions, he himself was a thousand-fold the greatest sufferer. Notwithstanding the fact that in his creed he offered no hope as to individual immortality (however, he did preach some of the most sublime truths as to this present life, covering the true elements of right living in their highest and best aims), the records show that, although other religions, including the Christian, have come into existence since then, Buddhism still claims four hundred and seventy million followers to-day. The rise and growth of Buddhism

is one of the most marvelous records in the world's history. Untold millions have lived and died happier and better because of the self-renunciation, devotion and self-sacrifice of this man, born a prince, heir to a kingdom, but made a pauper and dependent by his own act, in seeking to benefit his fellow man. Such an example has no parallel among men.

The more one studies Buddhism as propounded by its founder, the more one wonders where its followers and teachers of the present day get their warrant for all the idolatry and mummeries surrounding it at this time. There is certainly no authority for it in the teachings of Gautama, its founder. His whole life was given to proclaiming a new faith consisting of self-renunciation for the benefit of the race, and kindness and charity to all mankind alike. This was antagonistic to the caste idea and its resultant division of society into innumerable sections ranging from low to high caste, among the different sections of which intermingling or association was forbidden, as though they were created of different material and possessed souls of varying quality.

To my mind it was the suffering by these conditions that caused Gautama to renounce his princely heritage, and to give his life for the benefit of his people.

Certain it is that could he return to earth to-day, he would not recognize his doctrine as practiced by his professed followers in their idolatrous mummeries in India, China and Japan. Instead of one church proclaiming one doctrine, the followers of Buddha are divided up into sects among which they have intro-



duced innovations until his original doctrines are scarcely recognizable.

The same can truthfully be said of the religion of the Hindus of India, which is supposed to have been founded upon the so-called sacred Veda, but into which have been introduced doctrines, teachings and practices for which no authority whatever can be found in the Veda.

This condition, however, with its attendant evils, seems to be the fate of all religions, and the Christian is no exception to the rule. Extreme sectarianism and its natural follower bigotry have been the greatest enemies the church has ever had.

The teaching by different sects that unless you believe this or that creed, unless you are baptized in this or that way; or in other words, unless you get into our little boat sailing to eternity, you will be lost—this proclaiming of “Lo, here is Christ,” instead of teaching the simple doctrine of the meek and lowly Savior, has been the greatest enemy to the church.

There is no warrant whatever for sectarian monopoly of the religion of Christ to be found in His teachings, which are so simple that “all who run may read.” To love God with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourself, to “believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,” seems to me to be simple and broad enough to embrace all mankind who will accept its conditions, and imbue them with a charity such as would cause us to believe that there is good in all denominations and sects who should be laboring in the same vineyard.

This was certainly the idea of Christ when He re-

proved His disciples because they had rebuked those found working in His name, because they followed not with them. Listen to Jesus' answer: "Forbid them not! for he that is not against us is for us."

If there is any authority for the idea that any one sect is the true church, I have failed to see it. There is no place in the world where this teaching of sectarian bigotry can do more harm than in presenting a new religion to a people who are asked to renounce their old faith; for if they are intelligent and inquisitive they will naturally say: "Well, you are all followers of the same Christ, but which creed am I to accept?"

It is my honest belief that if the followers of Christ had truly followed in His footsteps and preached Christ and Him crucified "with charity to all and malice toward none," thus joining hands in the common cause of evangelizing the world, the awful crimes of the church of the dark ages would have been avoided and the religion of Christ would long ere this have been the religion of all lands and of all nations.

One subject of congratulation is that there is less sectarianism in the world to-day than for many centuries of the past, and we may fondly hope that the era of fellowship and good will of those engaged in the common cause, may go on increasing until all shall know Him from the least unto the greatest.

There are so many shrines, gods and goddesses connected with the temples in Japan that it would be next to impossible to classify and furnish a roster of them, but one pair forces itself upon us so persistently that I cannot pass it by without special reference. At the main gate-way to the temples we find two cage-like



shrines, one on either side of the entrance, in which are seated two of the most hideous images, looking as if they might be the outcome of some horrible nightmare,—in fact one naturally wonders how they ever designed such monstrosities. They are called *Ui-o*, literally, the two Deva Kings placed here to guard the gate and keep away demons. I don't blame the demons for keeping away. A custom prevailing is to throw paper wads at these images—by devotees,—the theory being that if they stick, their desires will be granted. (Judging by the number of babies to be seen in Japan, I think most of them stick.) In consequence the poor images are bespattered all over with these wads, while thousands of them lay on the ground at their base.

I confess that in my reference to the religious condition of the Japanese, as well as to their treatment of women, my conclusions may have been of a pessimistic character; if so, it is because I consider the facts warrant such deductions. I would not, however, have my readers think that there is no silver lining even to these dark clouds. We must not forget that Japan has been in a position to be influenced by modern civilization for only fifty years. Coming from several causes there is strong reason for hopes for the future: first, many of the Japanese young men are being educated in Europe and America, and must, I think, be influenced by ideas they imbibe from associations formed, and truths instilled, as to religion, and woman's position as the peer of man, and the resultant home life; second, the influence of foreign residence among them at home, especially that of the mission-

aries with their schools and churches, presenting a religion which teaches all the beautiful precepts and principles that can be claimed for pure Buddhism, the fundamental rules of right living, as well as a promise for eternal life hereafter, and also rules for happy home life, including the true relation of husband and wife. After all, what is there in life so near to what we think heaven may be, as the ideal Christian home with its companionship and comradeship of the parents, surrounded by loving, obedient children? These conditions, I think, must commend themselves to such an element as the modern manhood of Japan.

What progress Christianity will make in this country is a problem of the future, but it seems to me it has a most excellent field in which to work. One Japanese writer has said, "Buddhism, Shintoism and Confucianism have lost their power of control, and Christianity has not yet taken hold of the mass of people." This I believe to be a true statement, and it certainly seems that a religion which furnishes all the moral teaching of the old religions put together, and, in addition, a personal God and the promise of a future reward, should appeal to this intelligent people.

Our impressions of the Japanese people were most favorable. As compared with other nations of the far East, they rank in almost every essential at the top. They are proverbially industrious, and the most polite people in the world; they are scrupulously clean, both in person and in home life, from the highest to the lowest. There is one trait of character which prevails universally in Japan, and also in other countries of the far East, which, whether it is the outgrowth of Shinto-

ism, Buddhism or some other dogma, might well be copied and adopted by the people of far more highly civilized countries, yea, even by Americans. That is, reverence for the aged, or those older than themselves, and thus continuing up the line until the memory of the departed is even worshiped. After having been in America for a number of years a learned English gentleman once said to me, "There is no more deplorable fact in American life than the disregard, I might say disrespect, with which many American youths consider and treat their elders. By their acts and language they would lead one to infer that they know far more than do their parents."

Having given an account of our tour through Japan, together with a brief reference to the social and religious conditions, we must bid farewell to this beautiful Island Empire.

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## CHAPTER XVI

### SHANGHAI

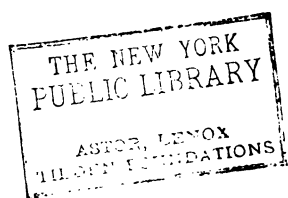
From Nagasaki across the China Sea for a sail of two nights and a day, then up the Hwangho River, and we set foot on Chinese soil in the old city of Shanghai. It is an immense, busy, bustling city. In the new, or European part, it is built up with fine large buildings, but go out of this quarter, through the wall of the old city, and you pass from the new twentieth century cleanliness and order back into a condition of filth, rottenness and stench that causes you to almost doubt your senses,—if the conditions would permit you to doubt them. The streets are narrow, many of them mere alleys, while here and there are trenches several feet wide filled with stagnant, dirty water and filth of every kind. While hastily passing through this district, we held our handkerchiefs over our mouths and noses to prevent the inhalation of such filth as must of necessity permeate the atmosphere. On one occasion in passing through Chinatown in San Francisco, and remarking the filthy places and foul odors, we were told by one who knew, "If you call these Chinese filthy, wait until you see them at home." We have done so, and see what he meant. It was like the experience of the Episcopal clergyman in the colliery district of Wales (where, it is said, the people as a class never bathe and but seldom ever wash). Sit-





COALING STEAMER AT NAGASAKI.





ting in his study one day, there came a knock at the door; he said, "Come in," and went on with his writing; upon looking up he saw a rough, unwashed, almost nude collier standing opposite him. "Well, sir," he said, "what can I do for you?" The answer was, "I want to get married." "What," said the clergyman, "you want to get married, you great big, uncouth, filthy, dirty animal!" The collier straightened himself, and with indignation in tone and mien said, "You call me dirty, do you? You call me dirty? Well, you just ought to see her!" The strange thing to my mind is that the authorities permit such conditions to exist as a constant menace to health, and as breeding places for all kinds of plagues. Instead of wondering at the prevalence of cholera, smallpox, bubonic plague, etc., in the Orient, I wonder that the conditions do not cause them to sweep the people off the earth. Before traveling in China, I, like many others, was inclined to blame our government for its policy of exclusion against the Chinese; I now say, without hesitation, it is right except, perhaps, with some proper modifications. It is most strange that, while the Japanese only five hundred miles away, descended from the same race origin, are noted for their cleanliness in person and life, their Chinese brethren should be the exact opposite, filthy in person and in all their surroundings. If "cleanliness is next to godliness" these Orientals are a long way from home.

Once more afloat and after a sail of 58 hours, passing en route thousands of Chinese junks of all sizes, some of them coasting freighters but mostly fishing boats, we sail into the harbor of Hong Kong. Here

we bid adieu to the S. S. Korea, the sister ship of the Siberia upon which we crossed the Pacific, and most reluctantly we do it, as no more comfortable, steady, better boats float than these two. Remembering what we expect in the shape of at least some of the steamers we must use during the rest of our journey, we sincerely wish we might take one of them with us around the balance of the world.

## CHAPTER XVII

### HONG KONG

Shanghai is a treaty port, that is, it is open to all other nations by treaty, but the island and city of Hong Kong is an English port, pure and simple, having been ceded to Great Britain many years ago. The harbor is fine, and we found it filled with ships of all nations. The city is located upon the Island of Hong Kong, and, while it is known the world over as Hong Kong, its real name is Victoria. In entering the harbor, the city presents a most interesting appearance; as the level land along the water front is very narrow, the city is built far up the sides of the mountain, many of the streets being very steep and some a series of steps. The foreign part of the city is built up with massive four and five-storied buildings, occupied mostly by English merchants, banks, etc. What surprised me most was the excellent quality of buildings, generally three and four stories high. The streets were crowded in every direction with a hurrying, busy mass of people. The Chinese quarters are as different from those of Shanghai as though they were occupied by a different race and upon another continent. The streets are drained and swept clean, while the shops and houses are thoroughly polished up. To us, this at first seemed strange, coming from Shanghai, and judging by what we saw and smelled

there, and believing that Chinese were Chinese, but, fortunately, we had occasion to go through one of the principal streets in the Chinese section on what to that street proved to be house-cleaning day. The city authorities were in charge, having large iron tanks on wheels, filled with water from hose; business was for the time being entirely suspended, and the shops were denuded of counters and other furniture, while scrubbing in every story of the buildings was the order of the day. The conclusion is easily drawn. This being an English city, the question of cleansing it is not left optional with the Chinese, but they are compelled to go against what seems a part of their nature, filthiness. This leads me to say, after seeing the great benefits accruing to the people themselves, as also to the world at large, by the occupation of various countries and cities by the United States, Great Britain or any other of the Christian nations who teach, inculcate and enforce cleanliness, as witness India, Egypt, certain ports of China, Cuba, Philippines and some of the West Indies, that it will be a great step onward in the march of civilization when such countries as China and Turkey shall be dismembered, if need be, to bring them under the influence of modern civilization. Why should there be such a constant dread of Asiatic cholera, bubonic plague, smallpox and like diseases throughout the world? Simply because of the existing conditions, and after traveling through these countries one naturally wonders that there are not ten-fold more epidemics of these terrors. It is certainly no wonder that they will eat rats and mice to eke out their miserable existence, for I have never seen either of those



animals as foul and filthy looking as many of these poor mortals, except when they have been unfortunate enough to fall into a swirl barrel of stink garbage or a cesspool.

In China we see a condition which is common throughout the Orient and indeed in many parts of Europe, viz., the hard manual labor done by women. I have seen a line of them, consisting of a half hundred of all ages, even to gray-haired grandmothers, tottering along the streets or down the gang plank of a boat, a stout bamboo pole across their shoulders, from either end of which was suspended a rough basket filled with coal, bricks or some form of merchandise, the load being sufficient for two men, and so heavy that they could hardly put one foot ahead of the other, while they would cast their poor tired eyes wistfully ahead as if seeking to see the end of the journey. Such sights are common and of everyday occurrence, and yet I never saw one such that my heart did not ache for these poor creatures compelled to thus toil to earn the miserable pittance they receive in order to maintain an existence. I certainly think that for such, a negative answer might be returned, were the question asked, "Is life worth living?"

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THINGS CHINESE

I doubt not my every reader has heard of the infamous Chinese custom among some of the women of bandaging the feet from babyhood, so as to prevent their growth and thus have the insanelly desired appendage, small feet. I had heard of the custom but never imagined, fully, the extreme to which it is carried. While in China we saw many women, even at times on the street, full grown, some weighing 110 to 150 pounds, wearing small embossed shoes by actual measurement not over two and one-half inches long, and but one-half inch wide where the toes should be; in fact, they simply hobble along in the most absurd manner upon these mere stumps, often requiring assistance in order to walk at all. Why? Because it is fashionable, and as slaves to this fad they will suffer tortures in order to thus deform themselves.

In 1664 a decree was issued forbidding the practice of cramping the feet. In 1668, however, the edict was abrogated, one reason given being that it tended "to limit the freedom of the females so as to deprive them of their full power of surveillance over the males."

God pity the men who are favorably influenced by any of these abnormal contortions of the most beautiful thing on earth, "The Female Form Divine."

As bearing on the subject I quote the following from a work on Canton. The italics are the author's:

"In some countries of the West it is the fashion amongst the truly ignorant classes to aspire to a very slender waist and various devices are used to attain this ridiculous end, regardless of injury to the parties who so practice as well as to the offspring of future generations. In China the waist is left intact but the feet are so cramped by various methods in infancy and childhood as to cause a horrible deformity and to permanently interrupt natural locomotion in the female.

"The subjects chosen for this outrage against nature are generally the prettiest female children of the family.

"Popular tradition ascribes the honor of having set the fashion of foot-binding to Yao Niang, the favorite concubine of Li Yu, the effeminate prince whose period of existence was about A. D. 975; therefore, this horrible practice has been in vogue for about nine centuries. The following legend (published in the twelfth century) has reference to the matter. Yao Niang, the concubine of Li How-chu, was slender and beautiful and an accomplished dancer. How-chu had golden lilies made, six feet in height, adorned with precious stones, and amongst the lilies he set images of Sunny Clouds upon which he caused Yao Niang to dance with her feet compressed by bandages into the shape of the New Moon. The following couplet from the poems of Fang Kao is in praise of Yao Niang herself:

'Among the lilies yet a fairer flower,  
'Among the clouds an ever crescent moon.'

"The above is the only positive statement that

Chinese research appears to have discovered with respect to the institution of this diabolical practice."

But then, others than heathen Chinese will follow some awfully absurd and injurious fashion. Why, I have heard that some American women will even walk on their toes and call it comfort in order to wear stilts in the shape of high French heeled shoes. However, in China the women do not monopolize the stock of foolish customs—although they do wear breeches, while the men, especially the better classes, wear skirts. The men adhere to the wearing of queues, commonly called "pig-tails," their back hair being allowed to grow long, then plaited and worn down the back, but this is by no means their worst habit; that to my mind is the shaving of all the front part of the head, causing them to present a hideous appearance. When we remember that the pig-tail was first instituted as a badge of servitude upon the occasion of China being subdued and conquered by the Tartars, it is most singular that they should have allowed it to drift into and become a national characteristic.

When we first landed in Hong Kong, we wondered at the number of sedan chairs, a chair carried between two long bamboo poles upon the shoulders of two men, especially when we saw so many jinrikishas everywhere. This was all made plain, when we saw the number of streets running up the face of the hill, many of them not accessible to wheeled vehicles, but easily so by the person in one of these chairs carried by two stout Chinamen. You pity them as they carry you, and almost wish you had walked rather than have two poor human beings carry you, but this feeling is dis-

counted when you remember that this is their calling, by it they make their living, and that you are doing them a kindness by thus giving them employment.

In Japan, we had our first experience with Japanese currency, but found it quite easy to comprehend, as it is based on the decimal system, the same as our own money. The yen is supposed to be a dollar, but there is a decided difference in Japan between a dollar in gold and a dollar in silver, or the currency, but, fortunately, they have accepted a fixed value for it, so that a yen is worth just fifty cents in United States money, and, as one hundred sens make a yen, a sen is worth half a cent, so that, as everything in Japan is based upon the fixed value of the yen, it makes dealing very simple even to us "foreigners." When we landed in China, however, we found a very different state of affairs, and decided that all free silver fanatics in our country should be deported either to Mexico or to China. Here the currency is dollars and cents, based exactly upon our system, and yet how totally different, as, having no gold standard, their currency, he would be worth that much money on that burg. For instance, one day we received \$2.37 for \$1.00, the next day \$2.35, and so it goes. Should a man go to China to-day with \$100,000.00 and exchange it into the currency of the country, he would have \$237,000.00, and as, with the exception of imported goods, everything is based upon the native currency, he would be worth that much money on that day, and more or less the next day. Another matter that is strange is that in China the silver currency is the Mexican coin, so in giving prices it is cus-



tomary to say so many "dollars, Mex." One would naturally think that when you can buy money so cheaply, and all kinds of native goods in proportion, money would go much farther. Well, perhaps it may to those who live here and become acclimated to the temptations which present themselves on all sides in the form of their beautiful goods, but with us it seemed to get away all the faster because it is cheap, and we had nothing to do but see the sights and spend money. One thing to cause a sense of pride to well up in the hearts of the American traveler, especially if he has *always* sailed under the gold basis banner, is the fact that United States money is good the world over as *gold*, whether it be in the form of gold, silver or paper. In some places, owing to ignorance regarding it, they may hesitate to take it, but it can be used nevertheless and no one would necessarily "go broke" so long as he had a supply of Uncle Sam's currency.

In China one misses the extreme politeness of the Japanese. In the stores or shops they greet you without a smile, show you what you ask for only, and sometimes seem to do that grudgingly, while your waiter in hotel—or boy, as they are all labeled—receives your order as though you were reading his death sentence, and whether he understands you or not, says "yes," and off he goes to bring you what you want, or something else. If you scold or praise him he "all-a-same" says "yes," and stolidly tries it over again, all the time never a back word or question, simply "yes." And yet they are a good-natured, kind-hearted set, working like slaves for a pittance upon which they eke out a miserable existence. Hearing their jargon, espe-

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cially in the crowded streets or public markets where they all seem to talk at once, caused me to have more sympathy for the old Irishwoman who, when some of her companions were vilifying the Chinese, said: "One thing yez must give them credit for, knowing their own hathemish language."

## CHAPTER XIX

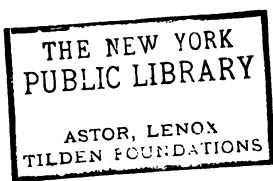
### CANTON

By boat for ninety-five miles up the Pearl River brings us away from English or any foreign influence into a truly Chinese city, the most unique and interesting, in many respects, in China, or we might add in the world, and not exaggerate. It is a walled city and, I believe, contains a larger population in a given space than can be found anywhere else. The population is variously estimated at from 1,600,000 to 2,500,000, and this mass of almond-eyed humanity is crowded into a space only about two miles square or four square miles.

Our hotel is situated in what is known as the Shameen, which is an artificial island of sand, located to the south of the southwestern suburb of the city. This island is about one-half mile long by 300 yards wide, surrounded by the river on one side and a wide canal on the other, and connected with the city by two stone bridges closed by iron gates, properly guarded to see that none but those who have business have access. On the city side of the canal are moored two solid rows of sampans or house boats, small craft not much longer than a row boat but much wider, called by the English "slipper boats," on account of their shape, in which a whole family lives and in which the children are born, pass their lives and die. I might digress



CHINESE JUNK, PEARL RIVER.







worthless husbands. While I cannot say that I would favor allowing them to decide (and carry into execution) who should thus be removed, yet I do think they would often deserve a pension, rather than punishment, for such acts.

The Shameen consists of two concessions, the one to England, the other to France. It is a lovely spot with wide avenues, lined with the beautiful evergreen banyan-trees, and containing elegant modern buildings, occupied by various foreign consuls, clubs, etc. After a visit through the city proper, so close by, it seems like a bit of paradise on the borders of a place supposed to be even hotter than the tropics.

The night of our arrival we were annoyed all night long by drumming, clanging and shooting of packs of firecrackers, until we might have imagined that these our yellow brethren were trying to celebrate our arrival, had we not known that we were traveling "incog.," but the information gained upon inquiry next morning smoothed our feathers, when we learned that they were celebrating the first day of their eleventh month, which comes on our December 19th.

Now for the city of Canton. I despair of conveying even a faint idea of this utterly indescribable place, so can only promise to do my best. It is not considered safe for a "foreign devil" to visit Canton alone either by day or night, as within its dark walls are thousands of the lowest, deadliest enemies to foreigners to be found in China, the genuine Boxer element. The streets are usually from six to eight feet in width; when they widen to ten feet, I suppose they might be regarded as avenues, and if, as in a few rare instances,

they reach twelve feet, they should advance to the grade of boulevards. Owing to these conditions, as also to the mass of humanity constantly coming and going through them, no vehicles of any kind, not even jinrikishas, ever enter within the walls, and we must either walk or be carried in sedan chairs. These narrow slits through the solidly packed buildings are as crooked as the proverbial "dog's hind leg," hence, owing to their constant curving, turning and often blind alley ending, it would be impossible for a stranger to find his way, even if it were safe, which it certainly is not. We employ a guide who hires the coolies and chairs and takes charge of all arrangements. Our guide is carried in a closed chair with a screen all around so that he can see out but not be seen, as this gives him more importance in the eyes of the people and aids in clearing the way. We occupy chairs open on sides and front so that we can take in the sights,—as well as the smells, by the way, although, if the latter were desirable, it would not be necessary to use open chairs to detect them, as I veritably believe that the foul smells of Canton would permeate sole leather or an inch board. Each chair is carried upon the shoulders of four coolies, two in front, two behind, working tandem. Thus equipped we pass out of the Shameen, across the bridge, thence along the canal for some distance, when, turning slightly to the left, we take a dive into one of the narrow crevices called streets and are in the city of Canton. For miles of these narrow passage ways we force our way through the thousands of natives crowding this busy bee hive, our carriers keeping up a constant crying out of various warning words to



clear the way—one of them, my “lead horse,” in a thin nasal voice said something that sounded like “Eyah,” then occasionally what would have passed for “Mind your eye”—answered by those crowding in the opposite direction, bearing heavy loads of all kinds and shapes, as everything to be transported in Canton must be carried by human beings. Often the streets are so narrow that our chairs fill up the entire space and force the pedestrians into the open shops to right and left. Notwithstanding the congested condition of these nasty, narrow passage ways, some of the shops opening on them are wonderful to behold. None of the shops have fronts, being entirely open on the street side, and are lighted by sky-lights. The streets are paved with large blocks of stone, and above our heads they are full of hanging signs in the curious Chinese characters. While winding in and out, here and there, we try to take in all that is to be seen on both sides, and many strange things we see. In these shops are manufactured some of the finest and most delicate merchandise, such as embroidery, ivory carving, filigree, silver, etc., while in other places they are making the most flimsy and cheapest of Chinese goods. Intermingled with the factories are grocery, meat and other marketing shops. One thing is certain, nothing gets away from the Chinese, if it can be used in any way. They had a nice assortment of cured dogs, cats and rats,—I don’t mean cured of the mange, fits or some other disease, but nicely sugar-cured,—while at shops dealing in fowl they had neat little piles of chicken entrails laid out for sale. We had always heard that the lower class Chinese ate rats, and our tour of the

city dispelled any doubts we might have had on the subject, as we saw hundreds of them exposed for sale, evidently nicely sugar-cured and smoked. Imagine a breakfast bill of fare reading, instead of ham and eggs, "Rats and Eggs." No, we brought no rats home as souvenirs.

Since early childhood I can remember having heard of "birds'-nest soup" as a Chinese dish, and considered it some vile compound of filth on a par with rats, dogs or cats, or else a slander upon John Chinaman. While in Canton, our hotel (located in the Shameen) listed upon its bill of fare one evening "birds'-nest soup." We thought it a joke, never dreaming that a first-class hostelry would serve such an article of diet. Consequently, we both ordered and ate most heartily of what was to us one of the best preparations of soup we had ever enjoyed. Afterwards we found that it was actually what it claimed to be, "birds'-nest soup." Well, I am glad we did not know what it was before, as we certainly would not have eaten it, but now it was down and too late to back water. What is it? The birds' nests are found in caves near the sea in the Island of Borneo. They are composed of gelatine which, it is said, the birds collect from sea-weed. These nests are carefully cleaned of impurities and then made into soup which is considered a great delicacy.

Canton has no sewerage whatever with the exception of a few dirty, rotten canals which go up and down with the tide. As all refuse of *every kind* has to be carried out of the city by men, we can readily believe that all those living on these canals would use



them as sinks when they can, hence their awful condition. But imagine, if you can, the carrying, through these narrow streets, of the refuse and excrement of two millions of people, and then, when I tell you that they do this work at all hours of the day, carrying it in open cans, one on each end of a pole upon the shoulders of a John Chinaman, you can understand why I said the stench of Canton would penetrate an inch board. The water supply of the city, such as is not dipped from the canals or river, is drawn from shallow wells, apparently not over from six to ten feet deep, which are scattered all over the city. Can you imagine anything more vile than such water, necessarily contaminated by the filth filtering from above?

The show places of Canton are not of any particular beauty or interest, and I shall only refer to a few. One is the temple of the five hundred Genii, and the entire troupe consists of that number of gilded images of men, seated and apparently pleased at the honor accorded them of thus sitting in state, as they are all smiling; one of them had an exceedingly long left arm. We were informed that the reason he had such a long arm was that he was the chap who placed the moon where we see it. I imagine, if this image were transferred to America and a belief in this tradition were sent with it, that it would be quite an object of worship by our young people, as one naturally asks himself what they would have done, had he neglected his duty and thus left us without a moon. Marco Polo was also among the number, his head covered with a comical slouch hat.

The Examination Hall, I suppose, must be so called

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



RIVER LIFE, CANTON.



SHAMEEN AND CANAL, CANTON.

because there is no hall visible, but a great space covering several acres of ground; in this enclosure examinations of those desiring to enter the public service take place. There are twelve thousand cells, just large enough for a man to lie down in; they are built of brick with a roof over each, open on one side, all facing in one direction, so that the doors can all be seen by a sentinel or watcher in a tower built for the purpose. In these cells the student spends two whole days and nights, during which time he must prepare an essay or poem; he has three trials of this kind; when all have been examined, a limited number of only a few hundred are selected to go to Peking for further study.

At the northern edge of the city there is quite a hill over which the city wall runs; upon this wall, at its highest point, is a large five-storied pagoda, rather dilapidated and in bad repair, as nearly everything in China seems to be. On the fifth floor of this building, within the altar rail, with two immense images on the throne and two more on each side, we found our luncheon spread, and notwithstanding the foul sights and smells of the morning, we did full justice to it, and then, having rested our poor coolies, we took up our return journey through the city. From the top floor of the pagoda we got a splendid idea of the size and shape of Canton; from here it looks like one solid mass of roofs, as the narrow streets do not show.

Another day we took a cruise through the canal and down the river in a house boat in order to thoroughly inspect the river existence—I can scarcely call it life. During war times all underbrush and trees are cut



away in front of forts and other fortifications, to remove hiding places for the enemy; for the same reason, I imagine, the Chinese shave most or all of the hair from the heads of their children, some of it being done in such manner as to present excellent specimens of landscape gardening, it being left in small patches on different parts of the head. As we went through the city and among the boats we saw several hunting operations on these heads, and success was apparently crowning the efforts.

At our hotel at Canton we met two American gentlemen, civil engineers, who were connected with building a railroad being constructed from Canton to the northward, one of the first railroads in China. They had finished ten miles, this being done partly with American capital, but it was necessary to interest the Chinese government in the enterprise in order to protect it, otherwise the natives would not permit such a modern innovation by "foreign devils." On the work connected with building this road they employ sixteen hundred Chinese, thirteen hundred of whom are women.

As the Chinese men shave their faces clean, it would be difficult at a glance to tell the men from the women, as among the common classes they both wear trousers and short jackets, but the heads of the men being partly shaved and then being adorned with the outlandish "pig-tails" mark them as different from the women. Seeing so many men employed in the financial departments of not only the Chinese banks and mercantile houses but in those owned by the English and other foreign corporations as well, we made care-



ful inquiry as to the honesty and trustworthiness of the Chinese. The universal answer was that the better class of the people are strictly honest and reliable, while the coolies and lower grades are notoriously dishonest, thieves, burglars and murderers being found everywhere, especially in the large cities.

We visited the execution ground where the authorities amuse themselves by cutting off a few heads, more or less, when time hangs heavy on their hands and they want to show themselves worthy of their high honors and salaries. There was nothing doing when we were there, though our guide told us that he at one time had a party of foreigners which he took to a building overlooking the ground and saw twenty-seven men's heads cut off with the sword. We informed him that we would beg to be excused from any such sights. The different modes of punishment for minor offenses in China are unique to say the least. On the most public street corners in the cities they expose the criminals, having a wide frame made of boards, perhaps  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet square, with a hole through the center, fitting the neck. This contrivance is locked on the poor prisoner, and as it prevents his lying down, or reaching his face with his hands, thus rendering him unable to drive away flies or other insects, one can imagine the agony of such a punishment. There are many other methods used by which criminals are slowly tortured to death upon the public streets, but they are better forgotten. We also visited the Water Clock, a contrivance in use for five hundred years, by which dripping water passing from one cask to another, three being used, finally falls into a tank in

which it causes an indicator to rise showing the hour of the day; when each hour has passed a board is placed upon the outside of the building to tell the time. But enough of Canton. I am glad we saw it, but hope never to see either it or its like again, for the memory of its noises and smells will ever remain with us to remind us of one of the experiences of our lives. Whenever my mind reverts to Canton, I imagine I can hear the beating of sticks, iron or small drums, the crying and groaning of the coolies rushing and crowding in both directions, and the final climax—those awful smells. Leaving Canton by daylight gives some additional knowledge of Canton life in the thousands of bamboo houses, built on stilts so as to get above the danger water line, extending far out into the river opposite the city; at times of high tide these houses stand up out of the water, at low tide, out of the mud.

## CHAPTER XX

### MANILA

From Hong Kong it is a forty-eight hours' sail to Manila, the capital and central point of Uncle Sam's new possessions, the Philippines. We knew that something made Commodore Dewey fighting mad, when he took this sail in command of the Asiatic fleet a few years since, but we did not know that there were such nasty weather conditions existing on the route until we tried it for ourselves. There is a certain trade wind which prevails in this section of the world (from November until April or May), called the monsoon, and which blows from the northeast and in its course goes tearing through the sea between China and the Philippines. I say it does, because we felt it for ourselves. The boats one must take from Hong Kong are bad and not up to date by any means; are small, old, and minus any semblance of bilge keel, and while the water, crossing this wind-tossed sea, would worry even the largest vessels more or less, it simply "played ball" with our dirty little craft. Suffice it to say that for one whole day there was but one man out of the entire passenger list at the table,—and it was not I. After we reached the shelter of the island and the thirty-six hours of agony were over, one thing surprised me (and we were in a condition to be surprised at anything), that there was any crockery left on the

boat, for such crashing and smashing of everything breakable I never heard before, intermingled with the plaintive calls for ginger ale, ice, etc. Our trunks and hand bags began to perform such evolutions, crashing from one end of the cabin to the other, that they had to be roped fast to the ship. It might have been a good idea to strap the passengers in their berths, had not the conditions prevailing necessitated getting out often. It all seems humorous now, the recollection of the moans and groans, the crash and break, the breaking down of my bunk in the middle of the night at one time, my then taking refuge on the couch, to be shortly after flooded out by a deluge of water forced through the port hole, but if there was any fun in it at the time, I failed to see it,—and for this “we left our happy homes!” One thing is certain, that while the unpleasantness lasted we wished that Dewey had never taken Manila, and thus drawn our country into this out of the way part of the world; now that it is over we are exceedingly glad we saw it.

Unfortunately for us, the time of our arrival was inopportune. We cast anchor off the city at five o'clock p. m., December 24th, the day on which Governor Taft had reviewed the troops, as well as the state and city employes, and made his adieus to the islands, on the eve of his departure for home to assume the portfolio as Secretary of War. In consequence of this the city was jammed and the hotels packed. We had arranged (as we supposed) for a hotel which I will not honor by naming, and, of course, expected some one from the hotel (which is situated some distance from the landing) to meet us. When we had passed quar-

antine and the custom officers, the tug landed us on the wharf; there was no conveyance, messenger or anything else to cheer our tired and hungry party. There we were, at eight-thirty p. m., sitting on our hand baggage on the old stone wharf of far-away Manila, and we began to wonder in earnest whether this was any part of "God's country." As we sat thus, poor outcasts, without a place to lay our heads, with "none so poor as to do us reverence," with the recollections of our bitter experience in getting there still foul in our stomachs and fresh in our minds, realizing that we must go back as we came, in the same old tub and across the same disagreeable monsoon, with all of this being digested by the gray matter lying under our skulls, could we have mustered up enough spirit to voice our thoughts in song, I think this would have been the refrain:

" 'A life on the ocean wave,'  
The man who wrote it was green;  
He'd never been at sea,  
A storm he'd never seen,  
He'd never been wakened at night  
By a noise fit to waken the dead,  
Or been scared almost to a fright  
By the waves breaking o'erhead.

Chorus:

'A life on the raging canal,  
A home by the towpath's side,  
Where you ride for three cents a mile  
And your board thrown in beside."

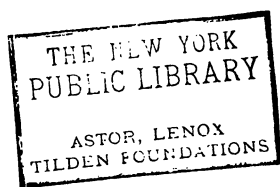


Then came our good Samaritan in the person of a great big-bodied and big-hearted American who, seeing our plight, offered his help to try to locate us. Upon telephoning our "nameless hotel" they answered yes, they had a letter asking the reservation of rooms for our party, but that they were full and could not do anything for us, and they did not have common courtesy enough to either try to locate us elsewhere, or to come and explain the situation. Well, we "are not for" that proprietor, although I think we would have been could we have gotten hold of him just then. Can my reader picture to himself our little party of twelve American citizens, seated upon our baggage on the wharf at Manila on Christmas eve, with nowhere to sleep, and nothing with which to satisfy our hunger? I can see the picture as though it were yesterday. All things have an ending, and so had this part of our misery, for two little two-wheeled Manila go-carts, drawn by diminutive specimens of the horse family, landed (by a return trip) our party at a hotel which accommodated part of our people; the rest were compelled to accept accommodation in a kind of Spanish barn, called a hotel, having a number of vaults, without windows, for bed rooms, opening from a veranda. The memories of the horrors of that night, like Banquo's ghost, will not down.

What of Manila and the Philippines? Of course, owing to our short stay, our knowledge is limited, but, having as fellow passengers on the steamer several American officers, returning from their vacations, and some Manila merchants, and having made careful investigation while in Manila, it is my opinion that American



NATIVE CARIBOU CART, MANILA.



occupation of the Philippines is the best thing that ever happened to the inhabitants. The Philippines, like Cuba, Porto Rico and other colonies, while under Spanish rule, were ground down to the earth to raise money to meet the demands made upon them, every dollar of which, we were told, was either appropriated to the aggrandizement of the ruler and his cohorts, or else sent to Europe. Now all that is raised by taxation and more appropriated by our government, is used for improving the local conditions. At Manila a new water system has been added, bringing a bountiful supply of pure mountain water to the city. The city has been generally improved and cleaned, in short, American civilization has been forced upon these Orientals with their medieval ideas and customs. One thing is certain, American occupation of any country, especially of such as have for ages past been ruled and ruined by Spanish misrule, is for all true interests of such a country. This can also be said of occupation by such other countries as England, France and Germany. Speaking on this subject—I wonder if the average reader ever stopped to think of the marvelous governmental power wielded throughout the world by the occupants of the comparatively little British Isles? From Great Britain across the Atlantic we find Canada and British Columbia stretching clear across our continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific; across the Pacific we find Hong Kong, Singapore, Penang, Ceylon, India, Aden in Arabia, Egypt, Malta, Gibraltar, forming a complete circle of the globe, to say nothing of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and other side possessions. It has always seemed a

marvelous thing to me how in the world's history different nations, Greece, Rome, Venice, Spain, Portugal, Great Britain, etc., have, in the days of their glory and power, to a very large extent, dominated the affairs of the world, one after another having reached the zenith of its power, passed the meridian and faded away to be succeeded by another.

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;  
Another spring another race supplies,  
They fall successive, and successive rise;  
So generations in their course decay,  
So flourish these, when those have passed away."

I wonder will it ever be so with Great Britain, and if so will the United States add to her present holdings of the Philippines, Porto Rico, Hawaii and Alaska, and take her turn as mistress of empire? I wonder?

As to whether it was our duty as a nation to assume this extra responsibility at the cost of the lives of thousands of brave American boys, and at the expenditure of millions of money, there seems to be a difference of opinion among some people, but I think there should not be in the minds of true Americans.

The Philippines were forced upon us and we cannot let go until we have performed our duty as a nation. All things considered, it looks as if Providence had called us to the task of maintaining possession of the islands at least until the people have shown themselves fit for self-government, although that may take many years, as they have been ground down by Spanish oppression for so long a time that it will require gen-



erations of educational advantages and civilizing influences before they can possibly be fitted for such work.

This is in no sense a political question but a humanitarian one, and he who seeks to drag it into the arena of politics is a demagogue.

As a nation the United States may seek to draw her cloak of comfort and exclusiveness around her, and claim that she has no responsibilities beyond her national boundaries, asking the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" but it does seem to me that God has blessed our great nation sufficiently for us to be willing to pass some of our bounties on to those less favorably situated.

If the Anglo-Saxon race is to predominate in the civilizing of the world, as I believe it is, America should not hesitate to take her share of the grand work. One thing is certain, those having the government of the Philippines upon their shoulders have a task which is in no sense easy. Upon our occupation of Manila and acquiring the control of the islands, thousands of Americans, seeking to better their worldly conditions, followed in the trail of the army of occupation, very much as did thousands, with similar objects in view, flock into the South at the close of our civil war. As at that time this class caused the South incalculable trouble by meddling in her internal affairs in the time of her misery and distress, so also did they cause our general government to be misrepresented and misjudged by their greedy quest after spoils, whether political or commercial; so to the Philippines has gone a large body of men seeking similar advantages.

Judge Taft, who has just retired from the office of governor, had his own time with these people, who claim that he ran the government in the interests of the natives and against the foreign element. To his credit be it said that if he showed any undue partiality, he did it openly and aboveboard. He officially announced his policy as "The Philippines for the Filipinos," and stuck to his policy to the end, and, while the civilian American element appeared to rejoice in his departure, he carried with him the love and veneration of the natives whom he was sent to govern. He may have erred in carrying his policy to an extreme, but in my opinion he was in the right. In one of his books, Dr. Van Dyke tells of his being in Venice, Italy, when, the weather becoming too hot, he went up to a little village in the Austrian Tyrol. While there the natives were holding a fest for the benefit of a local fire company. Among other amusements was a greased pole with a prize at the top. One hardy mountaineer after another tried to climb the pole, each in turn to fall back exhausted to watch another make the effort, until finally a man reached the top and secured the prize. The doctor remarks, "It is nearly always so in this life, the fellow who wipes off the grease doesn't get the prize." In the working out of this Philippine problem Governor Taft may only have wiped off some of the grease, but I think in outlining and following the policy which he has, he has paved the way for the acquirement of the prize in the end.

Our first Christmas away from home was spent under the Stars and Stripes at least, and if not as

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merry as we might have desired it, it was because of a sense of home-sickness and longing to see the loved faces on the other side of the world. Our main consolation was in cabling our greetings and receiving theirs in return, so the world is not so big after all. Time flies, so must we; so after wishing well to our new possessions (and they have great possibilities for the future) we sailed back to Hong Kong and from there south for Ceylon.

## CHAPTER XXI

### SINGAPORE AND PENANG

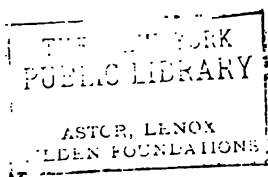
On January 2d, 1904, we sailed out of Hong Kong harbor on board the S. S. Simla of the P. & O. line. Owing to the fact that the northeast monsoon was still blowing, and that we must sail through the China Sea, of which we had such disagreeable recollections during our trip to Manila, and, not knowing the reputation of our boat as to steadiness, we went aboard with a feeling somewhat akin to fear and trembling. One comfort we nestled close to was that, as we went to Manila we had to cross the track of the monsoon, and were forced into the troughs of the sea, now our way would be nearly in the course of the wind. But, thanks to our good ship, all our fears were soon dispelled, as we found the Simla a most steady sailer, so that during our twelve days' sail to Ceylon we enjoyed every minute. Five days from Hong Kong we called at Singapore, the most southern point of our tour, as well as the farthest point from home, consequently, when it is noon at Singapore, it is midnight at home. En route to Singapore, through the kindness of the captain, we were called at 4 a. m. and had a lovely view of the Southern Cross. We had seen it before, when cruising in the West Indies, but, as we came all this way to see the sights, we were glad to look again upon the Cross. In traveling far away from home one





SULTAN'S PALACE GROUNDS, BANGKOK.





naturally looks on the moon and planets and stars that one sees at home with the old old thought that our loved ones at home look upon the same moon and the same stars within the course of twenty-four hours, and this seems to bring us nearer to those dear ones, and, to borrow another thought from Dr. Van Dyke's "Little Rivers," may that thought not resolve itself into a prayer to Him who presides over all these planets and stars, that He will watch over and keep in health and peace those loved ones and bring us safely home to them again?

Singapore is an English colony situated on an island only eighty miles from the equator, consequently it not only enjoys perpetual summer, but is intensely hot, and were it not for the breezes blowing almost continually it would be unbearable. It is a most important seaport and a beautiful city; has fine stores and good hotels; the parks and botanical garden are filled with every variety of tropical trees and shrubbery. We had the privilege of visiting the palace of the Sultan of Johore, one of the nominal rulers under British control of colonies; like many other descendants of ancient lines of rulers, he thinks he is of some importance, has a beautiful palace surrounded by lovely grounds, and puts on all the airs of a monarch, but old England stands back of his puppet throne and works the wires. We were informed that the present sultan is a "very bad boy," but we did not see him, as he had gone to Paris in order to have intensified opportunities for being naughty; from there he goes to St. Louis to attend the Exhibition, or rather, perhaps, to make an exhibition of himself. The population of Singapore

is made up of Malays, Portuguese, Chinese and a scattering sample of people from many other countries, including some of the noted "wild men of Borneo," an island lying just a short distance southeast. In Singapore they use rikishas "built for two" and, owing to the hot climate and the speed at which the poor coolies (nearly all being Chinese) go, the perspiration rolls off them in streams, and if our sympathies were enlisted for the fellow in the shafts in Japan, it was intensified in this and other tropical cities.

Penang is a little less than two days' sail from Singapore and was our next stop for a day. It is also a British port, located on Prince Edward Island. It is a beautiful tropical city, which the sun reaches in the short way, and is a great port for shipping tin. We were informed by a gentleman who should know, that the Malay Peninsula, along which we had been sailing since leaving Singapore, furnishes about forty per cent of the tin product of the world. Our good ship took on three hundred tons of block tin at Penang.

## CHAPTER XXII

### CEYLON

From Penang we leave the Straits of Malacca, which extend between the Malay Peninsula and Sumatra and through which we have been sailing in a west of north direction, and, turning around the north end of Sumatra, westerly, we enter the bay of Bengal for a five days' further sail, and on the morning of January 14th we awoke to find our ship anchored in the harbor of Colombo, the capital of Ceylon. Many able writers have attempted to describe Ceylon, and all their eulogies (for all attempts have been such), when boiled down, claim it is in many respects the most beautiful spot on earth. In trying to decide what I shall say of it, I find myself at a loss for words. While jotting down my memoranda, I am seated at an open window in our hotel, the Galle Face, with a beautiful open park ground extending to the city; within a hundred and fifty yards from our window old ocean, with its never ceasing, restless flow, is rolling upon the golden sands, while on the far western horizon the sun is just sinking to rest in the sea, "leaving the world to darkness and to me," casting us into the twilight in order to waken up our home land to life and action. I began to tell about Ceylon, but am going to call in Sir Edwin Arnold and give you what he says about it.

"It is impossible to exaggerate the natural beauty

of Ceylon. Belted with a double girdle of golden sand and waving palm groves the interior is one vast green garden of Nature, deliciously disposed into plain and highland, valley and peak; where almost everything grows known to the tropical world, under a sky glowing with equatorial sun, yet tempered by cool sea winds. Colombo itself, outside the actual town, is a perfect labyrinth of shady bowers and flowery streams and lakes. For miles and miles you drive about under arbors of feathery bamboos, broad-leafed breadfruit trees, talipot and areca palms, cocoanut groves and stretches of rice fields, cinnamon and sugar cane, amid which, at night, fireflies dart about in glittering clusters. The lowest hut is embosomed in palm fronds and the bright crimson blossoms of the hibiscus; while wherever cultivation aids the prolific force of Nature there is enough in the profusion of nutmegs and allspice, of the India rubbers and cinchonas, of cannas, dracenas, crotons and other wonders of the Singhalese flora to give endless and delightful study to the lover of Nature."

In accepting such fulsome praise, one must remember that in order to reach Ceylon it requires a long ocean voyage and every voyager knows how exalted and inspired one feels after sailing for a length of time, and then to step on terra firma again and enjoy a good bed and a "shore dinner," for no matter how good the steamer table may be, one gets most awfully tired of it in the course of time, especially so if there has been any unpleasantness during the voyage,—and such a condition has been known to occur, I am told. These were my thoughts in reading the remarks of



Mr. Arnold, prior to visiting Ceylon, but after a stay of a fortnight on the beautiful isle, I concluded that, notwithstanding the fact that these conditions may have aided him in the expression, nevertheless the facts laid the foundation for the word painting.

Colombo has a population of 120,000; the European and better native business part is composed of fine buildings, etc., while in the native residence quarters one may see coolie life and habits in all their *naked* simplicity. Both here, at Singapore and Penang the dress of the poorer classes is of the simplest character, especially so with the men and boys; the large majority of these wear only a semblance of a loin-cloth, all of the upper and lower parts of the body being nude, while in dressing the children they forget even this semblance, and they are in consequence dressed in black skin and a smile. Their bills for clothing must be very light. To the credit of the women be it said, they do not so expose their bodies. The natives of Ceylon are of a dark brown color, many of them (especially among the women) being very pretty. One thing I am glad to record, viz., the strong contrast in the treatment of woman in Singapore, Penang and Colombo as compared with China and Japan. In these cities we have scarcely seen a woman carrying or pulling heavy loads or doing other kinds of outdoor drudgery.

The "round the world" tourist notices another thing, viz., that every seaport has a special kind of local small- or surf-boat, each differing from the others in some respects. Those of Colombo are built long and very narrow, and have two bent arms extending out

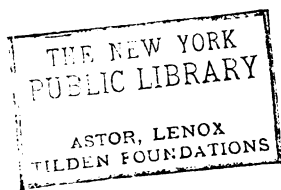
several feet on one side, to which is attached a long pole which, resting in the water, makes it next to impossible to capsize the boat. This strange craft can approach a vessel and take off passengers in weather when it would be unsafe for tugs or larger boats.

Horses are very scarce in all these countries, but the poor ox has to earn his living "by the sweat of his brow," as he does all of the hauling.

If Ceylon has one specialty more than another, it is jewelry, and particularly precious stones; as in Queretaro, Mexico, one is besieged by opal merchants, so in Colombo the sapphire venders are almost as thick as flies, and the stranger can buy *and be sold* at the same time with the greatest of ease. Of course, there are genuine sapphires, moonstones, etc., to be had of the responsible dealers; if of fine shape and color, their price is fixed accordingly. As the factories of Europe are still busy turning out war relics to be buried at Waterloo and other great battle fields, afterwards to be dugged up with the green mould upon them to prove that they are genuine; ancient Roman coins (genuine antique) to be cured in a similar way for the tourist to Egypt; so do they produce some most beautiful specimens of glass to be sold in Ceylon as genuine sapphire, and after examining both I must say that they all looked the same to me. By the way, that is a good way to keep from buying, plead your fear of being fooled. That is not the only jewelry that attracts the eye and attention of the stranger. The natives are given to an extraordinary love for the display of jewelry, and it is not an uncommon sight to see women and girls with a stone or metal



"IN BLACK AND WHITE."



stud or button planted on each side of the nose, while there will be a pendant hanging from the center down over the mouth, these to be fortified by some monstrous ornaments in or on the ears, sometimes as many as a dozen rings in each ear, again extending entirely round the ears. But this does not always cover the decorations, as they wear metal belts around the waist, metal anklets, crowned by rings on their toes. If they only had bells on their toes as well, they would verify the nursery rhyme about a certain "fine lady of Bambury Cross." It certainly looks odd to see children dressed in a metal belt, metal anklets and nothing else, and they think they are in full dress; well, they are nearly as much so as some of the exhibitions I have seen called "full dress" in our own country. After all, is this custom of wearing rings on the toes much more barbarous than the fashions prevailing in some countries which claim a much higher degree of civilization, where (I am told) some ladies cover the fingers of both hands with rings of all shapes and sizes?

It is curious to note the difference between the various nationalities with whom we have come in contact. In doing one a service, for instance, such as servants in the hotels, on steamers, etc., the Japanese seem to do everything so cheerfully and if "tipped" accept it so graciously and politely as to cause you to almost wish you had given more. The Chinese receive and execute your orders and accept your tip with about as much indifference as a slot machine, and as much expression as a bronze image. The Singhalese of Ceylon and the servants of India always seem anxious



to serve you and act as though you were conferring a favor by affording them the opportunity. Of course they have "an eye to the main chance" and never refuse the tip, though they often try to impress you with the idea that you certainly made a mistake in giving so small an amount; that, however, is a trick played in all countries, and our own is not free from it. In paying cab fare or tipping a good plan is to know what amount is due as fare, or in case of tipping the amount you intend to give, hand it out and walk away, for if you look back the recipient is very apt to examine the coin given in such a manner as to try to make you feel that it should be more. Speaking of tipping calls to mind another nuisance in this as well as in all other countries—begging. It is not materially different from tipping, as that is simply a system of begging under a different name. The beggars of Ceylon are the most importunate set of scalawags I have ever seen, and they do their begging in such a manner as to amuse if not interest you. While out driving they will run after your carriage—mostly children—rubbing their stomachs with the right hand, then touching the forehead and bowing, all the while crying something which sounds like "Tah, Tah." Often they will push to you a nutmeg, a piece of cinnamon or camphor wood or a flower; if you accept, and give a coin, they generally continue running, holding out the coin with a pitiful look, seeking to make you ashamed, but if they accept your gift, they do it most gracefully, with a proud pigeon-English "Good bye."

Another condition existing here in contrast with

Japan, cannot but be noticed. In Japan, where during the winter season it gets very raw and cold, the natives all live in mere shells of houses built of wood with paper windows and no system of heating except small portable braziers, while in Ceylon, where one could sleep out of doors the year round, the houses are nearly all built either of stone, of brick covered with stucco or of wood plastered.

At Kandy, Ceylon, they have the temple of the sacred Buddha Tooth. After visiting it and being subjected to the double line of beggars, beginning on the street and extending clear into the supposed resting place of the Ivory, including among the number the yellow robed priests, we thought it should be renamed the Temple of the Forty Beggars.

A gentleman told a good story on his friend. After the native children assume more of a garb than their black skin they dress so much alike that there is no visible way to distinguish the sex. The friend referred to, being quite susceptible to the charms of the other sex, fell to admiring a native girl of twelve or fourteen years, raving about her form, the sunshine of her eyes, the silken glory of her hair and the symmetry and loveliness of her every feature. He gave her a rupee and, turning to a boy standing by, asked, "How old is your sister?" "Him?" replied the amused boy, "That's a boy."

Notwithstanding the fact that Colombo is a seaport and lies on flat land, owing to the northeast monsoon prevailing at this season of the year, it has a good breeze all the time and is exceedingly pleasant.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### KANDY

From Colombo to Kandy in the mountain district is a ride of about four hours by rail. At first the road runs for a long distance over a level country, covered with the ever present cocoa and other palms; indeed, one would think that Ceylon could furnish enough cocoanuts to supply the world. This level land, where not covered with tropical trees and foliage, is mostly cultivated in rice. After leaving these lands and entering the mountain district the scenery becomes more grand and beautiful every moment. The mountain sides are generally cultivated, clear to their summits, in all kinds of tropical fruits and products.

Kandy is a charming city of 22,000 population, built around an artificial lake, perched among the mountains amid the most profuse growth of tropical vegetation that I have ever seen. It is 1,680 feet above sea level and, in consequence, has a delightful atmosphere if you keep in the shade, but intensely hot in the sun. The little city and lake, encircled by mountains clothed in their rich verdure, furnish a picture which none who have looked upon will ever forget. The roads are perfect, climbing in zigzag way up the mountains, furnishing new and entrancing views at every turn. Kandy has a botanical garden which is claimed to be the finest in the world. I cannot say

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TALIPOT PALM, CEYLON.



as to the correctness of this claim, but it would certainly be hard to imagine anything it is like finer or better. It consists of 150 acres of gently undulating land, kept in perfect order, through which runs a small mountain river. In it can be seen every form of tropical fruit, spice, flower and tree known, indeed it is a tropical dream.

One of the most interesting trees shown in this garden was a fine specimen of the rubber palm. This peculiar tree blooms once in fifty years and then dies, apparently exhausting itself by its own glory. This specimen was about fifty feet high and, being in full bloom, presented a most beautiful picture, but the fact connected with its fate impressed me as being a sad one. To grow for fifty years in order to reach perfection and maturity, then to pass away.

On the day of our arrival we were favored by witnessing a parade in honor of the government agent who was paying an official visitation to the district. When we arrived at the station in Kandy we found the platform crowded by all the Kandian chiefs and other native officials, arrayed in gorgeous Oriental apparel such as has been worn by such officials for thousands of years. They were lined up in two ranks facing inwards, awaiting the appearance of the agent. Of course, we concluded that they must be out to receive us, so with all the dignity we could assume we marched down through the lines. Many of them, supposing that we were "the real thing," bowed and scraped most profusely, while we marched straight through with our American *stare* fixed in the air. Our hotel, being on the main street to the government

palace, enabled us to witness the parade which took place soon after our arrival there. First came a band of musicians, made up of native instruments, toms, drums, shrill fifes and what-not, then a large number of native flags and banners; thirty elephants in gay trappings came next, followed by native devil dancers in grotesque attire, and going through all kinds of hideous contortions, the parade being closed by the government agent and family in carriages. In the evening the devil dancers gave an exhibition, in honor of the event, on a plateau just opposite our hotel. The space was illuminated by torches and braziers supplied with cocoanut oil. The dancers were clothed in indescribable costumes, some of them wearing huge masks. For an hour they went through a lot of jumping and squirming called dancing, I suppose, because there was scarcely a semblance of a dance in it; it was simply a hideous exhibition without grace or any redeeming feature, accompanied by beating of drums and Oriental so called singing, somewhat resembling the yowling sometimes heard in back-yards when we are seeking for quiet and rest. We saw it,—once is quite sufficient.

As before stated, Kandy is noted as the location of the "Temple of the Buddha's Tooth;" this temple was built for the purpose of preserving what was claimed to be a genuine tooth of Buddha, which was brought to Ceylon A. D. 311, concealed in a woman's hair. The poor old tooth had quite a checkered career thereafter, having been taken by the Malabars in 1315 and carried to India. It was afterwards recovered and brought back and hidden, but, being discovered

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FROM HOTEL WINDOW, COLUMBO, CEYLON.

in 1560 by the Portuguese, it was taken to Goa and buried, with due pomp and ceremony, by the archbishop in the presence of the viceroy and his court. Like some other worshipers we wot of, the Kandians were not to be deprived of this drawing card in this manner, so they manufactured a tooth two inches long and about one inch thick, out of a piece of discolored ivory. This they have stored away amidst surroundings of pure gold and precious stones, and kept under careful cover, guarded against loss. Why so carefully preserved and guarded one might wonder, as ivory is plentiful and invention cheap. There are other delightful excursions in Ceylon, but we content ourselves with describing this one.

Back again in Colombo. To us at home Ceylon seems out of the world, so that it is almost like a dream to see the elegance and luxury of her cities, hotels, etc. Imagine this beautiful scene, if you can. Our hotel covers three sides of a hollow square, the fourth being on the sea, with a beautiful, sandy beach, the surf breaking upon it with a constant roar. This area or square is filled with cocoa palms and tropical shrubbery all covered with colored electric lamps. It is Sunday evening and one of the most excellent English military bands stationed here is giving a concert in the square; the place is crowded by guests of the hotel, partaking of afternoon tea, while the sun, with a sail boat crossing its bright disk, again sinks out of sight in the sea. Such a beautiful scene and enjoyable occasion must be seen and participated in by "poor and weary pilgrims" far from home in order to be fully appreciated. In concluding the concert the band (as



all English bands do) played "God Save the King." In our minds we substituted "America," and so dismissed the audience with our beautiful national anthem.

Just a word as to the history of the inhabitants of this beautiful isle might not prove uninteresting. Although not in any sense a literary people, the Singhalese deserve credit for having preserved a carefully prepared history of the country since their occupation of the island. I stated that they are not a literary people, which statement is borne out by the fact that, although the nation is nearly 2,500 years old, it has never produced a writer of any note, nor, indeed, any great man in any of the higher walks of life. The Singhalese came to the island B. C. 543, conquered the native aborigines and set up an organized government in form of a monarchy. As to the source from whence they came, they leave us in doubt, the surmise being that they came from Siam, Malay or the neighboring continent of India, the weight of opinion being in favor of the latter. In occupying the island they proceeded to build temples and cities, several of which are now known as the "buried cities" and having of late years been uncovered and protected are most interesting as showing that, although not of a literary turn, the founders of the nation were given to architecture as earnestly as are their descendants to the vending of precious stones with which the island abounds, as well as of some beautiful imitations from the glass factories of Europe. The government continued under native control with more or less of a checkered career until A. D. 1505, when the migratory and avaricious

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Portuguese landed on the island and for many years were in constant war with the natives until 1602, when the Dutch landed, formed an alliance with the natives and began a war with the Portuguese which lasted until 1658, when the Dutch conquered. The Dutch in their turn were expelled by the English in 1796, and Ceylon became a crown colony, which it has continued up to this date.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### INDIA

It is certainly not necessary to tell my readers what or where India is, yet a few brief statistics might at least freshen up our school knowledge and make the account of our tour more interesting. There are 2,150 towns and 730,000 villages in India. It is only one-half the size of the United States, but in 1901 had a population of about 294 1-3 millions, or more than double the number credited to the Roman Empire when it was in its greatest power. Of this vast population there are 5½ million more males than females, and yet there are 21,000,000 widows, or 14 per cent of the female population, because women marry but once. The census gives 5,200,000 fakirs, or religious fanatics who go about the country advertising their holiness by allowing the beard, hair, or nails to grow wild, and in the case of hair it is apparently never combed, while their bodies and clothes are indescribably filthy and ragged. These live solely upon the charity of the poor natives,—one of the most degrading examples of humbuggery possible to imagine.

The British control all of India, but wherever the native princes are willing to govern well (that is, of course, when they behave themselves and do as the British residents stationed at their courts by the viceroy indicate) they are the nominal heads of the gov-

ernment, consequently England governs outright and absolutely two-thirds of the people, while the other third is under native princes. This condition preserves the peace, and, while granting certain privileges to the native princes, such as maintaining their own armies and in some cases giving them the power of life or death over their own subjects, prevents their making war on one another or forming alliances with foreign states; it interferes in cases of misgovernment, even to dethroning the oppressor. Owing to the character of these Orientals and conditions existing among such a heterogeneous mass of generally ignorant people, no one can deny that such a protectorate as England furnishes to India is for India's good in every way.

Owing to the rich products of India and other far-east countries, they have been bones of contention among the European nations since the beginning of history; and India especially has suffered at the hands of invaders from all directions. The Mohammedans came from the northwest about A. D. 1000 and lorded it over the Indians for many centuries, with fire and sword. The Christian conquerors came by sea from the south.

From the time of Alexander the Great, B. C. 327, down to A. D. 1498, Europe had but little intercourse with the East. In 1492 Christopher Columbus made his memorable voyage westward, with the idea of reaching India on the western side, but, as is well known, discovered our own America instead. The first real European conquerors of India were the Portuguese, 1498. Notwithstanding that they professed



to be Christians, and took possession in the name of Christ, they acted most cruelly and kept up a constant fight with all other nations seeking for trade in the Orient. From 1500 to 1600 they enjoyed a comparative monopoly. Owing, however, to their deeds of misrule and lack of statesmanship, they failed to establish a permanent empire. During the time of absorption of the Portuguese government by the Spanish, 1580 to 1640, the Portuguese lost their power in the East, the Dutch and English having in the meantime gained a foothold and established themselves. From that time up to within the nineteenth century the history of the East is one of war for supremacy by these different nations, in order to secure and protect the commerce of India.

The history of the English East India Company, founded in 1600, with the numerous wars undertaken in its behalf by the British government, reads like a romance. India under native rule was as unstable and unreliable as a vast aggregation of ignorant, uncivilized, warring feudal hierarchies might be expected to be. Owing to the fact that the government was not centralized, but consisted of numerous kingdoms, each jealous of the others, no satisfactory treaties could be made to protect the resident employes of the foreign company. Consequently the British government determined upon the breaking up of the Mogul Empire, and herself taking a governing hand, upon the ground that she must choose between being driven out or ruling it herself. From this determination she has never deviated, but gone steadily ahead, until



India, with all her untold millions and vast resources, is now a crown colony.

India is terribly overcrowded with people, which forces labor down to almost nothing, causes hundreds of thousands of people to be out of employment for the greater part of the time, and, in case of a failure of crops in any district, produces those terrible famines of which we read so often, where thousands upon thousands die from starvation, as owing to the miserable pittance for which they work (aided perhaps in some instances by Oriental shiftlessness) they are unable to lay anything by for the morrow, so that, if their daily supply is cut off, they are at once in want. France is supposed to be densely populated, with an average of 187 people to the square mile, but, leaving out the provinces of Burma and Assam, the people in British India average 279 people to the square mile. When we cut out of this estimate the barren districts which abound in all countries to a greater or less extent, the facts are certainly astounding. What makes the conditions worse and the outlook more gloomy is the fact that, notwithstanding the devastations made by plague and pestilence, the population is steadily increasing. What is in the future for this as well as other overcrowded Oriental countries, time alone can say. Warm climates and a lower condition of life, with their attendant natural accompaniments of simplicity of clothing and plain living, are certainly conducive to the carrying out of the injunction "to multiply and replenish the earth" in quantity, if not in quality.

## CHAPTER XXV

### CALCUTTA

Four days' sail east of north brings us to the great city of Calcutta, with a population of nearly a million inhabitants. Notwithstanding that the monsoon was still "doing business at the old stand," our voyage around Ceylon on the Indian Ocean, then in a direct east of north course to the mouth of the Hooghly River up which we sail for about one hundred miles to Calcutta, was a most pleasant trip. In the first place, we were on a good, steady steamer, then as we were sailing almost directly in the teeth of the monsoon, its blow affected us but little. The Hooghly River is noted as being one of the most difficult and dangerous rivers to navigate in the world, owing to the frequency of cyclones at almost all seasons of the year, and its ever changing bars and channel, caused by the great amount of soil borne down by its swift current. Many disastrous wrecks have occurred on it, and it can only be navigated by daylight and on the right tide, and then only by the most experienced local pilots, two of whom are required on different sections of the river.

Our hotel in Calcutta was not all that could be desired, as it was too Oriental to be called clean. I wish I could convey some idea of these Oriental hotels. Many of them seem to have been built with an idea

that a vast amount of space was necessary to insure comfort of their guests, and by practical carrying out of this plan they have an immense amount of waste room. For instance, our quarters in this hotel consisted of a large reception room, 27 x 24 feet, back of this a bed room, 16 x 17 feet, and by the side of this a bath room, not at all like a Waldorf-Astoria bath room, but an Oriental one, consisting of a cement floor with a drain hole in the center. The water is supplied by a large spigot, while the tub is a portable one made of zinc in which one is supposed to bathe, then empty the water on the floor from where it drains away. Owing to existing health conditions prevailing in the Orient, we find a hand bath, without the use of the tub, all-sufficient.

Upon our arrival here we were confronted with some customs and conditions new to us. One of these was the information furnished that, while the servants of the hotel, who swarm through the corridors, dining room, etc., like flies in harvest time at home, squatting around on their hunkers everywhere you turn, would attend to our wants and meals and making of beds, etc., if we wanted extra service, such as morning tea or coffee, afternoon tea or blacking shoes, it was the thing to do to employ a special coolie servant, to await our call and perform any service we required. As they do not know how to live or regulate their hours in the far East, and have breakfast at nine o'clock and dinner at eight p. m., and as our American stomachs were not altogether self-regulating and refused to be governed by such unreasonable rules,—upon waking in the morning we required something



to keep our systems properly adjusted,—we adopted the custom and employed a coolie, a middle-aged man with a pouch full of recommendations certifying to sufficient character to enable him to be eligible to the office of cashier of a bank, rather than that of a menial working at from twenty-four to thirty-two cents per day and boarding himself. Each of these men bears a card from the police department, to which he must go, have his photograph taken and a description entered (so that he may be identified in case any valuables should disappear) before he can be admitted to the hotel. To the free-born American it seems rather strange to have, clothed in a dirty bed sheet, his head wrapped in a bundle of rags, one of these dusky sons of India crouched in the hall by his door, jump up and obsequiously open the door and await orders of any kind, but “when in Rome you must do as the Romans do,” and then it is so cheap a way to imagine one’s self a Raja or some other duck of importance for a few short days. Our man was really a fine specimen of an Indian, tall, straight, with a full beard, neatly trimmed, slightly gray; and then, he had such a cute way of making “goo-goo eyes” at, and nodding his head sideways toward you, whenever you spoke to him, emitting at the same time a grunt, all combined, causing you to think he was going to always say “no,” but he did not, for he generally said “yes,” whether or not that was correct. I asked the manager of the hotel if these men were honest. “Well,” he said, “their card and fear keep them comparatively so, but it is a part of their creed to do a white man, if they can and not be found out.”

One of our party asked if they had carriages connected with the hotel. "No," he said, "we dare not, as it interferes with the natives' business." He further said that some years ago an English company started a cab service here; first, the tongue of a native vehicle punched a hole in one of their horses, next, one of their carriages was run down and so disaster followed disaster (all accidental, of course) until the company gave up in despair. Again an English company started a steam laundry in competition with the native "washee" people, who wash their clothes by pounding them to pieces on rocks, but it was only a short time in existence when the building and machinery were wrecked and destroyed, all accidental, of course. Our party's native conductor or guide is a living illustration of the man who had "the wind *blue* through his whiskers," as he sports a full straggling beard, which if left to itself would be quite gray, but owing to the dye used upon it, it shows up a pale indigo blue.

Before coming to India we read in the newspapers in China and Ceylon about the terrible ravages of the bubonic plague in India, especially in Calcutta and Bombay. Coming here, we find business of all kinds going ahead as usual, and learn that, while there is considerable plague, about 4,000 deaths a day while we were in India, which has caused other countries to quarantine against India, it exists among the lower classes who live (or exist) in their filth in the crowded poor quarters, much as smallpox often prevails among similar classes in our home cities. Indeed, I have often wondered that plagues of one kind or another



do not wipe many cities and towns of the Orient off the earth. While we were in Bombay the official reports showed a daily death rate of about 187 in that city.

We have, no doubt, all heard the conundrum, "What noisy noise annoys the most?" with the answer, "A noisy noise annoys the most." One who has not traveled in the Orient might be at a loss to decide what a "noisy noise" is, but after traveling as stated, he is left to decide between two things, viz., a hundred or two natives all trying to talk at once, and five hundred (more or less) Oriental crows, which abound everywhere, and more especially in the cities, and keep up an eternal "Caw! Caw!" day and night, even watching through your open window for sight of something eatable for which they will dart in, steal, and out again, with a "Caw! Caw!" laugh at you. There were a number of trees around our hotel in Calcutta, one near our window, and upon this they began to gather as soon as twilight fell, and from that time on until midnight or later, they either kept up a "continued performance" of gossip as to the day's experiences, or quarreled as to the right to special roosting places; at any rate they never stopped their gabble until about midnight, when, I imagine, they did so from exhaustion, and then they resumed business in the morning as soon as there was a suggestion of dawn.

Calcutta has well been called "The City of Palaces and Hovels," for, taking the new or European part, with its parks, magnificent government buildings, hotels, stores, etc., there is no more beautiful city any-

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SACRED BATHING IN GANGES, CALCUTTA.

where, while, on the other hand, the native quarters can compete with any place in the world for filthy and unsanitary conditions; indeed, in passing from the one to the other you can hardly realize that you have not changed countries as well as conditions. The drives through the botanical and zoölogical gardens and around the parks are very interesting. One of the unpleasant sights of the city is the burning ghat. It consists of a long, narrow building, without roof, located on the banks of the river, in which bodies of the dead are burned to ashes by their relatives. For a small sum of money sufficient wood is furnished to make the funeral pile on which the body is laid, when the nearest relative touches fire and watches the process of cremation going on before his eyes. When we were there, several fires were going, with the partly consumed remains upon them. A very few seconds sufficed to satisfy us. A most interesting sight may be seen along the river bank at all hours of the morning, viz., the religious bathing. The Hindu religion, like the Mohammedan, has some good points in it, and the requiring its devotees to bathe is one of them. Thousands upon thousands of men, women and children throng the edge of the dirty stream, only partly dressed in case of men and women, totally devoid of clothing in case of children; they wade into the water and bathe, coming out they rub themselves with oil, slip out of wet into dry clothes, repair to houses located at the top of the wharf, where they are marked with different colors on the forehead, and sometimes on the cheeks, according to caste, as a visible sign that they have performed their devotions; they then go to



their work. Our guide told us that they would not work until they had done this, and, inasmuch as it was ten o'clock a. m. when we were there and the river bank was black with bathers, we concluded that they were not much given to work. As to the temples of India, as I have already inflicted so much temple talk upon my readers, I shall refer to no more unless they are of more than ordinary interest. I imagine I hear you say "Thanks," because I felt so grateful to our conductor when he promised to be easy on temples for the future.

Fort William, a formidable fortress, lies within the city limits. It is of immense size and, I think, would hold 100,000 men. It is the principal protector and guardian angel of Calcutta, and, in fact, of India.

The postoffice is a fine building located upon the site of the old fort. Between it and the next building a space is paved with granite and surrounded by an iron fence. A memorial plate in the wall of the building informs us that this is the exact spot where was located the prison room of the fort, which is now known as the "Black Hole of Calcutta." It gained its name and infamous renown in this manner: The Nawah Alf Varali Khan died in 1756; his grandson, Surijah Dowlah, succeeded him. He was only eighteen years old and his ungovernable temper caused a rupture with the English. In seeking to wreak his vengeance upon one of his family who had escaped him, he marched upon Calcutta. Some of the English escaped down the river, the others surrendered after slight resistance and were thrust into the military prison, a room less than eighteen feet square with



only two small windows barred with iron. It was the hot month of June, and into this small space he literally packed 146 people; when the prison door was opened in the morning, 123 were dead and but 23 survived. This was one of the many brutal acts of the native rulers of India, which caused Great Britain to finally assume entire control of the country.

The immense botanical garden, located about five miles down the river, is one of the finest in many respects, but, being farther north than Ceylon, it lacks the presence of the exclusively tropical products, such as spices, etc. The center of interest is the largest banyan-tree in the world. It is 131 years old; the trunk proper is 51 feet in circumference; it has 464 aerial roots, that is, shoots that have come down from the branches and taken root in the ground, many of them the size of a large tree in themselves. The circumference of the tree, measured around these roots, is 938 feet. It stands in a plot by itself and from a distance looks for all the world like a large clump of trees, a veritable little forest all of itself. The zoölogical gardens and the national museum compare favorably with like institutions anywhere.

I have spoken about the overcrowded condition of the population. The more you drive or walk through the city or country and everywhere encounter the thousands of idle men, the more is this fact forced upon you. It actually looks like a holiday to see so many people standing or squatting around everywhere. Owing to climatic conditions, they require but little in shape of either food or clothing, and I imagine but few of them even get their share of that little. In

walking about the streets at night you can see men by the score sleeping upon the pavements and in the doorways. I counted nine in one bunch, wrapped up head and feet in their dirty (once white) sheets, lying upon the pavement under the awning in front of our hotel. Then, in walking through the public grounds, or commons, we saw hundreds of natives stretched out in the sun, sound asleep.

We called upon the American Consul here, who occupies a beautiful and commodious building, facing upon the public square. He received us in a most hospitable manner and in course of conversation imparted some most interesting facts from which I cull a few items. India imports \$250,000,000 worth of goods, of which Great Britain supplies about 60 per cent; the bulk of the remainder comes from other European countries; the United States gets about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent, less than \$4,000,000, and that principally in kerosene oil. The United States imports from India about \$35,000,000, the majority of this amount being in jute cloth and preparations.



suspended by two stout chains on the other, and thus you have a section of four berths, with no curtains or other shield. According to previous instructions, we had provided ourselves with a pillow, two slips for same, a blanket, soap and towels as our night travel equipment. With these and our steamer rugs strapped up in bundles, we only lacked the disposition to run a stick through the bundles and over our shoulders to create a picture of an emigrant party as seen in our own country, as we were already foreigners. It being bed time, our porter (that was I in our compartment) dropped the upper berths, spread the blankets in a most dextrous manner, placed the pillows and announced the berths ready. We removed our collars and shoes and tucked ourselves into our little beds, for our first attempt at sleeping in an Indian railway sleeping car. Considering that our car had but four wheels, two at each end, and the consequent jolting and jarring over the rails, we managed to pass the night in a fairly satisfactory manner. After traveling farther in India we became accustomed to this system and did even better. About six a. m. we reach Silliguri, 196 miles from Calcutta, where we leave the regulation gauge railroad, and take a narrow gauge, with open cars, for a mountain climb of fifty miles. For some miles the road runs over a plain, then begins to climb the mountain range which stretches itself out before us. The road-bed follows the old turnpike up the mountain side, thereby avoiding much difficult engineering and stupendous grading and filling, winding in and out around the mountain slopes in a constant succession of curves, and making

up the steepest grades possible. The old road, however, at times makes too rapid ascent to suit the railroad, to overcome which two schemes are used; first, the road makes four complete loops, passing directly over itself; second, in fully a half dozen places it resorts to a zigzag process, that is, the train will run ahead one way across the face of the mountain, then, running into a Y, it backs up another slope, and then forward again (or, as a member of our party remarked, it zigs one way and then zags the other), thus climbing to a higher place where it may run ahead again. Thus we climb up and up, on and on, until we reach the summit of this range at an altitude of about 8,000 feet, and then drop gently down about 600 feet to our destination. After beginning the ascent every moment of the trip is intensely interesting, every turn or curve causing the unfolding of the most beautiful views of mountain and plain to be found anywhere in the world. At times we would run along the edge of cliffs from which we could look down into gorges and canyons for thousands of feet, but what surprised me most was the wonderful state of cultivation to be seen on nearly all of the mountain sides, thousands upon thousands of acres of tea, covering the deepest slopes and extending in greatest profusion up to an altitude of 6,000 feet, and, indeed, we saw plenty of tea growing in and around Darjeeling at an altitude of 7,400 feet. I had always supposed that tea required a warmer climate than is found in these mountain heights, especially during the winter season. When we began the ascent it was as mild as a summer morning at home, but as we climbed upwards it



grew colder and colder until our heaviest wraps and robes were all too poor to keep out the cold which had full sweep around us in the open cars; before reaching the top we found patches of snow here and there in the sheltered gorges.

Darjeeling is a great summer resort for the inhabitants of the plains of India, especially so for the European residents who cannot stand the torrid weather prevailing at that time. It is picturesquely located in a gorge of the mountains, its fine hotels, villas and bungalows extending all over the steep mountain face; these surrounded with a profusion of trees and reached by most excellent, though in places very steep, roads. The temperature never rises above 80 degrees in summer nor falls below 30 degrees in winter, thus furnishing a most agreeable place of residence and the most important sanitarium in Bengal.

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A "DANDY" CHAIR, DARJEELING



TIBETANS.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### TIBETANS

The native inhabitants of this mountain city consist of a conglomeration of various tribes and nationalities; as it is located at such an altitude, and the native Indians as a class being of a warm-weather nature, I believe there are less native Indians than of several other people, the Tibetans seeming to predominate. Tibet is an independent country of somewhere in the neighborhood of 5,000,000 inhabitants, located to the north, and consists largely of a mountainous country. The Tibetans, as judged by those seen in Darjeeling, are of a large, long, coarse, powerful nature; they somewhat resemble the Chinese, but are of even coarser features, and in both male and female are extremely homely. They are given to a most wonderful profusion of jewelry of all kinds; nearly all the women wear a big button of brass or silver riveted on the side of the nose, and, in addition, enormous ear rings, finger rings, bracelets and anklets. Most of the jewelry is ornamented with small pieces of natural turquoise stone, which is found in profusion in the surrounding mountains. In addition to this, nearly every woman wears a square box (containing charms against evil spirits) suspended from a string of beads around the neck. The most remarkable thing is that when you go among them in the town, or wherever you

meet them, they will offer to sell you any part of their ornamentation, first stating a price and then asking you to make an offer, and the offer generally secures the goods, even, at times, if it is not more than one-third of the price asked. These hardy mountaineers among the male class are also given to cheap jewelry adornment, wearing ear rings, finger rings, and nearly all of them carry immense knives in their belts to guard against enemies, human or otherwise. The manager of our hotel told us they were a very dirty people (and they certainly look it), that they bathed once a year, at New Year's (whether they needed it or not, I suppose), put on their best clothes, and then lived and slept in them, never taking them off until it became necessary, caused by their dropping off. They dress in coarse cloth tied around the legs, with leggings, shoes or sandals, then for the upper part of the body a coarse wrap extending almost to the knees in form of a skirt.

While on top of Tiger Hill, above Darjeeling, awaiting sunrise, our attention was called to numerous fires far up the mountain range to east of north from us. These fires indicated the encampment of the English army under Col. Younghusband, in a pass of the mountains 1,500 feet above sea level, on its way to the one forbidden land of the earth to-day, Tibet. Although this country lies on the borders of India, it has virtually been closed to all European intercourse.

Just make a note of this for reference, and watch future developments. Tibet acknowledges allegiance to the so-called Chinese Empire, a heterogeneous con-



glomeration of millions, without any form of government worthy of the name, and consequently in no position to either protect or punish her subjects. Tibet lies in a mountain district bordering on India, the vassal of England. Both England and Russia have long cast jealous eyes over this "forbidden land." Now that Russia is busy defending her far-east possessions against the warlike little Japs, England sends an invading army from her Indian Empire on a march for the heretofore unvisited and unseen Lassa, capital of Tibet. Then what? Well, not knowing, I cannot say, so will let the future answer. But I believe that the present warlike conditions in the Orient will result in the readjustment of national lines and boundaries, and although China will lose in territorial possessions, it will ultimately result to the benefit of her people by opening up countries hitherto almost "forbidden lands," for the introduction of a higher modern civilization. As I have before stated, I do not believe in war, and were it not for the jealousies of the European nations, all that is being done, and far more, could be peaceably done by concerted action through arbitration, as no people or nation could or would dare disobey the mandates of the united demand of the civilized nations of the earth.

These circumstances, as well as seeing so many Tibetans in Darjeeling, prompts me to make a brief reference to this peculiar people, my information in part being obtained from "Forbidden Land," a most interesting and instructive book by A. Henry Savage Lander. In traveling through the far East one often sees strips of cloth tied to poles or a line, but especially

is this true in the mountain districts inhabited by the Tibetans. These are wind prayers, or prayers written on these cloths which, being agitated by the wind, are kept in constant operation. Then, again, I have elsewhere referred to the revolving apparatus in which the sacred books of the Buddhists are placed and the revolving of which credits the one turning with reading or reciting the books, but in some sections, especially among the Tibetans, a still more unique device is in general use. It is a prayer wheel; it consists of a small cylinder in which prayers, written or printed, are placed, and the revolving of which gains credit for having said all the prayers enclosed in the wheel. We saw many of these in Darjeeling and vicinity. Mr. Lander informs us that they are in universal use in Tibet, but that many of the people are saving of even the slight muscular exertion required to revolve this small wheel, so they have them operated by either wind or water. Judging by their awful brutal characters as portrayed by Mr. Lander, I should think that they would need even greater speed than either of these to make their prayers efficacious.

The Tibetans have very strange marital regulations; they have no ideas whatever on lines of virtue or morality, especially among the middle or lower classes. If a young man makes his choice of a bride, he pays a visit to her home, accompanied by his parents; after consultation of the parties in interest, if the proposed marriage is satisfactory, the groom places some butter upon the forehead of the bride; if she accepts, she does likewise to him, and they are married. But this is not all or the end of the ceremony, for, if the bride has one or



more younger sisters, the groom marries the whole line of girls, and further than this, should the groom have one or more brothers, his wife becomes the wife of all of these. To prevent friction in this male harem, the dusky wife resorts to stratagem by sending the extra brothers upon trading or some other expeditions, and by following this course in rotation each brother may have his time as accepted husband during the year. But how about the children born in such a mixed family, for surely wise would be the child born under such conditions, that would know his own father? The question is settled in the following ingenious manner: The first child is credited to the oldest brother, the second to the next, the next to the third brother, if there be three, then, if a fourth is born, it goes to the oldest, and so on. I wondered as to the haggling that might go on between the brothers about the wives which were to be forced upon them by the action of the eldest brother; however, judging by the Tibetans we saw at Darjeeling, I would not think the question would bother them much more than it would so many animals.

The religion of Tibet is Buddhism. The priests are called lamas; they are supposed to practice celibacy, and so they do in so far as the *buttering* process is concerned, but they have a very convenient substitute in the form of nunneries in which pretty girls (from a Tibetan standpoint) are collected for the use of these sacred old humbugs, exactly as it always has been and will continue to be where nature's conditions are professedly set aside, at least until the millennium shall come.

They have a sacred lake in Tibet, called Manssarowa, which has wonderful powers. One trip around it absolves from ordinary sin, two trips absolve from murder, and three trips absolve from murder of father, mother, brother or sister. They claim this lake was created by Brahma. Some go the rounds on their knees, others lie flat on their faces at every step.

The principal object in going to Darjeeling, however, is not to see either the mountain scenery as viewed from the railroad, or the people, but that this is one of the few points from which one can obtain a view of the highest mountain peaks in the world, those of Mt. Everest, 29,000 feet high, located about 120 miles away, and of Kinchinjinga, 28,156 feet, 45 miles distant. The former you "always see sometimes," your chance of doing so depending upon your securing an absolutely clear morning at sunrise. In order to obtain the best view of the latter and the only place from which to see Everest, it is necessary to take an early morning ride, six miles, to the top of Tiger Hill, on a pony or in a dandy (a specially shaped chair suspended between two poles and carried by five coolies). We were, accordingly, called at 3:30 a. m., had a cup of coffee and some eggs and toast, called "chota hazri," and sallied forth into the cold morning air. Owing to our recent residence in the tropical countries below, it chilled us to the bone, until we would dismount and take a brisk walk to stir up the circulation. Arriving at the top of Tiger Hill, we found it still colder, and the light from the coming orb of day just tinging the eastern horizon, so we had our coolies build us a big fire, and anxiously

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town and, indeed, from the habitation of man, the British government, many years ago, erected an enormous hospital for wounded or sick soldiers brought from the plains below. It was so lonesome up there, however, that sixteen occupants, sick and guards, committed suicide at the same time, rather than remain there. The site was abandoned and the building removed.



are in a few instances, especially near the railroad stations, built of brick, but in nearly all cases are made of rough bamboo framework filled in with woven grass, sometimes plastered over with mud, and nearly all covered with thatched roofs. In crossing India, both in the cities and in the country, we saw houses built of almost every conceivable material, often made of nothing but thick walls of mud, covered with thatch, or in some cases rough tile. To call most of them houses is a travesty on the name, as they are mere hovels of one room with an opening through which to enter. Indeed, in our country we would hesitate to put an animal in such as many of them are, and if we did I think the animal would kick, especially if he were a mule. The interior has neither floor nor furniture and, as goats, chickens and dogs have free access, I imagine that they are necessarily very filthy. The mountain sides are dotted all over with single cottages, or in some cases with little villages clustered on their sides. Often you may see a hovel built upon a little projecting ledge, fairly overhanging a precipice of a thousand or more feet. One thing is certain, that, in so far as the natives of India (excepting in the cold mountain regions) are concerned, there is not much room for either the tailor, hatter or shoemaker. The people wear a bundle of rags around the head, or most of them go bare-headed altogether. They all go barefooted, and for clothing they wear a kind of wrap around the body, belted in at the waist, then a piece of material resembling a bed sheet draped around the waist and falling down over the legs, exposing their black thighs,



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DÉCOLLETÉ.



after de turky, him am dar befo' dabrek ebry time."

In commencing our tour of India we employed a servant to go with the party for the purpose of watching the baggage; he was a queer specimen of a bow-legged Indian. On our return from Darjeeling we had two object lessons as to the wisdom of the precaution against thieves. At one place a coolie was caught picking up a hand-bag belonging to one of our number; then, when we changed from narrow gauge into our sleepers, we had our baggage put in the cars; our servant, having put his bundle into his car to reserve a place, watched our car while we ate our dinner. When we came to the car, he went to his place to find that his roll had been stolen and, although the depot master caused a search to be made, it could not be found. I spoke of employing a private servant, and for the benefit of other "poor and weary pilgrims," traveling this way hereafter, I will relate our experience during his service. His service was most satisfactory, as he was always outside the door, squatting on the floor, ready to jump up to receive orders every time one of us appeared, but his constant calling me master rather grated on my American ears. But the climax was reached the day before we left Calcutta, when he came into the room and, making an humble salaam, said, "My lord, I would speak with you." "Say on," I answered. "Will you take me with you across India?" I said "No." "Will you take other servant?" he said. I again said "No." He nodded his head to one side in a significant manner and said in plaintive tone, "Who then will look after master and mistress, and keep coolie not take





number and drawn by one horse, including driver, can be had for one-half rupee, or 16 cents, per hour.

Indian money is based upon the native rupee, a silver coin about the size of our 50-cent piece, and worth about 32 cents, or, in round figures, American tourists consider it as one-third of a dollar, thus enabling them to calculate more readily. The rupee is divided into sixteen annas, value two cents each.

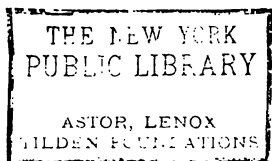
## CHAPTER XXIX

### BENARES

Leaving Calcutta at 7:30 p. m., we take an all-night ride in sleepers, similar to those already described, arriving at the sacred city of Benares at 9 o'clock the following morning. We found our rooms and a good breakfast awaiting us at our hotel.

To attempt to give even a reference description of this sacred city of the Hindus, I find, will be a most difficult task, as it would require a volume should I refer to all the points of interest and peculiarities. I have spoken of Calcutta as a city of palaces and hovels, and in doing so I referred to the palaces as fine buildings as we see in the capitals of Europe. I might also say that Benares is a city of palaces and hovels, with the emphasis on hovels, for the palaces, of which there are a large number, are, to outward appearances, in a bad state of repair. There is more than one reason for this state of affairs. In the first place, these palaces belong to rulers in different parts of India, and are occupied on occasion of the visits of these noblemen and their families to the sacred city on feast days, as all Hindus make pilgrimages to this place, as the Mohammedans do to Mecca. Some of these men are still rulers, others are simply nominally so, while other noble families have passed away, consequently, as stated, many of the palaces have been

neglected, while others are in a dilapidated state; in fact, I think that owing to the occupancy of the country by the British, the money-gathering propensities of these families, who formerly lorded it over India, have been seriously hampered, and so they must do as well as they can on their allowances. The river front of the city is lined with what were at one time most imposing and beautiful palaces, so that in the days of the glory of Benares it must have been one of the most beautiful sights to be seen anywhere; indeed, even in its decay it is quite imposing as viewed from the river. The native city is built up with what were formerly fine structures; the streets are very narrow, crooked and exceedingly dirty. Leaving this vicinity we find that the only clean, well kept buildings to-day are the quarters of the British soldiers, two good hotels, schools, churches and banks, located in the Cantonment. These have spacious grounds and were it not that we saw them in the dry season, when dust covered the grass and foliage, they would have been very beautiful. Besides this there is still another, and worse side, to the city, comprised within the poorer native quarters, where the houses cease to be entitled to be called such, but rather hovels, where the streets are lined with block after block of miserable little mud huts, open on the street side, many not more than six by twelve feet, and in this mud hole the poorer classes carry on their respective trades, live, sleep and raise large families of dirty children, some partly naked, many entirely so, and from which they emerge in the cool mornings to squat about in the sun to get warmed up.





BATHING CHATS,



BURNING CHATS, BENARES.



We visited the Golden Temple, the Durga Temple, called by Europeans Monkey Temple (so called because of the myriads of monkeys which live in and about the temple, being fed and protected by the priests), besides others, some of them being so indecent and vulgar in their adornments as to be beyond description, one being so much so that ladies are not allowed to visit it, and several palaces which were like such buildings seen elsewhere, their apparent past grandeur reminding us of what they must have been in the old feudal days of India.

But the most interesting and peculiarly characteristic scene is witnessed from the top of a house-boat, as it is rowed along the Ganges River in the early morning, when the devout Hindus flock to the river by the ten thousands to bathe in and drink of the sacred river, then receive their brand on forehead or cheeks, or both, denoting their caste and proving to the world that they have worshiped. The river bank, from the palaces at the top, to the water's edge, is covered with tier after tier of stone steps, these places called ghats. In some places I counted as many as eighty steps in one flight. Ascending and descending these steps may be seen constant streams of natives of all castes, while at the immediate shore and in the water's edge are innumerable men, women and children, some drinking, some bathing, others praying; and when we remember that along this same river front are great sewers draining a city of 222,400 dirty, filthy inhabitants, and that the ghats are right among the sewers, you can easily imagine the condition of the water used to wash away the sins of these people. They not only bathe in this

filthy sewer-polluted stream, but pour it over their heads, wash their mouths and drink of it, and then carry it away, often to their far-away homes, as something precious beyond compare. Another matter, owing to the Hindu belief they will not use or touch meat or fat of any kind, consequently they will not use soap either on their persons or clothes; on their persons they use mud or sometimes rub with a stone, if the scales are too thick, while they try to clean their garments by beating them on rocks as if their lives depended upon their pounding them into shreds; such action may remove some of the dirt and dust, but it does not remove the dirt color by any means, thus causing their wrappings to look even dirtier than they actually are, and that is bad enough. A local guide called attention to one of the many ghats where men and women were bathing together, and said: "He and she bathe here together, all the same, Hindu knows no shame." One thing is remarkable in connection with this religious bathing, that is the graceful manner in which they change their wet for dry clothing. Of course, it must be understood that the clothing of the vast majority consists of nothing but a piece of cotton cloth, resembling a bed sheet, thrown around the waist, then passed between the legs and tucked in, but it requires close watching to discover how they dispose of even this and substitute a dry one. Coming from the water, they take the dry cloth, gracefully cast it around the body, and under protection of this they remove the wet one and, tucking the dry one in place, are in full dress—*décolleté*.

While floating along we also saw the burning ghats



in operation, two funeral piles, one partly burned, the other ready for the torch, and a small boy, a near relative, with lighted torch, first waving it over the remains on the pile, then touching it to the combustible material at the base, while a man was scraping around in the edge of the river with a big basket, hoping to find any rings or other jewelry which might have been left on previous victims.

The Ganges in the vicinity of Benares is quite shallow, and in appearance, in more than one respect, strongly resembles the Nile. While on the river, we saw, to us, a most gruesome object, but our boatman said that was nothing, as they are accustomed to such sights. It was the decomposing body of a man, which was evidently anchored to the bottom by a weight, and protruding from the surface it would sway this way and that. We asked our guide about it and he informed us that it was a common sight, as what are termed holy men among the Hindus are always thrown in the river, accompanied by due ceremony, as they are too holy to be burned (judging by those we saw, we imagined they might be too dirty for even fire); and further, that it is a common custom, when a beggar, or other man too poor to afford cremation, dies, they simply tie a stone to his body and throw him into the river. Speaking of holy men reminds me of the fact that this city is the home, as well as the Mecca, for nearly all of the religious fanatics and idiotic fakirs in India, those old boys who profess to think that they please some one of the thousands of Hindu gods by doing all kinds of fool things in the way of self-punishment, like sitting in one position for months and years even,

sometimes until their finger nails grow so long as to go through the hand, lying on spikes, sitting in dirty rags with ashes and dirt all over them, some dressed in fantastic shape, etc., and all of them expecting to be paid by those who see them, so that the lazy loafers make a business of being fanatical fools. But as all classes or organizations have a head, so have the so-called holy men a head holy man, a pope, so to speak, of the class, but I must say that he is in no sense a fool in so far as appearance would indicate. We had the pleasure of seeing him and shaking hands with him. He dresses like other Hindus and puts on no airs, but seems simply a "jolly good fellow," chatting with us (of course, we understood what he said—when it was interpreted). He showed us a photograph of himself, taken by some visitor, and when I asked for the same privilege, he readily consented upon my promising to send him a copy, so we shot the great, head holy man of India. If I were asked my opinion as to the cause for the degeneration of the Indian people, I would say that there are several, among them the lack of a real religion, the curse of caste and the non-education of women. Even Napoleon, who looked upon mankind with an eye as to what they could accomplish in the way of killing their fellow men, realized and stated that in order to have intelligent men their mothers must be educated, an acknowledgment of the old adage, "She who rocks the cradle rules the world." Consequently, he caused institutions to be created for the purpose of educating women. I don't know much about their ability for ruling the world, but I think we Americans can bear



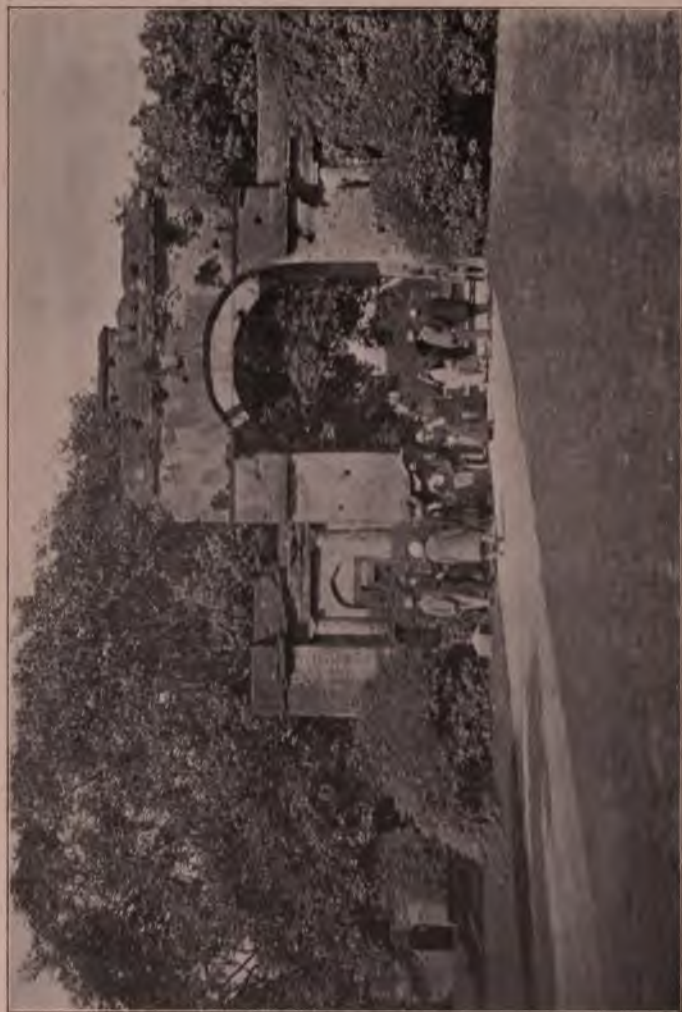
evidence to the fact that education of women enables them to rule the so-called "lords of creation" to a very great extent.

In passing through the narrow streets of the crowded part of the city, we were favored with a view of a genuine wedding procession. It consisted of a number of natives in gay attire, playing (forgive the slander on "playing") on various so-called instruments; following this came men carrying a platform upon which sat the groom, apparently about 25 years, and a little girl to all appearances not over 10 years; they halted just as we met them; two flat baskets about 18 inches wide were provided, containing some loose rice; one was put upon the ground, into which the two stepped, then the other was placed in advance and thus, by placing one basket ahead of the other, they passed up a narrow passageway and into a house without letting their feet touch the ground. This is a sample of one of the curses of India, child marriage, as the little girls are thereby forced into the duties belonging to mature womanhood, thus not only depriving them of the blessings of childhood, but causing them to age and wrinkle at a time when they should be in their prime. This curse, however, is being much mitigated under British rule, and the suttee, or burning of the wife with the body of her dead husband, which was formerly the universal custom, has been forbidden; still, however, there is an unwritten law forbidding a widow to remarry, so that child widows are a superfluous quantity in India. I asked a native in Benares if a man were allowed more than one wife. "No," he answered, "he can only marry one, but he



may keep as many he wants." Upon good authority I learned that the last King of Oude had 700 wives and women. So as not to attract attention, I did not use pencil and paper, but mentally multiplied the millinery, dressmaking and other bills contracted in maintaining one wife in America by 700, and then, imagining the monkey and parrot kind of a time which I suppose must prevail in such a household, I served notice upon my wife that I thought I could appreciate a good thing when I saw it, and would stick to the old way. But enough is enough of anything, and it takes but little of the city of Benares to cause us to cry "Enough!"





HISTORIC RESIDENCY GATE, LUCKNOW.

## CHAPTER XXX

### LUCKNOW

Leaving Benares, we have a daylight ride of 202 miles over an excellent railroad, as railroads are in the East, to what is justly termed "The Garden City of India," Lucknow, containing a population of 272,600. The country through which we passed is level, generally of good character, but in some places seemingly somewhat barren and, as it was the dry season and cacti and other growth similar to what is found in Mexico prevail, it at times reminded us very much of that country. I think I have referred to the fact that in India an isolated cottage or farmhouse is almost unknown, the people living either in the cities or villages. These villages through this part of India are as bad, or seemingly even worse than in other sections, most of the houses being mere mud hovels, often more like a bank of earth with a hole in it than a house in which human beings should live. It has been said that there is an oasis in every desert, and I certainly think that Lucknow is an oasis in the desert of India. It is here that the Christian mission work has met with its greatest success. Colleges and hospitals founded and maintained by Europe and America are some of the most marked examples of the value of foreign missions. Among the most prominent of the former is the Isabella Thoburn College

for girls, founded by Miss Isabella Thoburn, who was its president for thirty years, and passed to her reward a year or more ago, leaving this prosperous school as a memorial to the devotion of a lifetime in seeking to lift up and brighten and enlighten the minds of the dusky maidens of India. We visited the school and heard 230 girl students singing in their native tongue as well as in English. In all our travels in the far East, as well as in Egypt, Palestine and Syria, we have found the mission schools the only bright spots in the benighted lands. No one who has not visited such institutions and seen the bright, clean, intelligent faces of these children can at all understand or appreciate what can be done in this manner. The missionary work in these lands must seem almost a hopeless task to those who have devoted their lives to the work, but they certainly have much to repay and comfort them even in what they do accomplish.

But after all is said in that direction for Lucknow, a chief subject of world-wide interest has not been touched, that is, the fact that Lucknow was one of the centers of the Sepoy Mutiny in 1857, and that it was in the residency in the British cantonment in this city where 2,242 men, women and children were besieged by 80,000 Sepoy mutineers and their allies for six months, until they were finally relieved by Generals Outram and Havelock. The residency here refers to a part of the cantonment in which the foreign residents could take refuge in case of trouble. The one in Lucknow consisted of a number of buildings, surrounded upon three sides by a low brick wall; on the fourth side they had to rely upon a hastily constructed palisade.



The entire aggregation was one and three-quarter miles in circumference. Accompanied by a good guide we went all over the enclosure, and then visited the local museum, where they have a complete model of the residency as it was at the time of the uprising, and listened to an interesting account of the siege given by one of the participants. The story of the mutiny, the siege of Lucknow and its relief has been so often told by abler pens than mine, that I shall give a condensation which may prompt my readers to a further research. The causes leading up to the mutiny are various and have occasioned much discussion as to the real incitement. To my mind the greased cartridge incident was but the final straw, the match that caused the explosion. India was in the hands of her conquerors; she had been suppressed, and then her own people, officered by the English, aided by a small contingent of European troops, were made to keep her in subjection. It is, no doubt, true that these soldiers were in far better condition as to food and clothing than they had ever been, but army officers are such the world over, and I doubt not there may have been many cases of cruel and overbearing use of authority shown, especially when we consider the character of the rank and file. Such a condition, especially in aggravated cases, ferments a mutinous spirit. In this instance there was still a stronger element to contend with. Upon the subjugation of India different local rulers, kings and princes, had been deposed, the powerful King of Oude only a year previous, in 1856. The deposing of the King of Oude threw 60,000 native soldiers, attached to his throne, out of employment.

These naturally thought that the overthrow of the English, and re-establishment of their native government would restore them to position, consequently they did the natural thing for them to do, by joining the disaffected and doing all in their power to create a mutiny, and join it when created. These ex-rulers with their numerous followers and retainers were naturally enemies to the English, and dreamed of the empire returning to their houses, could the English be annihilated. Consequently, they kept sowing poison and sedition among the Sepoy soldiers. To aid these were the religious fanatical humbugs, called *fakirs*, with their disheveled hair, naked bodies, and painted breasts and foreheads, roving over the country, living upon the superstition of the masses; these devoted all of their hellish influence to add fuel to the smouldering fire. Every possible argument was used, seeking to show that the English were oppressors, as well as possessors. The most vulnerable points of the Hindus are their religion and caste, and every shadow was grasped at to convince the ignorant soldiers that England intended the destruction of both. The natives could refer to the steady encroachments by the laws of Christian civilization upon their customs and institutions practiced for ages past. For instance, suttee—the burning of the widow or widows upon the funeral pile of the deceased husband—had been prohibited; female infanticide—the poisoning, throttling or casting of female infants to the crocodile—had been made penal; self-immolation by the Juggernaut interdicted; the remarriage of widows made lawful; thuggeeism suppressed; the rights of man, whether Christian, Mo-

hammedan or Hindu, were protected. These were all encroachments upon the ancient rites and customs of India, and from them the inciters of the mutiny prophesied the total destruction of caste, the overthrow of the native religions, and the substitution of the Christian faith. In the early part of 1857 the ordinance department unintentionally furnished the last argument needed by the leaders in the revolt, by issuing a new rifle cartridge covered with grease to protect it against moisture. The cry immediately arose that this was aimed at both their religion and caste. It was claimed that it was the fat of cattle and hogs. The army was made up of Hindus and Mohammedans; the Hindu eats no flesh whatever, while the Mohammedan eats no pork, so, as the soldier would have to put this cartridge into his mouth in order to tear it, this would be contrary to both religions. The men would not listen to reason or explanation, being nagged on by those back of the revolt; regiment after regiment mutinied, and in most cases killed their European officers and joined in the cry to massacre all foreigners. They had the men but lacked the officers whom they were accustomed to obey, in other words, they had the numbers but not the brains; otherwise they had the men and ammunition and arms sufficient to simply roll over and annihilate all the resident English, and thus destroy England's power in India until she could have time to bring in a new army. Thus a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, increased until the storm it produced enveloped the whole land. The first outbreak, near Lucknow, was the mutiny of a native regiment stationed at a palace only four and

a half miles from the residency, which occurred on May 3d, 1857. The mutineers were dispersed and two native officers who had given information regarding the proposed revolt were promoted. By May 20th the mutiny in the cantonments became general, many families had taken refuge in the residency and the Sepoy soldiers had been replaced by Europeans. At the commencement of the siege the whole number within the residency amounted to 2,242, of whom there were 1,692 soldiers and citizens capable of bearing arms, the others being women and children, to defend a distance of  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles against thirty to eighty thousand natives. By July 2d the residency was fully invested, and all communication shut off; on this date the gallant commander, Sir Henry Lawrence, was mortally wounded by a shell and, after calmly passing the command over to Major Inglis, died on the 4th. A braver, nobler officer and Christian soldier never lived. From this time on until finally relieved, this noble band of brave Europeans, assisted by a few native officers and men, were kept in constant turmoil by continual firing both from cannon and muskets, day and night, giving them no chance for rest or recuperation. On September 25th Generals Havelock and Outram, after a march by way of Cawnpore, daily harassed by the enemy, fought their way, inch by inch, through the narrow streets of Lucknow, and succeeded in entering the residency, but, owing to the smallness of their force, they were unable to remove the women and children, as by this time the city was full of the mutineers, flocking there as a great military center, and determined to massacre the Europeans.



Thus matters stood with this little band, the relievers and the relieved alike cut off from the world; provisions ran low and want and starvation stared them in the face. The vigilant enemy, being in such overpowering numbers (perhaps ten to one), harassed them day and night. Trained marksmen were posted in every tree and building commanding a view of the enclosure, and it was almost as good as a life lost for any one to expose himself. Such deeds of bravery as were displayed by these courageous defenders have been equaled, but I do not think ever excelled in the history of the world. On November 17th Sir Colan Campbell, after fighting his way, foot by foot, reached the residency with sufficient force to finally relieve and remove this devoted band. But, sad to relate, the exposure and anxiety had told upon the brave Havelock, bringing on disease from which he died on November 24th, seven days after relief was successful. Although he did not live to enjoy the plaudits of his countrymen and the recognition by his government for his more than heroic deeds in relieving Cawnpore and Lucknow, with comparatively but a handful of brave men inspired like himself "to do or die," marching through the enemy's country teeming with soldiers armed and trained by those now seeking to overthrow them, yet such deeds can never die, and Havelock's name will live as long as civilization exists.

"On fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead."



To show what the garrison of Lucknow suffered during this memorable siege I will give the following summary of their losses: Of the 1,692 fighting men the loss was 713, including 49 officers; add to these 19 women and 53 children, besides those wounded. Of General Havelock's force of 3,179 the total killed and wounded were 76 officers and 966 men. Adding the losses in garrison and of the relief, the entire number killed and wounded amounted to 170 officers, 2,203 men, or more than comprised the original occupants of the residency at the commencement of the siege.

The native quarters of Lucknow are much the same as in other Indian cities, but the European part is beautiful even in the dry season, and must be far more so when fresh and green. Our visit to Lucknow was one of the most interesting of our tour of India, and we think we might say of our entire trip. One thing is certain, the outcome and results of the schools and colleges in Lucknow and elsewhere prove what can be made out of the Indian by proper handling. The girls and boys, as well as the native teachers, in these schools are as different from the uneducated masses, both in appearance and manner, as though they were of a different nationality. The British government, realizing this fact, has established government schools. Caste, the awful curse of India, can only be overcome and broken down by education, and even in that way it would seem almost a hopeless task. Caste blocks the way for the missionary, for civil and sanitary improvements, in fact for all that ought to be done. While we were in India there were four thousand deaths daily from the bubonic plague.

When I asked an official why action was not taken to stamp it out by extreme sanitary measures, he said: "We can't; if we attempt to do this or that, no matter in what way or direction, either in cleaning up or disinfecting, it interferes with the rights of one or another of the thousands of castes, and our experience in the past teaches us that we must be very careful in that direction." He further said that when they used disinfectants, some classes claimed that they did so in order to bring on the plague and thus break down their caste. Something may be done to correct these evils, but it seems like the task of ages.

One thing strikes the tourist through India, the great network of excellent railroads running all over the empire, and seeing the Indian as he is, it is but natural to suppose that if it were not for the English occupation, India might be in a similar condition to China, where in all that vast empire there is the one starting of a railroad, with about ten miles finished, and a continual riot with the natives in order to push it farther. Bright will be the day, both for China and the world, when that old, rotten nation is either dismembered or comes under the protectorate of a foster mother like Great Britain.

While in Lucknow, our hotel proprietor favored us with a purely Indian entertainment by the Nautch girls. There were two of the girls, with an orchestra of unnamable instruments which kept up a din called "music;" to this the girls first danced, then the tune changed and they began to sing, introducing an occasional whirl of a dance. The strange part of their songs was that they took up the last word and repeated



it over and over, "again and again," apparently without limit as to the number, occasionally bringing in the entire verse, as they never give more than one. They sang two songs in pigeon English, "Twinkle, twinkle little star," and "When I was single," and seemed greatly pleased at their supposed mastery of English. Altogether, the entertainment, as considered along Oriental lines, was quite interesting. One thing I would certainly give them credit for, in that they do not sing in the outlandish nasal twang, which in Egypt, Syria, Japan, etc., is called music, but yell it out of their throats most lustily and with at least some little melody. One curious custom of the Orient is that notwithstanding the apparent laxity of morals in many other ways, in Japan, China or India they do not permit dancing by men and women together, nor of stage acting by the two sexes in common. In each case it must be by either men or women, as they consider promiscuous dancing improper and immoral. Another noticeable feature of the dancing of both the Geisha girls of Japan and the Nautch girls of India is the modesty of their costumes or dress, as there is no exposure of the person whatever. It is true, however, that the Nautch girls do affect the muscular movements of the abdomen and hips, to some extent similar to the Egyptian dancers.

Traveling or living in India during the hot season must be something terrible. One lady told us of their sufferings when the thermometer stood at 110° night and day. At night the punka boy is supposed to swing the punka all night, but, like other mortals, he is also affected by the weather, so that about the time the

people lose themselves in sleep, Mr. Punka Boy also falls asleep, thus stopping the machine and causing a sudden awakening, and thus it goes on. I might remark for the sake of any who do not know, that a punka is a series of bars run across the room, suspended by cords, and having a strip of cloth hanging down. This is operated by a rope on pulleys, running outside of the room. It is an essential in these hot climates, in order to stir up the atmosphere. They use them on the steamers, in hotels, stores and residences, and I can testify to their being a most excellent invention for tropical countries even in the winter. Winter traveling in India also has its drawbacks. During the day time, the sun is intolerably hot, so much so as to make it dangerous to go out without a helmet or an umbrella, but as soon as the sun approaches the western horizon, it begins to cool, and during the night it becomes very cold; the change from excessive heat to cold is so marked as to require the greatest care to prevent sickness. We took train for a short ride of fifty miles to Cawnpore, leaving beautiful Lucknow with a feeling akin to regret, as we knew from reputation of other places to be visited that we would not see another more attractive.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### CAWNPORE

Cawnpore, 182,000 inhabitants, is a busy manufacturing city, especially of leather goods. With the exception of the residence district for the British officers and soldiers, it is very much an Indian city. To the tourist the greatest interest attaches to the frightful massacres which took place here during the mutiny of 1857. It would require a volume to do full justice to the subject, but a sketched account may be given in a short space. Lucknow, Cawnpore and Delhi figured as the principal centers. There were about 3,000 native and only 60 European soldiers stationed in Cawnpore in the spring of 1857, commanded by Gen. Hugh Wheeler. Anticipating trouble he determined to store provisions, etc., against possible need. The magazine, which was surrounded by strong walls, would have been the natural place for this purpose, but, fearing to arouse the suspicions of the native soldiers by withdrawing Sepoy and substituting a European guard, and thus precipitating trouble, he selected the center of a plain where there were two barracks. Here he threw up earthworks four feet high. Upon the mutiny of the Sepoys about one thousand men, women and children, taking all they could carry in their hasty flight from their homes, took refuge in this most dangerous and uncomfortable place. Of these there were about





MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE.

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300 European soldiers who had escaped death at the hands of the Sepoys. Nana Sahib, a brutal native who had been one of the chief instigators of the rebellion, took command in person, with a following of 3,000 trained natives, later increased to perhaps ten times that number. This occurred in the early part of June. The mutineers expected an easy victory, and would, no doubt, have realized their anticipations, had they been properly officered, but the history of the mutiny shows how utterly incapable they were when left to themselves, except in the line of fiendish brutality. This devoted band of brave men, ill protected by the rough walls of dirt, hampered by the presence of women, children, servants and sick, furnished an example of bravery which justly immortalizes the names of the unhappy participants. Time and again they repulsed attempts to conquer them, although, owing to the barracks and other buildings outside the trenches, their lives were in constant danger. Finding themselves unable to reduce the works, the mutineers proceeded to burn down the two barracks by exploding shells in them, the only shelter possessed by the besieged, thus forcing the women and children, as well as the men, to live and sleep in the trenches, notwithstanding that it was summer, and the sun beat down upon their devoted heads, causing frequent deaths from sunstroke. This lasted until June 26th, when, under a solemn promise from Nana to give escort to the river and there to provide boats and boatmen to take them to safety, Gen. Wheeler capitulated. On the 27th the garrison and families who had escaped death by sickness or bullet, marched to the river, em-

barked in the boats, but before they could leave the shore, orders were given to open fire upon them, and masked batteries, placed for the purpose, as well as the Sepoy infantry, opened a murderous fire,—one of the most infamous cases of treachery recorded in history. Nearly all of the men were killed; a few escaped down the river. Two hundred women and children were made prisoners and confined in a building (too small to permit their lying down) located near the headquarters of Nana. They were compelled to exist in this hole until July 16th, when, learning that the English relief army was approaching, by order of Nana they were brutally murdered by five hired butchers; next day their bodies were dragged forth and cast into a deep well near by, the living with the dead, as some of them were still alive. On the 17th Gen. Havelock entered Cawnpore at the head of the relief army, and the cowardly Nana and his followers fled before the avenging British. The relieving army found the floor of the murder house three inches deep with blood. Four months later Cawnpore was the scene of another bloody battle which ended its participation in the mutiny. Over the well into which these women and children were cast and in which they were covered up, it thus becoming their tomb, a sorrowing nation has reared a most beautiful memorial.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.





TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### AGRA

From Cawnpore to Agra requires about seven hours by rail. Every one at all conversant with the history of India and her marvelous exhibitions of architecture is familiar with the name Agra, as this is the location of the world-famed Taj Mahal or tomb of the favorite wife of the Emperor Shah Jehan, Mumtaj-i-Mahal, erected to her memory a short time after her death. They were married in 1615; she was the mother of seven children and died in giving birth to the eighth in 1629. I had read descriptions of this wonderful building, I had heard different persons tell of it, and therefore expected much, but the reality by far exceeded all of my expectations. Some one has called it "a poem in marble." I rather consider it a dream in marble. Profiting by the experience and lack of success of others who have attempted to draw a word picture of the Taj, I shall content myself with a few outline sketches only. The grounds cover eleven acres, fronting on the river Jumna. They are surrounded by a highly ornamental wall, intersected by buildings and gateways, and are beautifully laid out and filled with trees and flowers. The cost of the structure was about \$10,000,000 for the labor alone, in an age when the laborer received almost nothing for his hire. The emperor required his subordinate officers and rulers

to furnish the material. The building itself is simply indescribably grand and beautiful, and has no equal of its character in the world. It is of white marble, inlaid with precious stones, and was so well built that, although nearly three hundred years old, it is perfect in its every part and looks as if it had been built within a few years. On either side of the tomb are two fine mosques. Shah Jehan erected this tomb for his favorite wife, and then began the building of another in which his own remains were to be laid, just across the river, the two to be connected by a bridge. By the time the Taj was nearly completed and the foundation for his own built, his family concluded that he was tomb-crazy, and his son put a stop to the craze, so that Jehan's tomb was never erected, and in some of the minor details that of the empress was never entirely finished. If this were the only example of the disease of *tombicitis* in Agra and elsewhere in India, we might excuse such an enormous outlay of money in a country where the most abject poverty prevails among the masses, and where there have always existed hundreds of thousands who never knew a full stomach or enjoyed the luxury of even the meanest bed, but the Tomb of Akbar, the grandfather of Jehan, is built upon the same extravagant lines, a massive and imposing mausoleum built of red sandstone, the grounds embracing ninety acres, as is also that of his son's prime minister, Kwaja Accas, erected by his daughter Noor Jehan, covering eleven acres. Indeed, the latter compares favorably with the Taj itself in some respects, although of an entirely different style of architecture, but lacks its chaste beauty. Its character,



while exceedingly expensive, bears no comparison to the Taj. This tomb is also built of marble, but it is inlaid in mosaic with all other colors, causing it to resemble a building of tile, which, to my mind, looks too much like a checkerboard to be appropriate decoration for a tomb. One feature of the work shown in its erection that is especially attractive is the delicate carving in marble over the entrances, so fine as to most strongly resemble delicate lace. I have referred to but three of the principal tombs found here; these three, it will be seen, occupy within their enclosures a space of 126 acres. Rather a large space to monopolize for three beings (and incidentally for a few odd relatives who have been slipped in), especially in a country where ground is of such value for purposes of sustaining human life. But these old Mogul tyrants did not consider the wants or rights of the masses any more than they did of other animals. One thing must be said in favor of Akbar, the grandfather of Shah Jehan, perhaps the greatest native ruler India ever had, that in his buildings, especially in the palaces, he showed a most liberal spirit in religious matters, in that he supplied places of worship for the different sects found in his harem (or, perhaps, more properly herd) and also that he erected temples for the worship of Hindus, Mohammedans and Christians, something remarkable, especially considering the age in which he lived. Shah Jehan went to the other extreme, as he was a bigoted Mohammedan of the worst type. I said formerly that Shah Jehan became tomb crazy and had to be shut down upon by his family, led by his son. This leads me to say that, to my mind, many of these old rulers

(or misrulers) of India, like the Pharaohs of Egypt, shoguns of Japan, etc., were badly afflicted with the *tombicitis*, or possessed by the tomb microbe, as shown by the vast acreage of ground wasted to prepare (when there was not enough cultivation to keep the people) the resting place of one who really required no more than other mortals, 2x6 feet, besides the millions of dollars thus wasted by tying it up in these vast buildings, while millions of their poor subjects were dying for want of food. "Yes," says some one, "but did not the erection of these vast buildings help the poor by giving them work?" I answer, assuredly, yes, in the pitiful, trifling amount paid them for their labor, and even that could have been used to so much better purpose, if it were intended as a charity, by the erection of hospitals, schools, or other public buildings which would not have ceased to help the people when their erection was completed, but would have gone on blessing posterity so long as they should stand. It is true that a few of these monuments are benefiting the present generation by giving employment in keeping them in order as show places, but the fact still remains that that was not the object of the builders, but, on the contrary, they were one and all erected for the self-glorification of the high and mighty projector, and the idea of building them for the benefit of their people never entered their minds.

Some writers praise Shah Jehan for the erection of the Taj as showing his love for his favorite wife, but I think the facts in the case rather modify any proof of great virtue on his part. We are told that this was his *favorite* wife, and that he did not marry



again. Why should he, when he possessed a harem made up of hundreds of the most attractive and pretty girls and women in the kingdom? While this one may have been his favorite, I imagine a man living in that manner could easily turn to one of his numerous wives for consolation; and further, in this case the apparent design which prompted the erection, first, of a tomb for his wife, then for himself, the two to be united, proves to me that Shah Jehan was a "past master" in the art of selfishness, and that, while apparently erecting this beautiful monument to his wife's memory, he was all the while dreaming of the immortality it would bring to himself and his reign, as the creator of the greatest of monuments.

If the erection of this beautiful monument to the memory of his *favorite* wife displayed so high a degree of virtue on behalf of Shah Jehan, as some writers would have us believe, how about the other poor wives and hundreds of mistresses that history informs us constituted his harem, these who gave up all they had in life for his pleasure, whose very resting places are unknown, and their names and memories forgotten? To my mind, if he must erect such a monument, he would have shown a thousand-fold more true manhood had he designated and devoted this vast mausoleum as the resting place of all those thus living for him and him only. But no matter what motive prompted him to call to his aid the best architects of his time in order to design, and the thousands of workmen necessary to erect this most marvelously exquisite tomb, now that it was done I am glad he did so. The last years of his life were sad enough to cause

us to pity him, no matter what our opinion as to his merits before. As I have previously stated, his son caused his arrest, and held him a prisoner in the palace within the Agra Fort, from the windows and balconies of which he could look upon this monument of his creation, and history informs us that when he was dying he asked to be carried from the room in which he was confined to the outer balcony, that his dying gaze might rest upon the beautiful Taj.

This was the beginning of the decline of the great Mogul dynasty. The nation under Aurung-zeb, the son who dethroned and imprisoned Shah Jehan, was subjected to conquest by the Persians under Nadir Shah, who carried away the Peacock Throne, and put out the eyes of the emperor; then, in bitter mockery telling him that he had no need of the throne, as he had no longer eyes to see it. This occurred about thirty years after the death of Shah Jehan, and was followed by disaster after disaster, until India finally came under the British rule.

The history of the family from which the Empress Mumtaj-i-Mahal came reads like a story from the Arabian Nights. The prime minister, Khwaja Accas (the grandfather of the empress), was a resident of Western Tartary. He was of good family but in reduced circumstances. He had a rich relative named Asuf Khan, who held a high place in the court of India. This relative induced Accas to leave his native country and come to India in hopes of bettering his fortunes at the renowned court of the Emperor Akbar. He left Tartary for India in the sixteenth century, accompanied by his wife and children, two boys, having to sell out



all of his property to provide the means. During the long journey their money gave out, and in crossing the desert they were three days without food. In this emergency the wife gave birth to a daughter but the parents, in their distress, decided that they must abandon the child in order to save the mother. One bullock remained, so upon this the father put his wife, and covering the babe they started upon their journey. They had gone only a mile, however, when the mother threw herself on the ground and refused to proceed without the child. Accas returned, took up the infant and brought it to the mother's breast. They were shortly after rescued by a caravan; a wealthy merchant relieved their necessities, and conducted them to Lahore, India, where the court of Akbar was then being held. Accas' kinsman made him his private secretary, and brought his merits to the attention of the emperor, who advanced him from one post to another until he became prime minister.

His daughter, born in the desert, grew into a beautiful woman, and was married to Prince Selim, heir to the throne. This prince afterwards became emperor, known in history as Jehangeer; his wife, the empress, was called "Noor Jehan"—Light of the World—while her niece, the daughter of Asuf Jan, known as Mumtaj-i-Mahal, was married to the grandson of Akbar, and thus in her turn became empress, known as "The Ornament of the Palace," and to her memory was erected the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful monument ever built to woman.

In speaking of these world-famed tombs of Agra, Bishop Heber wrote, "These Patans built like giants

and finished their work like jewelers." One thing is certain, no words can describe these wonderful creations so that they can be appreciated.

One interesting fact to be remembered in connection with the building of the beautiful tomb to the prime minister, Khwaja Accas, is that it was erected by his daughter, the Empress Noor Jehan, the child born in the desert and so nearly left behind to perish where born. In speaking of her, Bishop Butler says, "The Daughter of the Desert, forgetting forever the unnatural desertion by him whom she so lavishly honored, thus made a paradise of the abode of the dead. Let her have the credit of whatever estimable qualities the great act expressed; she needs this, and every other allowance that fairly belongs to her history, as some offset to the sadder parts of a life and character that, 250 years ago, surprised all India by its singularity, its magnificence and its less worthy qualities, a fame that lingered in their legends and history, and which, after such long interval, settled so fascinatingly on the imagination of Tom Moore, and came forth in his romance of *Lalla Rookh*."

To me the grandest and most imposing sight in Agra or India, aside from these tombs, is the Fort of Agra and the palaces and mosques within its walls. The fort is a picture in itself. It was built by Akbar the Great, and is now 300 years old. It is built of red sandstone, is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles in circumference, with walls 70 feet high, and although of such age it stands today in almost perfect condition. In its day, with a garrison properly provisioned, it would have been practically impregnable. Within the walls were



erected some of the most magnificent palaces, as residences of the Mogul rulers and their harems. Everything was provided for their ease and comfort. The Royal Mosque, connected with the palace, called the Pearl Mosque, costing \$1,000,000 for labor alone, is unique in itself, and one cannot imagine that anything could be more beautiful. To attempt a description of the different palaces would require far more space than I can give, and besides, like the tombs, they must be seen to be appreciated. But misery as well as happiness has reigned within these palace walls, as it was in a small room in one of them that Shah Jehan was held a prisoner by his son, after he was stopped in his mad propensity to expend the revenues of his empire in tomb building. From several balconies and rooms of the palace lovely views can be had, especially of the Taj, located at some distance on the banks of the river, and to one of these places the dying Mogul, at his own request, was carried that he might take a last look upon this work of his creation. When he built the Taj, he had a heavy balustrade of solid silver placed around the tomb proper, inside the building. When the Shah died, his son removed this rail and placed his father's body beside his wife, and thus they rest, side by side, sheltered by the greatest tomb the world has ever seen.

If my readers think I am too severe in my interpretation of the motives prompting the erection of these monuments, just consider it as a desire on my part to fulfill the promise made in preface, to write of things as they seemed to me, and a sincere desire to give my honest opinion and avoid calling black white simply



because it might be more palatable to do so, or because some one else had said so. If further proof is wanted as to the selfishness shown in this system of tomb building, I think it can be found in the fact that these tombists were not satisfied to leave the memorial question to their posterity for fear that they would, perhaps, remember some of their bad traits and, in consequence, not do the work as they desired it; and the facts of history show that, as a rule, when the matter was thus left, with but few exceptions, there is but little remaining to tell what a great man he was (especially in his own estimation).

The city of Agra, like other Indian cities, is of two parts, native and European. The former, I think, is better than like quarters in other cities we have visited, while the European is of the same fine character, with elegant houses, hotels, etc., and intersected by well kept, wide avenues, and covered with trees and flowers.

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RAPID TRANSIT, DELHI.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### DELHI

A ride of seven hours carries us to Delhi, the farthest northward point of our tour through India, a city of 200,000 at the present time. It was formerly the capital of the Mogul Empire in the days of its glory, and it was here that the world-renowned Peacock Throne had its home until 1739, when the city was taken by the Persians. The inhabitants were slaughtered and the Peacock Throne and the Koh-i-nur diamond were carried away, never to return. The Peacock Throne was said to have been the finest and most expensive article of its kind in the world, costing about \$150,000,000. The Mogul's crown was said to have cost \$10,350,000.

It was in this city that the last emperor of the Mogul Empire signed away his royal prerogatives in a treaty with the British government. By this treaty he was permitted to maintain his title of emperor, though in fact he ceased to have an empire. The government passed into the hands of the English, and the emperor retired from business upon a guaranteed annual income of \$675,000, a sum sufficient, we might think, to keep him and his family from want; and so it would for an ordinary, or extraordinary American family, but we must remember that his majesty was the husband of an army of wives besides concubines,

imprisoned in his palace. Add to this the numerous list of relatives and retainers who drew their sustenance from the public fund, and we can understand why he ran behind and into debt, and was one of the great promoters of the mutiny.

The fort is quite interesting, though nothing to be compared with the Agra fort. It is the same size, but only 40 feet high, and is well preserved; it was built by Shah Jehan, the creator of the Taj at Agra. Inside are the remains of the palace of the emperor, showing that the Mogul *misrulers* knew how to enjoy themselves in their ways, though, when viewed from a moral standpoint, I think they were not strictly orthodox. The mosaic in marble, using precious stones for inlaying, thus creating most beautiful and effective designs, is even now a wonder, and when it was new must have been a picture requiring to be seen to be appreciated.

The Jumna Musjid mosque, near the fort, is said to be the largest mosque in the world; it is a most imposing edifice, erected upon a raised platform, requiring a large number of stairs to reach its three gates. Its two minarets rise to a height of 130 feet; the mosque enclosure measures 325 feet square. In one corner are preserved several most highly prized Mohammedan relics. One is a part of the Koran, written by Kufik in the seventh century; others, written by eminent Mohammedans, dating well back in the history of their religion. They also show as genuine one of the prophet's slippers, a footprint of Mohammed in a slab of stone, and a single hair from his beard. As to these relics, one would suppose that he must



have been very hard-footed to enable him to leave such an impression in stone, and as to the hair being from his beard, well, I guess it was a *long way* from the same. I have just about as much faith in this kind of nonsense as I have in the few kegs of nails and cords of wood (more or less) scattered over southern Europe claimed to be parts of the true cross.

Delhi bore a highly important part in the mutiny of 1857. The native troops here mutinied as early as May 10th. Gen. Hewitt in command of the troops had sufficient Europeans to have taken refuge within the fort and held it against all of the mutineers, but for some unexplained reason he delayed doing so, thus permitting the rebels to steal a march upon him by securing the fort and city. This caused the sacrifice of many lives, as these Sepoys killed not only most of their own officers but all Europeans, including women and children, falling into their hands. An English lieutenant named Willoughby and eight other officers defended the magazine against the mutineers as long as they could, and then, rather than let it and themselves fall into the hands of the enemy, they blew it up; three of them survived, by being blown far away, and escaped in the night. All Europeans in the fort were shot down, and Delhi was in the hands of the mutineers. The British army under Gen. Barnard, who had assumed command, consisted of 3,000 British, a small native contingent, and 22 guns, rather a small force with which to attempt the reduction of the city and fort, filled with not less than 40,000 well armed native soldiers within a powerful fort surrounded by a walled city. On the 24th of June Gen. Chamberlain

arrived with enough British troops to swell the besieging force to 6,600. This small force was attacked time and again by the Sepoys, until it looked as if the besiegers were to change places and become besieged in their own chosen camp outside the city. On July 17th Gen. Reed resigned, Gen. Wilson taking command. At this time the English were in a critical condition; two generals had died, one had been compelled to resign on account of ill health, and several of the subordinate officers lay wounded. On August 7th, Gen. Nicholson, one of the most able English commanders, arrived with a reinforcement of 2,500 and took command. Then the campaign started in earnest, as he began his movement against the city on August 25th, which never flagged or wavered until it was captured and the rebels either killed or put to flight. Batteries of heavy cannon were placed within reach of the walls, which, notwithstanding the vigilance and constant cannonading and musketry fire kept up continually by the mutineers from behind the walls, never drew off. Fire was opened, especially against the Cashmere gate and bastion, also against the water bastion, until breaches were created at both places. Some daring men approached the Cashmere gate and exploded powder, with intent to destroy it and open the entrance. The effort was only partly successful, but through it and over the walls the brave English boys went on the morning of September 14th, led by their daring commander Nicholson, and other officers. Thus did this little handful of brave men overcome an army of trained soldiers (armed and drilled by themselves) of more than five times their number, and pro-



tected by the double walls of the fort and city, showing that it requires intelligence and brains as well as muscle to make a successful army, especially so as to its leadership. Six more days of hard fighting after the city was taken, and the fort was also in the hands of the English, the last remnant of the mutinous army had fled, and Delhi was restored to her position as a loyal English city.

One of the interesting sights of Delhi is the persistency of her merchants, all native Indians but with enough push to put an American sideshowman to shame. Whenever we appeared upon the veranda of the hotel, where quite a number of merchants had their goods displayed, we would be surrounded by a dozen or more, each insisting upon our taking his card, and assuring us that he had *the* store of the city, and that he was the *one* honest Indian. Then, when we drove through the streets, the horses going at a trot, there would be three or four running beside the carriage and, in the most confidential manner possible, each assuring us that the other fellows were not merchants but agents working for a commission, while he would sell us at wholesale price, etc. As to price I will not say much, but that some of them did *sell us*, I have no doubt. Some few of the Indian merchants have fixed prices, and where they do have, they are most rigid, but the majority of them have no prices at all, simply asking several times the worth of an article, then asking your price, and after more or less haggling selling the article at one-half, or less, of price asked. It is really a most unsatisfactory way to deal as, even after getting an article for one-half or one-

third of price asked, you feel that you have, perhaps, paid too much. Two instances came under my personal observation. A merchant asked 240 rupees (\$80) for a piece of jewelry and when sale was finally made it was closed at 60 rupees (\$20) just one-fourth. In another case an old-time ring with turquoise setting was offered for 100 rupees; an offer of 12 was made and the sale closed. All the time the sale is going on the "poor man" is almost crying, arguing in such a pitiful manner as to make you feel almost like a thief when purchase is made.

To me the greatest point of interest after the Cashmere gate with its cannon ball marks, and the broken walls with their associate history during the mutiny, was ancient Delhi. Outside the city walls, to the south, one drives but a short distance until the ruins of the old city appear, extending for many miles in every direction. Among these ruins are mosques, palaces, tombs and the great fort. The latter, called Indrapat, is still in a fair state of preservation, and presents a sad spectacle, neglected and alone, towering with its gates and battlements high above the massive ruins scattered all round it. Murray says that ancient Delhi, with its numerous forts of different periods, covered a space of 45 square miles. This vast area is so covered and encumbered by stones, etc., remains of the city, that it is practically useless and nearly all lies idle. I made diligent inquiry as to why the city, with its grand fortifications and evidently beautiful buildings, was deserted and allowed to go into decay. The only explanation seemed to be that when a new king came into power he wanted to do something to

brighten his reign, consequently would build new palaces, churches, etc., and abandon the old, and thus start a new city. Another example of brutal selfishness, as his only object was to reflect glory on his own self and reign, taking no account whatever of how such an act would affect his subjects in the way of ruining the value of their houses and property.

Little is known of the history of this ancient city, in fact very little is known of the history of Delhi prior to the date of the Mohammedan conquest in 1193.



## CHAPTER XXXIV

### JEYPORE

A ride of eight hours on a narrow gauge railroad and in an Indian narrow gauge sleeping car brought us to our last point in interior India. Jeypore is a city of nearly 150,000 and is the first truly Indian city we visited on our tour through India, as all the others were under British rule, while Jeypore is still an independent state, governed by the maharaja, this city being his capital. To the tourist desiring to see India as India, Jeypore is most interesting of all.

The government of the maharaja speaks well for his reign, indeed, in many respects conditions compare most favorably with those existing under British rule. Jeypore, as stated, is an Indian city, there being only fourteen houses occupied by Europeans. The city differs materially from the native quarters of other cities visited, both in architecture and width and condition of the streets. The principal streets are over 100 feet wide, and are in most excellent condition. The buildings are mostly two and three stories high, and of a peculiarly Indian style. These streets are continually thronged with natives, many in gay colored clothing, many with little or none. The women have a peculiar style here in that they have a narrow band across the breast, which is separated from the skirt by ten or twelve inches, thus leaving the abdomen ex-

posed. Elephants, camels, peafowls and monkeys are as plentiful as yellow dogs in the streets of Damascus. The "yaller dog" also has his home here, as we saw more dogs and puppies in the streets of Jeypore than in any city previously visited. Jeypore boasts of one of the most beautiful museums I ever saw, while her botanical and zoölogical gardens are a credit to her. It was our pleasure to drive to the public garden and listen to most excellent music by a native band of about 50 pieces, under a European leader.

The palace and stables of the maharaja, located in the city, are fair as palaces go, and may be visited by obtaining a pass from the government. The great point of interest, however, is a visit to the ruins of Amber and its palace. It is located in a gorge of the mountain, five miles from the city, and also requires a pass to permit a visit. The first three miles is traveled in good carriages over an excellent road, passing on the way innumerable formerly palatial residences and palaces of the nobility of olden times, now in ruins, the reason being given that either the wealth or stability of the families has passed away, hence the neglect of these, their suburban homes. We also passed whole caravans of camels with their heavy burdens; these animals take the place of road wagons, as they carry immense loads of merchandise, quietly plodding along the dusty highways; in the city of Agra we saw about 70 within the distance of a city square. Arriving at the foot of the mountain where it was too steep for carriages, we were met by immense elephants caparisoned as if part of a circus. Mounting three, three to an elephant, making time with the driver who

sits astride the neck, we participated in our first elephant ride for a distance of two miles over a road generally good but in some places very rough and steep. With this ride as a sample I would not choose elephant riding as a steady diet.

Amber, as stated, was located in a gorge in the mountain and was the capital until 1728, when it was removed to Jeypore, and from that time to this the city with its wonderful palaces has gone steadily into ruins. I made inquiry as to why such a beautiful city, surrounded by immense walls running to the very mountain tops, each peak of which was crowned with a fort, was abandoned, and was informed that it was because the astrologers said that the planets indicated that it should be abandoned at the end of five hundred years of its existence. The palace is a wonderful specimen of old-time architecture. Its erection was begun in 1600. It is of immense size, capable of accommodating the king, his courtiers and retainers, with careful provision for cooping up his immense harem of wives and concubines, none of whom were permitted to be seen by other men. Nestling on a lower plane than the palace, but in plain view from its windows, there is a lake which was formerly kept full of immense crocodiles, and into which prisoners were cast to be eaten by these voracious reptiles for the amusement of those in the palace.

In the palace is a temple in which in olden time a human being was offered in sacrifice to the god Kali each morning, and to preserve the custom (in form at least) a goat is still offered daily. Though the city is a complete mass of ruins, the palace is kept in good



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repair, being in charge of proper custodians. What horrible and devilish doings these walls have seen in those old days, when might was the sole dictator as to right, can well be imagined after seeing the dungeons, underground passageways, etc. We were informed that there is even now an underground passage extending from here to the palace of the maharaja in Jeypore. The present maharaja does not differ materially from his old-time predecessors in one respect at least, in that he possesses a harem consisting of four wives and three hundred and fifty concubines. Of course, it is understood that these worse than prisoners, being shut in for life, are not allowed to go to shops, market or elsewhere, consequently there is a court provided, surrounded by balconies *for* the women, and into this court *females* are allowed to come in and display their goods to be bargained *for*. Whether they have "Friday bargain days," or specially prepared bargain counters, as they do in the outer world, I did not learn.

The merchants of Jeypore are obtrusively energetic. They spread their wares, consisting mostly of old armor and cheap jewelry, out in front of the porch of the hotel and begin their campaign. They will not accept no, but keep nagging you so long as you are in sight. In manufacture the specialty of Jeypore is ornamental brass work.

One thing I would not neglect to state, that the tourist not only misses the presence of the familiar *red-coat* (British soldier) but also that sense of security which he always feels when he sees these boys on duty. A gentleman resident of Jeypore told us that

there were a great many thugs and garroters in the district, reckless men who came down from the mountains and did not hesitate to take life if it stood in the way of their securing booty. He advised us not to go out of the hotel at night.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### SOME REFLECTIONS

During our ride of 29 hours from here to Bombay, we saw fully a thousand wild monkeys; some were in trees, others hopping over the ground, stopping to stare at us as the train rushed by; indeed, I think we must have gone through Monkey Land. Peafowl are also seen wild in many places along the road. India is also noted for the great variety of beautifully plumaged birds, which we saw everywhere, while traveling through the country.

Upon our arrival in Bombay, the end of our railroad riding in India, and from which we sailed for home, we sang, from the bottom of our hearts, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The tour through the country was intensely interesting, as furnishing the only way of seeing India, yet, owing to the peculiar system of travel, the dust of the dry season, the jerky motion of the cars, added to the poor sleeping accommodations, and the uninvited thought of the plague, it is exceedingly tiresome and wearying.

A critical examination of different kinds of manufactured articles as produced in India, causes me to believe that her people never did attain to the highest ideal of delicate work, such as can be seen in other Oriental countries, and further, that, instead of advancing in art work as others have done, she is rather

degenerating. The jewelry, silver and brass work and, in fact, nearly all of her products show a lack of attention to detail; in other words, it will not bear close inspection, for under a glass the most of the metal work looks as if some boy had made it with a pair of pinchers. Even China excels her in this respect, as the dirty, stinking city of Canton produces some of the finest wood and ivory carving, filigree silver and embroidery to be found in the East. But for really fine work in all art lines Japan is far and away ahead of all of them; her cloisonné, fine china, ivory and wood carving, embroideries of all kinds show an attention to fine detail work. It is really no wonder that the Japanese people are forging ahead and claiming a place among the progressive nations of the world, for while other peoples are content to produce a few old chestnuts, such as their ancestors made centuries ago, the Japanese have their merchants all over the world, forcing their goods upon the market, and at the same time watching for anything new and desirable which they have not only the ability but the disposition to reproduce. One thing one learns by close study of Japanese products at home, that the great majority of Japanese stuff forced upon the foreign market, apparently at almost any price, is only worth what it brings, or less. If you want the finer quality of Japanese goods, you can get all you want, but you must pay for them, for her real artists, in all lines of manufacture, are like all true artists, both proud and independent, and you must pay their prices, if you want their goods. When critically compared with other products made for the general market, there is

as much difference to be seen as between a fine painting from the Salon of Paris and the work of some student. In speaking thus of the art work of these nations I have reference to mechanical art only, for with the exception of ivory miniature painting in which the Indians excel, and needle embroidery, lacquer, and cut velvet effects, specialties of the Japanese, they present nothing in the picture line worth mentioning; indeed, the attempts at painting by either the Chinese, Indians or Japanese are scarcely worth notice. If the benighted heathens of India ever do manage to pray less and work more they might be busy in more ways than one.

One of the greatest sources of suffering and indeed, of suffering is the want of drinking water in India. From the time we landed in Calcutta until our arrival in Bombay, a month ago, we never had a drink of natural water except the one for a day-jeeing where they get good mountain water fresh from a spring. It is true they do, in a few of the hotels that they filtered the drinking water but as it was either taken from wells in the cities and would naturally be polluted by surface drainage, or else taken from the filthy rivers nearly every foot of whose shores is taken up either by bathers or clothes washers, we could not muster up courage to drink it, especially if we first put it to our noses. We really suffered for water, as the vile stuff they supply in bottles called soda, is full of acid and requires a strong stomach to stand it, and, in my opinion, it causes much sickness if not, in some cases at least, death. One who has never suffered for want of water cannot fully under-



stand the agony of seeing it drawn from thousands of wells along the way and yet fear to drink of it.

Owing to the scarcity of fuel, everything inflammable is used for that purpose, one of the principal sources being animal manure, every particle of which is gathered up, patted into cakes and dried in the sun, when it is ready for market. They use all kinds of places for the purpose of drying it; as we drove or walked through the native quarters of the cities or villages, we saw it plastered up against tombs, houses, temples or any other old place, and would meet native girls and women with great baskets of it on their heads.

There is one most remarkable thing in regard to the natives of these far-East countries, owing to their religion, they do little or no drinking, and in all of our travels we never saw an intoxicated native.

One of the most curious facts in history is the ability of a conquering power to take possession of a people, bring them into subjection and then virtually keep them so by an army organized from themselves. That is the condition of India, as there are but few European soldiers kept here, except officers for native troops, and many of them are native, and seem very proud of their rank.

I believe that India possesses a greater variety of cattle than any other country in the world; the caribou, yak and, I really think, nearly a hundred other varieties are to be seen everywhere, and further, it is a country of "bullocks' rights," that is, to do nearly all the hauling; they are yoked in a very odd style, to our eyes, and haul all kinds of vehicles, both passen-

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ger and freight, as well as being used for riding. More than that, nearly every city or district seems to have a specialty in form of vehicles.

Notwithstanding that the railroads in India are well ballasted with stone, owing to its being the dry season it was both hot and dusty, and we were more than glad to pull into the Bombay station.

Oh! how good it did feel to take a bath and put on clean clothes, possessed with the satisfaction that we would not be all sand and dust again within a few hours, and thankful that we had come through without any serious illness in our party.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### BOMBAY

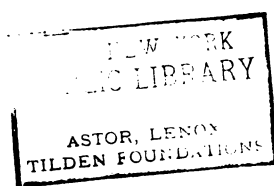
Bombay is a great big commercial seaport city, containing about one million inhabitants. It is the principal shipping and receiving port for India, and has regular lines of steamers running to all the principal ports of Europe and elsewhere. The commercial and government section abounds in most beautiful and substantial buildings. The native quarters differ from most other Indian cities in that many of the buildings are four and five stories high and of peculiarly characteristic designs. In Bombay there is not much of interest to the stranger, especially if he has seen India before coming here. It is true that, like other cities, it has its peculiarities as to dress and costume. The full dress (that is, as we speak of full dress at home, making as much or more exposure than the laws of morality endorse) is not so general as elsewhere, more of the natives wearing European clothes; it is still noticeable that many children *forget* to dress, except in a coating of dirt, that many of the men are in the same condition except for a loin-string, while many of the women wear the "sheet-dress" used elsewhere by men, that is, a piece of cloth thrown around the waist, passed between the legs in such a manner as to expose the legs almost to the hips. What do they care,—  
"When in Rome, do as the Romans do."



NAUTCH GIRLS, DELHI.

from the plague, yet on the surface of society there was no visible in-anything wrong. One European always have the plague, so get us to undergo a rigid medical system would permit us to sail. I curse of the caste system of that this abomination stands in India, under British rule, taking it out these Oriental plague of more rigid sanitary measures. India has a great mass of humanity and the lesson learned by the might her to be very cautious in will eventually be compelled to take measures for protecting the people even if it does tread upon their rights to be that any measures of better sanitary regulations, or what not, is in thousands of castes as an attempt to interfere with their own rules and regulations as had enforced in Cuba, Porto Rico be adopted, it would be a world. Will this be done?





On the top of Malabar Hill, about 100 feet above sea level and overlooking the city, are located the celebrated "Towers of Silence," the final resting place of all Parsi followers. This is a religious sect who reverence and worship the elements, and therefore contend that fire should not be contaminated by burning the dead body, water by throwing it into it, nor the earth by burying in it. They, therefore, have a system of their own. The grounds in which the towers are located are beautifully laid out and planted with flowers and trees, much as we adorn our cemeteries. There are five towers, round in shape, the largest being 276 feet in circumference, 25 feet high. They are open at the top and have a door on one side; about half way between top and bottom there is a grating, slanting towards the center, where there is a well down to the ground. When a Parsi dies, four professional carriers take the body upon a bier, followed by two bearded men (also professionals) and, perhaps, 100 Parsis in white robes. This procession enters the sacred grounds. A prayer is offered and a certain form of funeral service is gone through with. The door in one of the Towers of Silence is opened, the body is carried in, and laid on the grating in an entirely nude state. This is done by the two bearded men mentioned, who are the only ones permitted to enter the tower. They pass out, and the hundreds of vile vultures which can be seen sitting on the edge of these towers, and on the adjoining roofs, awaiting their chance, pounce down upon the body, and within two hours nothing is left but the bare skeleton. This is pushed into the well in the center, where the action of

the sun and wind soon resolves it into dust. The rains coming on cause it to flow away through prepared channels filled with charcoal and gravel, thus purifying it before it is absorbed by the ground. In India there are three distinct methods of disposing of the dead; the Mohammedans bury, the Hindus burn and the Parsis do as above indicated.

About six miles across the bay from Bombay there is an island called Elephanta, because many years ago a mass of rock on the island had been cut into the shape of a mammoth elephant. In 1814 the elephant lost its head, and in 1864 the then shapeless mass was brought to Bombay and placed in the Victoria Gardens. The point of interest now in this island, however, is the fact that there exists upon it one of the ancient cave temples, such as are found in India and Ceylon. To say that this one is a disappointment after crossing the bay for six miles in a little steam launch, and then climbing up between one and two hundred stone steps, all done under a Bombay broiling sun, is putting it mildly, but it is one of the show places of Bombay, and she has but few, so we went. The temple is in three sections, cut into the solid rocky side of the hill; the roof is supported by immense stone columns well carved and shaped, while on the walls are well modeled figures of men and women. The temple contained several shrines, and when new it must have been a beautiful piece of work; now many of the columns are down, others are broken and have been restored. We came to India to see the sights; this is one of them; we saw it and so performed our duty.

While we were in Bombay, the papers were report-

ing 187 deaths daily from the plague, yet on the surface of business and society there was no visible indication that there was anything wrong. One European said to me, "We always have the plague, so get used to it." It caused us to undergo a rigid medical examination before they would permit us to sail. I have spoken about the curse of the caste system of India, and it appears that this abomination stands in the way of civilization, under British rule, taking proper measures to stamp out these Oriental plague spots, by the adoption of more rigid sanitary measures. It is true that England has a great mass of humanity to deal with in India, and the lesson learned by the mutiny of 1857 has taught her to be very cautious in her dealings, yet she will eventually be compelled to adopt more strenuous measures for protecting the health of her subjects, even if it does tread upon their corns. The trouble seems to be that any measures taken for the introduction of better sanitary regulations, sewers, use of disinfectants, or what not, is interpreted by some of the thousands of castes as an attempt to destroy their caste or to interfere with their religion. If such sanitary rules and regulations as our country introduced and enforced in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines be adopted, it would be a godsend to India and the world. Will this be done? Time alone can answer.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

### RELIGIONS AND CASTES OF INDIA

It is not my intention to go into this subject except in a casual manner, believing that some reference may add interest to this story of our tour. In following this idea I shall not go back to the Vedic ideas of gods, for they embraced many, but rather begin with what might be termed historic India.

To each of the four Vedas were attached Brahmanas, giving directions regarding sacrifices, priestly duties, etc. These, like the Vedas, were claimed to be the word of God.

We have all heard of the numerous castes existing in India. These started originally by the creation of four castes: first, the priests or Brahmins; second, the warriors, called Rajputs; third, the Aryan or agriculturists; fourth, the Sudras or serfs. Rigid rules came into use governing the relations of these castes. The Brahmins assumed the highest rank, claiming that it had been given them by God, and that in the creation of the world the Brahmin came from the mouth of the Creator. The Brahmins recognized that in order to maintain spiritual supremacy they must renounce earthly pomp, thus making a wise use of their power. They also gave up all claim to the royal office. Their youth and early manhood was spent in learning the Veda or sacred book by heart from the



older Brahmans. In their daily lives they set an example to the other classes, by strict temperance, simple diet and curbing of all worldly desires. Three thousand years of such hereditary education has produced in the Brahmans of the present India the highest type of Indian manhood. They are not only noted and marked by their superior literary knowledge and attainments, but their long exclusive education and devotion have produced a race within a race, marked by their distinct and commanding appearance, "tall and slim with finely modeled lips and nose, fair complexion, high forehead and slightly cocoanut-shaped skull,—the man of self-centered refinement." They have produced the priests, philosophers, law givers, men of science and poets of their race. The Brahmans, in their study and research, saw that the gods of the Vedic hymns were not supreme beings but poetic creations, and that back of the gods claimed in the Veda there must be a one first cause, but, like the priests of Egypt and other countries, they did not proclaim this decision to the people for fear of losing their hold upon and power over them.

The Hindu Trinity consisted of Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver and Siva the Destroyer and Reproducer. The Brahmans thus built up the religion of the Indian people at least 500 years before Christ. All good Brahmans were required to learn the Veda by heart, and, as they were the only educated people in India, from them came all the literary productions of the nation. Fully 3,000 years ago they had produced a fairly correct calculation of the solar year, dividing it into 360 days, with an extra month added

every five years to make up for the  $5\frac{1}{4}$  odd days per annum. They were also acquainted with the phases of the moon, motion of the planets, etc. They had an art of music of their own, having seven recognized notes comprising the same, at least four centuries before Christ. They made law a part of their religion; they had rules governing marriage, inheritance and food, but especially did they direct their efforts to the preservation of the recognized castes, keeping them apart, forbidding them to intermarry, etc., for on the maintenance of this division of society into castes depended their supremacy. Under Brahman law it is unlawful for a woman to have two husbands, yet in southern India it is the custom.

As I have stated previously, Guatama founded Buddhism in India about 653 B. C. This new creed, with all of its beautiful self-sacrificing teachings, gained a strong hold upon the people, and for a thousand years threatened to uproot Brahmanism, but through the exertions of the Brahmans it was driven out of India in the ninth century A. D., and Brahmanism resumed its sway. Notwithstanding that Buddhism was thus driven out of the land which gave it birth, it still has about 500,000,000 followers throughout the world, though it is my opinion that the mass of these people are thus claimed because they have no other profession. Brahman theology has at times produced great reformers who, like Luther, Calvin and Wesley, have denounced the evils existing in and connected with their religion, and sought by holy crusades to inaugurate a new and better condition of affairs; these efforts have met with more or less success. Perhaps one of



the most noted of these was one Behar, in the eighth century A. D. This learned man chose twelve disciples from among the common people, thus, to a certain extent following the example of Christ, and setting aside the recognized caste of India, which, under early Brahman teaching, took no account of the lower races. He went about preaching the existence of one personal God, against the Buddhistic teaching which did not recognize such. Other reformers arose from time to time, but I have not the time or space to follow further.

The division into castes, which we have seen started with four, has gone on increasing until it is impossible to even guess at the present number, but there are no less than 3,000 of them which have separate names and regard themselves as separate classes. These divisions into classes depend upon race, occupation and geographical position; separate castes cannot intermarry with each other, and but few of them can eat together. One rule of almost absolute requirement is that no Hindu of good caste can touch food cooked or prepared by a man of inferior caste. By general acceptance each caste must not change its occupation, that is to say, a man being a farmer, shoemaker, blacksmith or whatever his calling, his children and his children's children are expected to follow the same calling. As a matter of fact, however, under modern environments, brought about by the occupation by England and the consequent association with Europeans, they have imbibed newer ideas to a limited extent, and some have been known to change to a higher caste.

Such is the condition of society as formed by and

based upon the Hindu religion as created by the poetical Veda and fostered by the rule of Brahmanism. It is true that a spirit of charity and benevolence was infused into it by the introduction of Buddhism, which gave to it many of its most worthy and praiseworthy institutions, founded upon charity, care for the sick, aged and helpless, but still it lacks all the true elements of Christianity based upon the equality of man and the all-important truth that God is the Father of all mankind and that Christ came into the world as the Saviour of all, rich or poor, high or low, learned or unlearned.

The history of Mohammedanism in India is one of war and bloodshed. It is well known to all students of history that this religion is one, not of "Peace on earth," but of war; in other words, the founder and his followers have carried the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other, and thus offered the religion of Mohammed or death. To this faith the Indian people have only taken indifferently; in consequence it has gone through a history of ups and downs.

In dismissing the subject, however, we must give credit to the Indian people for their adherence to and faithful preservation of their national religion for a period of about 3,000 years. It is true that, like the Israelites of old as well as of the professed followers of the meek and lowly Christ, in more than one instance of the world's history, they departed from the teachings of the true faith, followed after false gods, or foolishly quarreled among themselves regarding this or that dogma or doctrine, instead of seeking to be simply what they professed by living up to their pro-

fessions. In doing this, notwithstanding the fact that true Hinduism, as understood by the priesthood, recognizes but one God as the creator, they have set up in their temples, homes and by the wayside, images of wood and stone to which they bow down and worship as the visible representatives of God the Father, or else some local god as recognized more or less by the ancient Indian people. Races have swept over India, dynasties have risen, flourished and passed away, religions have swept over the earth and disappeared, but the Brahman priesthood has calmly ruled the intellect, the thought and the religious belief of the Indian people. Owing to the rigid rules inflicted by caste, upheld and taught by the great and powerful Brahman priesthood, the teachers and preachers of the religion of Christ have a difficult task before them. What success they will attain the future alone can tell. It is difficult to uproot a belief which has existed for thousands of years, and in which the people of a nation have lived and died for untold generations, as witness the fact that, notwithstanding that Buddhism introduced a new element in the form of sweet charity, and also taught that self-punishment and penance as practiced under Hinduism were not acceptable to God, but rather, clean living and love of fellow man, yet Buddhism after flourishing for more than a thousand years was banished, and self-torture and hundreds of other Hindu evils are practiced in the country to-day, and its devotees may be seen upon the street corners and by the wayside all over India.



## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### FORTUNE-TELLERS AND JUGGLERS

There are some things in Indian travel which interest and amuse the tourist, among which are the fortune-tellers and jugglers, the former, like similar frauds the world over, being the most arrant humbugs. One of these beings who can read both the past and future was operating upon some members of our party, and as I came up one of them said, "Come, Major, let us hear your destiny for the benefit of your family." For want of something better to do I submitted. That these frauds work by cues and hints, nods of the head in approval or disapproval, or, in other words, by what they can pick up and guessing at the rest, I have always contended, and this case proved my point to perfection. When I sat down I offered to wager that he could not tell me a thing of my life, either past or future. This wise man rolled his eyes and assured "Master" that his was a divine insight by which he was enabled to read one's life as he had lived, and that which was to come. "Fire away, old humbug," said I. "Yes, humbug," he answered, not knowing its meaning, and he fired away; note the result. He heard my friend call me Major and speak of my family, and as we were in a city which was an English army post, he took the bait, hook, line, sinker and all, and away he went. My

fortune. He told me I was a military man and was highly appreciated for my bravery as an officer, that the newspapers had been filled with my praise and that I had already received much promotion, but that during the coming year I would have another higher promotion and be decorated with high honors, etc., etc., until I began to wonder what Lord Roberts or Kitchener would think, if I should be promoted over them. He then went into the family side of my life, and away he went again by telling me that I was married (safe enough, as he had heard my wife speak to me in a way that left little to be surmised on that point); but listen, I was the father of six children. Holy Smoke! what a revelation, and in the presence of my wife and friends who knew full well that I only claimed or recognized one. All the time I kept nodding my head in approval and never cracked a smile, making him think he was doing a wonderful piece of scientific work. Mind you, this man was no novice, but had his pockets full of the strongest recommendations as to his skill in the mystic art of which he was said to be a "past master." Thus I played the poor sucker until he had not only swallowed the bait and all the rest of the fishing tackle, but was trying to juggle down my bamboo rod as well, when I reeled him in, landed him on drydock by informing him that of all the humbugs I had even seen he was the worst, as he was not even a good guesser. In seeking whom he might devour thereafter, this man gave me a wide berth. If the fortune-tellers are frauds (as they naturally always are) the Indian jugglers are by all odds the best we ever saw. They come to the hotels,

squat down on the pavement or on the veranda, and, notwithstanding our party entirely surrounded them, they would do the most wonderful tricks right under our noses, producing chickens, birds, making the mango tree grow, etc., etc. Some of their tricks were old and familiar as to explanation, yet they were one and all done in the most skillful manner possible, many of them defying detection.

We had anticipated enjoying fine tropical fruits while traveling in India, but were somewhat disappointed. They have bananas and small India oranges (we call them tangerines), guavas and occasionally pineapples, but none of them are of extra quality.

The farther we traveled on our way across the country, the more were we impressed with the number of pilgrims who had been to the sacred river Ganges, washed away their sins in its filthy, polluted water, and were now returning to their homes, carrying a quantity of the sacred water in two vessels concealed in two baskets, one on each end of a pole carried across the shoulder. Some of them who wore beards had them dyed red, yellow or blue. I asked our native guide—to whom I have referred as sporting a beautiful set of blue whiskers—as to the meaning of the different shades. He said that it was only a matter of taste; wherein the taste is displayed in these variegated whiskers, we failed to appreciate.

Some of the attempts of the natives to use English are quite amusing. In the botanical garden at Singapore they have a small zoölogical garden, and the guide books speak of an extraordinarily large snake of the boa constrictor species. One of our party asked the

keeper as to his snakeship's whereabouts; he answered, "At present he is dead."

Delhi seems to be the headquarters for the Nautch singing and dancing girls. We frequently met a group of them with their musicians in the streets, or at show places visited, seeking patronage for their weird performance. Speaking of these girls and their calling (which does not savor of either purity or virtue) an American lady who had lived in India for thirty years told me that the Nautch girls constituted a distinct class or caste, into which they were born and from which they cannot escape, and further, that they are the best educated of the native girls. Poor creatures, born with the mark of Cain upon them, with no thought or hope of rising above it. I asked our native guide if none of these girls ever reformed. He said, "No, they are born Nautch girls and cannot be anything else, because their *parents were Nautch girls*,"—rather a phenomenon in nature, I thought, but as he was supposed to know, I did not correct him.

Seeing a wedding go by, as we were in a store in Delhi,—the bride was only a child of not more than ten years—I asked the proprietor at how early an age these child brides become mothers. "Oh!" said he, "It is a matter of luck, it comes of *luck*." Rather contradictory, I would think.

Before coming to India some of our party were bemoaning the fact that we were to have but *one month* in India. Well, let me say for the benefit and information of any future pilgrims traveling this way, that before we were through with our month, we voted, unanimously, that we had all we wanted, and *one of*

the happiest moments of our tour was the sailing of our good ship out of Bombay harbor, notwithstanding the fact that it was the beginning of our longest ocean voyage, covering (with a few calls) about twenty-five days' sail.



## CHAPTER XXXIX

### EN ROUTE

Four and a half days of perfect sailing on a most excellent steamer of the P. & O. line, the *Oriental*, brought us to Aden in Arabia, where we transferred to the *Moldavia*, the Australian steamer of the same line, bound for London. Although she is a twin screw boat, and makes excellent time, she requires six weeks to make the voyage from Sydney, Australia, to London. The architects of this ocean palace designed with a lavish hand as to dining saloon, music room, etc., but chopped the sleeping cabins up into rooms about 7 x 9 feet. In a general way the P. & O. S. N. Co. has no superior in service on the water. The boats are kept scrupulously clean, the beds are good, and, with a few exceptions, the table has no superior. The breakfasts are excellent, the dinners are good, but one naturally wonders where they get so much cauliflower and cabbage to the crowding out of nearly all other vegetables; cabbage for one dinner, cauliflower the next, and so they go on alternating. They are also great for game, and as they generally permit it to pass slightly beyond the danger line before cooking it, I cannot say that it might be called savory to the average American taste. But, if these slight criticisms may be made of their dinners, personally I would wipe their luncheons out of the possibilities, at least for one who does not like cold meats. They serve but one hot meat and if

that were a roast I would make no criticism, but when it nearly always consisted of a steak or meat pie, served very strong and with a dough as sad as its appearance made us, it caused us to regret that we had not eaten all of the second-hand meat the day before.

On board the steamer *Moldavia* we had the privilege of meeting with a ship load of Australian English, "don't you know?" and they were the most decided specimens of the Cockney English, both in speech and dress, "don't you know?" that we have ever met. They seemed very social (among themselves), "don't you know?" and in the twelve days we were with them I became acquainted with two, and found them very pleasant gentlemen, but they were *not* from Australia, "don't you know?" By the way, speaking of odd people, did you ever meet with one of the loud-mouthed, boastful, chronic tourists? I have on more than one occasion, and blushed with shame because of their nationality. On one occasion, while in one of the islands of the West Indies, having a special letter to the American Consul, accompanied by a few friends, I called at the consulate. We found two ladies from our steamer ahead of us, one of them, a been-every-place, know-it-all, had the floor, and I thought we would never get a chance to present ourselves. Mrs. B. K. had traveled everywhere and was on familiar terms with all persons of note in all foreign countries. She spoke familiarly of the numerous consuls in Europe, South America and elsewhere, calling many of them by their first names, in fact she stated that she was one of the best traveled persons in the

world, etc. Finally, getting a chance lull, occasioned by her stopping to get her breath, I asked one of our party if he had ever visited Soho (a notorious mill district of Pittsburg). He asked where that was, and I answered, "somewhere between Russia and Siberia." The interruption had a magical effect. Soho was one place Mrs. B. K. had no knowledge of, and she subsided. In fact, Americans often have to blush for some of our American tourists who, guide book in hand, seem to think that the louder they talk and more attention they attract, the more important they will appear. That is just where they make their mistake, as intelligent travelers, both American and foreign, generally admire the wise ones who have acquired the happy faculty of keeping their eyes open and mouths shut.

From Aden we sail almost due west for half a day to the mouth of the Red Sea, thence through it in a west of north course. The Red Sea seems such a strip on the maps that I did not conceive what a large body of water it really is. It extends almost north and south, being nearly fourteen hundred miles long by about eighty wide. When a boy I read a story of two ministers traveling in the far West. They were on horseback and, as it kept raining almost unceasingly, the younger man kept worrying for fear a certain bridge, by which they must cross a river near the end of their journey, should be swept away. Finally, the older man said, "My dear brother, I have lived long enough to have learned to never cross a bridge until I get there." It is merely a simple version of an oft-told admonition, which had a very forceful illustration



in our anticipation of our sail on the Red Sea on our homeward voyage. We had all read such frightful accounts of the excessively hot weather usually encountered by voyagers on the Red Sea. Some members of our party began to suffer almost as soon as we left home, in anticipation of the roasting we were to get on our way through; I several times admonished them not to cross the bridge until we got there. Sailing west from Aden, it was quite warm indeed, as the slight wind blowing was from behind us. When we turned into the mouth of the sea, called by the sailors "The Mouth of Hell," the wind came on our forward quarter, and, as the northeast monsoon was still prevailing, we sailed through the entire length of the sea under the most enjoyable conditions, fine ship, perfect weather and lovely sea, so that all unpleasant anticipations were put to flight by a most pleasant reality. In sailing over this beautiful sea one naturally thinks what a waste of water it was before the opening of the Suez Canal, when it had but one opening at its southern end, and having no cities, or productive country about it, it was virtually a water desert, on one side the deserts and waste lands of Arabia, on the other like conditions of Nubia and Egypt.

Four days' sailing, first through the sea and then through the world-famed Suez Canal, brings us to Port Said at the Mediterranean end of the canal. It is well known that the Suez Canal was designed by a Frenchman, built by a corporation and was afterwards bought up, as far as its control is concerned, by the British government. It connects the northern end of the Red Sea at Suez with the eastern end of the Medi-

terranean at Port Said. It is eighty-seven miles in length and, with the exception of a few small lakes, is a canal, pure and simple, and cost over a hundred million dollars in its construction. It runs its entire length through barren deserts of sand, and requires constant dredging to remove the deposits of sand being constantly blown or caving into it. We saw hundreds of camels being used to carry the sand away back from its shores; the poor animals were required to kneel down, while the Arabs would fill two large baskets strapped on their backs; they would then get upon their feet with the greatest difficulty and trudge back with their load; rather a slow way, one would think, for removing dirt, but where labor is cheap and the banks high, I doubt not it may be the most practical. Our ship was 9,500 tons and, as they charge by tonnage as well as on passengers, I was informed that our passage (one trip) through the canal would cost the P. & O. Co. about \$25,000.00, that this same company, which is the great far east company from England, paid about \$2,500,000.00 annually in tolls to the canal company, and that the canal company paid 15 per cent dividends. One peculiar feature of this canal is, notwithstanding the fact that it connects two bodies of water through a waste desert for a distance of nearly a hundred miles, they are virtually on a level, and no locks are required. The trip through the canal by daylight is a most interesting and instructive experience, and the traveler has plenty of time to enjoy it, as the steamer is limited to five miles an hour, besides the necessary waits in passing places for other steamers.



## CHAPTER XI.

### EGYPT

Port Said is a place of no particular importance to the traveler, as it is only a commercial city at the mouth of the Suez Canal, and is a storing and coaling station for steamers going east or west.

There are two important cities in Egypt, Alexandria, a seaport on the Mediterranean, and Cairo, some 120 miles up the Nile. Alexandria in its modern quarters much resembles a European city, but cross the line into the native part, and wander along the crooked, narrow streets, either here or in Cairo, and you seem to have been carried back thousands of years. Alexandria was founded by Alexander the Great, when he was conquering the then known world. We are told that Alexander, after conquering the world, wept because there were no more worlds for him to conquer. This was his city, and in it lived Saint Mark, one of the Apostles, who wrote those memorable words, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." It seems a strange coincidence at least. At one time Alexandria was the Athens of the world, the seat of learning, and to it flocked the sages and philosophers of the time. It had its colleges, libraries and museums; it is claimed that at one time its library contained 700,000 books of manuscript, but at the time of a Roman invasion, 50 years B. C., the

torch was applied, the city largely destroyed, and the vast and incalculably valuable library went to ashes. How priceless would such a collection be in this delving and digging age, when every brick, piece of papyrus or pottery bearing any inscription is unearthed and by much labor deciphered in search for historical facts. But, alas! we have no such source of knowledge, so must unearth the mummies of those who lived thousands of years ago to secure the papyri buried with them in order to try to connect up and complete their history.

Cairo is the largest city in Africa and the second in the Turkish Empire, with a population of 400,000. Its modern part will compare favorably with many European cities; it is well supplied with most excellent hotels, and, during the winter season, is crowded with tourists. The great university, the seat of learning of Cairo and of the Moslem faith, is located here. It is over 900 years old, covers an area of two acres, its roof supported by 400 columns, and is capable of accommodating 10,000 students at one time. From it go forth the priests and teachers of this fanatical faith.

To one coming to Cairo the greatest point of interest is the great Pyramid of Cheops, one of a long chain of pyramids extending up the Nile. Formerly it was reached from Cairo on donkey or in carriage, but now they have dragged it down into these unromantic times by constructing an electric line out to it. It stands on a raised plateau of sandy desert, and can be seen from any direction long before you reach the city. One of the things to be done by most visitors

seeing it for the first time is both to enter and climb to its summit. I did both some years ago, and consequently have become immune to the extreme exploration fever, and could not now be induced to do either. Upon paying a stipulated fee to the chief sheik you are supplied with two Arabs. The entrance is forty-eight feet from the ground, and consists of an opening three feet four inches in height by three feet eleven inches wide. Into this hole I succeeded in crowding my six feet of stature, with an Arab in front and one behind; so in we went, sliding down the dark passageway at an angle of 27 degrees for 60 feet, where we came to the lowest point of the passage, and were obliged to get down upon hands and knees and crawl under a large block of stone held in place by two bars of iron. We then ascended in a passage of the same size and at the same angle for a distance of 120 feet, when we reached the grand or main chamber of the pyramid. All this time we were in total darkness except for a meager light furnished by a stinking burner carried by one of our noble Arabs. The place was void of air and full of the finest and most stifling dust, and had to me a most disagreeable, sepulchral smell and appearance, and I thought I should faint. Sitting down I tried to pull myself together and muster up sufficient strength and courage to retrace my steps. While in this mood and condition, my Arabs began importuning me to buy their scarabs, coins and other *genuine* antiques (cart loads of which are being made in Europe every year and brought down to Egypt and buried in order to make them "genuine"). I felt like annihilating

them for their importunities. But suddenly it is so, as I needed them in order to get out. I had not sooner reached the open air, and instant in the wonderful sunlight and filled my image with "and I was as" than our conductor asked me if I was not glad to have gone in. I answered, "Yes, but a thousand times gladder to come out." I would advise to the ascent of the pyramid, as there is nothing but an empty sarcophagus to see, and nothing whatever to expect, save for the horrors of the undertaking.

I would, however, advise anyone who wishes to make the ascent of the pyramid. It is not a difficult undertaking, and will leave with you a reminder of the trip for some weeks. It is not a matter of muscles, but the view from its summit will full amply for the trouble. The great pyramid is nearly 300 feet in height and, being built of blocks of stone four and four feet thick, makes the ascent rather difficult. Two of two Arabs, one pushing the other pushing, may reach the top. Now sit down and recover your breath, and be bothered by these tedious lands until you get rested. Then stand up and look around you. To the west, as far as the eye can reach, extends the yellow, sandy desert, not a blade of grass or a single insect, void of all life. From above and to the north the Nile valley, and what a beautiful panorama is spread out before you; in your front and to the right and left, as far as you can see, extends the fertile valley. Running through the green landscape, like threads of silver, the little irrigating canals wind their way, while extending south to north flows the Nile river. Passing here and there along paths and paths



strings of camels and donkeys wend their way, bearing great burdens of grass or some other merchandise on their way to or from the busy marts of the city. To our left front lies the old city of Cairo, with the evening sun lighting up its domes and minarets,—truly a picture requiring to be seen in order to be appreciated.

But another thought came to me as I sat upon the top of this old monument. As it is over 4,000 years old, it was hoary with age in the days of the sojourn of the children of Israel in Egypt's land, and, seeing some of our party walking arm in arm on the plains below, I thought that, no doubt, Moses and Aaron had also walked in its shadow, as they discussed the question of the liberation of their people from Egyptian bondage; and again, knowing that Joseph and Mary had fled into Egypt to save the child Jesus from the anger of King Herod, and that they sojourned in the vicinity of Cairo, no doubt they came out to see this one of the wonders of the world.

It would be tedious and uninteresting to attempt to describe the different pyramids, obelisks, tombs and temples of Egypt, so I shall briefly refer to one each as a representative of its class. The great pyramid on which we stand was nearly 500 feet in height when built; it is less now, as the top has been taken away, making a large platform on the summit. It covers thirteen acres at its base, and contains nearly 7,000,000 tons of stone, all brought from the Mokattam hills across the Nile. History informs us that it required 100,000 men ten years to build the road over which they slid the blocks of stone, and 200,000 men twenty



years to build the pyramid. All this time and labor for the selfish purpose of building a monument and tomb for the reigning Pharaoh! Old Mr. Cheops, we are informed, was such a selfish and cruel ruler that his friends were afraid to bury him in his own tomb, and in consequence they hid the body away, and it has never yet been found.

For solid comfort and quiet rest there is nothing like a steamer ride up the Nile. What reflections come to the mind of the thoughtful student of history, as he muses upon the countless millions who have lived and thrived in this same quiet valley, and, having answered the universal summons, whose bodies have gone back to enrich this mother earth which we see producing such bountiful harvests,—for none but the rich could afford to embalm their dead.

Among the most beautiful and populous localities of the valley in the years long gone by were the sites of ancient Luxor, Karnak and Thebes, between four and five hundred miles from the sea. The plains on both sides of the river are covered with the ruins of temples of such magnitude that we are safe in saying that they are in many respects the finest ruins in the world. The temple of Karnak is about 1,200 feet long by 338 feet wide, and is a marvel for its massive architecture. Its pylon or gateway stands 143 feet high by 372 feet wide, and from it extends chamber after chamber, the Peristyle Court, the Hypostyle Hall, and so on to the Holy of Holies into which only the king and high priest entered (the king representing the god Ammon). One hall in this temple has in it 134 columns, each of the larger ones being 69 feet high and 32 feet

in circumference,—larger than the Column Vendome in Paris or the Trajan Column in Rome; these columns stand so close as to make almost a solid mass, evidently placed there for the purpose of showing what could be done. Near by stands one of the finest of those massive obelisks which formerly dotted the Nile valley; it is 97½ feet high and weighs 3,673 tons, all in one piece of granite, polished as smooth as glass. How those ancient workmen succeeded in cutting this immense block of stone from the mountain side, brought it down the hundreds of miles from far-away Assuan, and placed it in position, no one to-day can say.

Then, across the Nile, the massive granite statues of Memnon, back of them, in the valleys among the barren mountains, the tombs of the kings, cut three and four hundred feet into the solid rock side of the mountain; and all of the walls and columns of the temples, the sides of the obelisks, and the walls and ceilings of the tombs, are covered over with hieroglyphic writings, setting forth the greatness of the reigning Pharaoh, placed there by his direction and for his self-glorification, and a greater aggregation of lies it would be hard to crowd into the same space. For many years the history of Egypt was incomplete, as the bodies of some of the Pharaohs were missing; this was especially the case with those known as the "Pharaohs of the Exodus." Twenty-odd years ago a cave was discovered in the hills back of Thebes, in which were piled, in an indiscriminate heap these missing mummies. It would appear as if, upon the occasion of some foreign invasion, they were removed from



their tombs to prevent their being desecrated in the search for plunder, as the ancient Egyptians often buried with their dead much treasure in the form of jewelry and ornaments. These bodies were brought out and now rest in the Boulak Museum near Cairo. In looking into their old faces, how one longs to extort from them the history of their lives, and in studying them you can almost recognize the different characters of the souls once imprisoned within these tenelements. There lies that cruel old Pharaoh who commanded the murder of all the male babes of the children of Israel, while another with a kindly face once looked with favor upon Joseph, had him send for his family, and in loving tones said to the aged Jacob, "How old art thou?"

After all how little we really know of this old world of ours and its past history. I can remember when as a boy I thought that our America began its history when it was discovered by Christopher Columbus, and that the savage tribes of Indians that were found in its forests were much like other wild animals. Well! that they kind of grew. But later study, then a tour of Mexico, dispelled all such ideas and filled my mind with questions which may never be answered.

We Americans cross the ocean and revel amidst the monuments of past greatness of the European and Oriental countries, while many who do so are in ignorance of what wonders in that line lie on our own continent, and almost at our very doors.

The school boy when asked, "By whom and when was America discovered?" promptly answers: "By Christopher Columbus, in 1492." But the traveler

who has visited the wonderful ruins of Mexico and Central and South America, may say: "Yes, but away back of that, by whom and when?" Wonderful cities showing a marvelous degree of civilization were found in these countries when conquered by the Spaniards in the early part of the sixteenth century. Mexico, for example, was populated by millions of people living in cities and towns of substantially-built houses, having recognized forms of government, working their mines and tilling the soil, and in their way rich beyond description in the possession of gold, silver and precious stones. They also had their religion, resembling in many respects the Christian belief, though they followed the horrible practice of human sacrifice to their gods. In the city of Tenochtitlan—which occupied the present site of the City of Mexico—from twenty to fifty thousand human beings are said to have been sacrificed in a year. Barbarous truly, but was it really much worse than the religion bound upon them for centuries by the bigoted Spaniard, with its Inquisition, monasteries and convents, which finally became so corrupt that even a Catholic government could no longer tolerate them, and sequestered the property of the church, abolished the Inquisition, and banished the corrupt monks and nuns?

After visiting the principal cities of Mexico, and seeing the thousands of grand and imposing churches, many of them decorated and ornamented with solid gold and silver, we wonder how it was ever possible to gather the millions and tens of millions of treasure necessary to erect these indescribably grand and imposing structures. It is no wonder that the country



is poor and its masses scarcely able to eke out a miserable existence. Now, however, under the wise government of the greatest man Mexico has ever produced, President Diaz, aided by religious tolerance and the consequent influx of Americans and other intelligent foreigners, the country is on the march upward.

Mexico City has a population of about 500,000, and has fine clean streets, many of them lined with beautiful stores and good hotels, though the latter are still a little too Spanish for American taste. Some Mexican cities could give our American municipalities pointers along the line of safe and sound government and care of the poor.

But we started out to write of the old, not of the new; and especially of the wonderful ruins of prehistoric Mitla, one of the buried cities of the unknown past. The ruins of Egypt, Greece and other Oriental countries attract and interest the traveler, and cause him to stand in amazement and admiration before their relics of the greatness of those nations long since passed away, which had the genius to design and the skill to erect such marvelous temples, pyramids and monuments; but here at our very door are the ruins of great cities once populated by peoples about whom we know nothing. We stand amid their ruined temples, and ask: "By whom and when builded?" But no inscription or writing has as yet been discovered to make answer. History informs us that the Aztecs occupied Mexico at the time of the conquest, and back of them the Toltecs; but back of them virtually nothing is known. These ruined cities were as they are now when Columbus first discovered America.



Taking train southeast from City of Mexico, we in due time come to another great Mexican city, Puebla, the Onyx City, located but a few miles from the ancient city of Cholula, with its great sacred pyramid. At Puebla we transferred to a narrow gauge road for a ride of two hundred and twenty-eight miles, again to the southeast, through wonderful mountain scenery, to Oaxaca, the birthplace of President Diaz. It is a beautiful city of thirty thousand inhabitants, located in a fertile valley surrounded by mountains teeming in minerals, especially with silver. From here we took hacks—not of the latest or most approved pattern—for a dusty ride of thirty miles, still to the southeast. Each hack conveyed four passengers and the native Indian driver, and was drawn by teams of various make-up. Ours consisted of two mules at the wheels, with three small horses in the lead; and the way those drivers did hiss, cluck and cut the poor animals with the whip would be a horror to a member of the Humane Society. Go! Well, I think we did, with a rush and a bang, the whole thirty miles, and we were thankful when we reached our destination that we had gotten through with all our members intact. We visited en route the Great Tree of Tule, a monstrous cypress measuring one hundred and fifty-four feet in circumference, and arrived at Mitla in time to enjoy a most appetizing dinner in the hacienda of Don Felix Quero, a true and ideal gentleman of the old Spanish school. After a night's rest in clean rooms—but not on downy beds, as the board cots used in Spanish hostelries can lay no claim to softness—we took a walk of perhaps five minutes, to look upon the celebrated ruins of

Mitla. To say that we were agreeably disappointed is putting it very mildly. Though we had seen the works of the mound-builders in our own country, and the sacred pyramid of Cholula, we were not prepared for the marvelous ruins spread out over the valley, covering acres and acres of ground, and rivaling in many respects the famed ruins of Egypt.

Here was a great stairway leading up to the main entrance to what was apparently a great temple, built of great blocks of stone formed into massive walls so effectively as to defy the destructive earthquakes which have so often visited this region. The style of architecture is peculiar, being entirely of square form in all openings. Either the arch was not known, or the other form was considered more safe. Massive blocks of stone, some measuring from twelve to eighteen feet in length, four to six feet in width, and three to five feet in thickness, cover the doorways. How those ancient builders ever quarried, transported and placed such massive blocks no man can now even guess. In one section there are six massive stone columns nearly seven feet in circumference and twelve feet in height. There are no windows, all of the openings having been entrances. The walls are most artistically decorated in bas-relief by means of small blocks of stone or concrete projecting about an inch, and in general appearance having the effect of the Grecian border, though differing in form and figure. Another compartment was decorated in colors which have not yet lost their beauty.

So on and on, passing from one chamber to another, descending into subterranean rooms, we wandered, our

wonder and interest increasing with each new unfolding of the picture. Neither the native peons who followed us about, descendants of the ancient Aztecs, nor scientific explorers who have visited these ruins and tried to find their history in some hidden inscription, can give us any account of the early history of what so awakens our interest. All that is known is that these ruins were as they are now when this country was first visited by Europeans. Any light which might have been shed on the subject was destroyed by the bigoted priests who accompanied the cruel Spaniards under Cortez in their conquest of the country. All that is certain is that while our own continent at the time of its discovery was peopled by various tribes of Indians living in their wigwams and roaming at will through its vast forests, away back of that, centuries witnessed in these far-off southlands, the rise and fall of empire, the erection and decay of cities, created and erected by peoples of whom we know nothing, and at a time of which no man can tell. But I have digressed, and must get back to Egypt in order to complete our tour.

## CHAPTER XLI

### PALESTINE

A short night's sail from Port Said, and we find our vessel anchored off the old city of Jaffa (Joppa), the seaport of Jerusalem and Palestine. With what emotions one first looks upon the Holy Land! It seems like awakening to the happy realization and fulfillment of a beautiful dream. From Joppa, where the timbers for Solomon's Temple were brought by sea, where numerous sacred incidents of the Bible are located, we pass over the plains of Sharon and Ajalon and, climbing the mountains of Judea, come within sight of the most sacred spot on earth to all Christian believers, Jerusalem. We stand with uncovered heads while we enjoy the picture spread out before us. In the foreground runs the old gray wall of Jerusalem, penetrated on this, the west side, by the Jaffa Gate; just to the right of the gate a short distance is the tower of David; scattered here and there throughout the city are domes and minarets, reflecting back the rays of the sun. To the right of the picture are the tombs of David and Solomon, while near the farthest or eastern wall of the city rises the beautiful dome of the mosque or shrine of Omar, built upon the site of the temple of Solomon, on the crest of Mount Moriah. There may be grave doubts as to the location of many of the sacred places in Palestine, but there is none as



to this, as it was built directly over the rocky summit of the mount; this rock is held sacred by the Moslems as the spot from which they claim Mohammed took his flight to heaven. All of this scene is enclosed by the old walls of the city, while rising upon all sides are the rough mountains, Scopus, Olivet, etc., terraced and covered from base to summit with vineyards and the evergreen olive tree; such an interesting and awe-inspiring picture as this can only be seen from some vantage point "round about Jerusalem." Oh! the wonderful privilege of placing one's self on the old east wall of Jerusalem, and in thought permitting some of the scenes of the past to come before us. Directly in front of us is the valley of the Brook Kedron; just beyond rise Mounts Olivet and Scopus. Turn back the centuries and look—a great army is camped on these mounts, and the hosts of Assyrians pour down to the attack and destruction of the doomed city. Again, the scene changes and the Syrians occupy the heights, and from there march to the siege. Later on the all-conquering Roman legions take their turn in battering down these walls and destroying the city. But the scene changes, and we see a camp of the chivalry of nations, while upon their banners and breasts they wear a strange device; it is the blood-red cross, and this vast host is composed of the flower and chivalry of all Europe, joined together in the holy crusade for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre.

But let us remove these warlike scenes from the canvas, and ring in some others more touching, if not so stupendous, in their display. It is a dark night, and St. Stephen's Gate over to our left swings open,



while from its portal come out an old man and a few followers. They are barefooted and have their heads covered with sackcloth and ashes in token of sorrow and mourning. They take their way down the winding path, cross the Brook Kedron and climb up the rocky slopes of Mount Olivet; reaching its summit, they turn, and their leader utters a wail of anguish, crying out, "Oh! my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would to God I had died for thee, Absalom, my son!" I said the night was dark, but the soul of King David was darker, as he looked over his beloved city, and wept over his rebellious son.

Ring out the old! Ring in the new! and again old St. Stephen's Gate is thrown open and out of it comes a "man of sorrows" with a few followers; they likewise pass down to and across the Kedron, and are lost sight of among those old olive trees. This is the Saviour of the world, and His Disciples on the eve of His arrest and trial, and that is the Garden of Gethsemane—

" 'Tis midnight in the Garden now,  
The suffering Saviour weeps alone."

Hard by the north wall of Jerusalem and near to the Damascus Gate, within the walls of a convent, excavation has been made, and some forty feet below the present surface of the city is an old Roman pavement, with arches and columns of a former palace upon it. This was evidently Pilate's judgment hall; if so, then Jesus walked over this very pavement to His trial, and again from there bearing His cross. What emotions fill the soul of the Christian believer as he real-

izes all this! From this place He passed through the north or Damascus Gate to that rough little green hill near the gate, where, crying "It is finished," He completed the building of the greatest monument to unselfishness and self-sacrifice for others ever erected on this earth of ours.

There is an old song the refrain of which is "Two paths lie before you, which one will you take?" Running out from Jaffa there is a broad highway, extending across the plains of Sharon and Ajalon. Here it forks, one branch running down across the desert to Egypt and far up the Nile among those stupendous monuments of man's inhumanity to man; the other winds up through the foothills and Judean mountains to Jerusalem, with all its sacred associations, crowned by the monument erected on Mount Calvary. What a contrast between these old Pharaohs who lived only for self, and this One who lived only for others. Somewhere between these two extremes each one of us is building a monument represented by our characters and our lives. Where is it?

"Building silently but surely,  
Whether we will or no,  
Building while the passing moments  
Swiftly come and go,  
Structures, whether good or ill,  
Yet for aye are building still;  
God grant our works may be  
Fit for an eternity,  
That the Master Builder say,  
When shall come life's closing day,

'Well done, thou hast wrought with care,  
Enter now my joys to share.' "

"Two paths lie before you, which one will you take?"

The city within the walls resembles all other Oriental towns, with narrow, crooked, dirty streets, indeed, in some parts, especially in the Jewish quarter, indescribably filthy, as they have no sewerage and everything is thrown into the streets.

A short ride from Jerusalem, over a beautiful road, brought us to one of the most interesting spots on earth, Bethlehem, the birthplace of Jesus. The town is perched upon the hill tops overlooking the grassy plains spread out below, where "The shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flock by night," when the Heavenly Choir appeared and sang the song of "Peace on earth, good will to men," which set the joy bells ringing so earnestly to the glad refrain, that we still hear its joyful notes at every happy Christmas time.

Of Bethany, located just on the other side of the Mount of Olives from Jerusalem, *some one* has said, "There remains nothing but a memory," but what a sacred memory, as the home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus, the only spot that seemed a home to Jesus after he had entered upon his ministry and to which he retired after his wearying labors in the city.

A short day's ride to the east brought us to the plains of Jericho, the sites of ancient and modern Jericho, beyond the hills "where Moses stood to view the landscape o'er." Running through the landscape

flows the Jordan, emptying into the Dead Sea, all teeming with incidents to memory dear.

Then to the north, across mountains and valleys, we come to a spot held sacred alike by Christian, Moslem and Jew, Jacob's Well. Although it was digged by that old patriarch thousands of years ago, it still furnishes to the weary traveler pure, cool water with which to quench his thirst. Near by is the tomb of Joseph, for by his own request his brethren carried his remains from far-away Egypt in order that they might rest in fair Canaan's land. "And the bones of Joseph which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor, the father of Shechem, for an hundred pieces of silver." Nearly two thousand years ago on the curb of this well sat another weary traveler (while His followers went into the city of Sychar, formerly called Shechem, near by to buy bread. From thence came one of the native Samaritan women to draw water, and during a conversation with her, Jesus made the announcement of a new religious era in which the Jews alone were no longer to monopolize God or Jesus, or Samaria His worship, but that thereafter, they who would worship the Father should do so in spirit and in truth. "For God is a spirit, and they that worship him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

Again, crossing the mountains and over the prolific plains of Esdrelon, we pass the town of Nain, and, climbing the steep mountains, enter the beautiful little city of Galilee, nestling in an amphitheatre-shaped slope at the top. This was the home of Jesus during

his childhood, and has many times seen it with interest, but if all others are dead or scattered, the public fountain is a monument to the Virgin Mary, no doubt, which is a monument to the Virgin Mary, in order to secure water for the people, and to see the natives living in it.

A half day's ride through "the valley" and over mountains brings us to the "valley" of the Virgin Mary, of great interest to all visitors to the Virgin Mary around which clusters the memory of the Virgin Mary, performed in it about 1800, and the Virgin Mary waters; again in the north along the coast of the Virgin Mary by the sources of the Virgin Mary, over the mountains of Mount Herman in the city of Jerusalem, and in the midst of a great plain, surrounded by the Virgin Mary and groves of fruit and the Virgin Mary, over the Virgin Mary Lebanon range of mountains in the north, and in the Virgin Mary and interesting ruins of the Virgin Mary, over the Virgin Mary anon mountains in Jerusalem, and in the Virgin Mary take steamer on the Mediterranean.



## CHAPTER XLII

### ATHENS AND ROME

Athens, Greece, ancient and modern, is so full of interest, sacred and profane, that it would require a whole chapter to even refer to her in the days of glory, when, in a literary sense, she was the center of the world; the ruins of the Parthenon, that world-famed temple crowning the Acropolis, the ruins of her other vast temples, amphitheatres, etc., and last, but not least, Mars Hill from which the Apostle Paul preached the new religion of Jesus to the Athenians. Then, over to Italy; we wandered among the ruins of ancient Pompeii, overwhelmed and destroyed by Vesuvius in the first century of the Christian era. We looked upon Vesuvius, with her torch of fire lighting up the heavens, showing that she has not exhausted her awful resources of destruction.

To Rome, where on one side of Capitol Hill lies modern Rome, living largely upon her past greatness, while just over the small eminence has been uncovered ancient Rome, after having lain buried for centuries, where we wander among the relics of her brightest days, when from her seven hills she ruled the world. Here are Triumphal Arches, ruins of the Forum, Senate Chamber, Audience Hall of the Cæsars, Baths, Great Amphitheatre, etc., while winding among these ruins of her greatness are the narrow streets with ruts

cut inches deep in their hard stone pavements. In wandering here it does not require a vivid imagination to conjure up some of the thousands of wonderful scenes that have transpired therein, the orations delivered in the Senate Chamber, the murder of Julius Caesar, Paul before the Caesar, pleading for the new Christian faith, the awful gladiatorial and other fiendish exhibitions of the Arena, and finally in imagination viewing the return of Rome's victorious army from some foreign war, as her chariot cut these ruts in the pavements and, perhaps, ministered freely with the blood of the vanquished of the wings of captive princes and kings chained to her chariot wheels.

Where are those old tyrant rulers of the long ago? Their time came, when on the battle field, by the hand of the assassin or, if spared a long, or long, of disease and pain, they received their summons and, like the humblest of their slaves, they died and, although while living the world seemed all to wait for them, at last they required but the regulation space on the floor of earth.

"Shades of the mighty, 'neath

Dead and buried to stay,

May stay the earth

To keep the winds away."

## CHAPTER XLIII

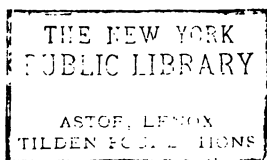
### SPAIN AND GRANADA

After calling at Marseilles, France, we continue our sail to Gibraltar, and stop to await our next steamer for New York. The time between steamers we employ in taking one of the most interesting trips of our tour. Securing a local courier, we crossed over the bay to Algeciras, where we took train for a run of 168 miles to Granada, the ancient capital of the Moorish kingdom of that name when all of the south of Spain was in their possession, and the last stronghold held by them prior to their final expulsion by the Spaniards under Ferdinand and Isabella.

The road runs for some miles over a comparatively level country, and then begins a gradual ascent into a mountainous country, where it passes through gorges and tunnels without number. Most of the land through this region is barren, though wherever a patch of soil is found it has been cultivated. This section is particularly interesting as being one of the greatest cork producing regions of Spain. We saw thousands of cords of it piled here and there, especially at the stations, where it was made up into great bales, preparatory to its shipment. Many of my readers, no doubt, know all about cork and its growth; some may not. Cork is the bark of a tree where it forms and, when of proper thickness, from which it is peeled off.



ALHAMBRA, SAN JUAN DE LOS RIOS





This does not either kill or discourage the tree, as it immediately begins a new growth, which in time is also removed, and thus the process goes on. We saw thousands of trees scattered far up on the mountain sides. We also noticed scattered olive groves wherever the soil would permit.

After passing through the mountain range we came out upon an upper plateau, composed of a succession of valleys, interspersed with isolated mountains, and across which coursed innumerable rapid mountain streams. The succession of these valleys, continuing all the way to Granada, thickly covered over with olive trees and grape vines, interspersed with the beautiful almond trees in full bloom, and dotted over with the neat little white farm houses, forms a picture of thrift and thorough care of the land that cannot be excelled in any country. Every foot of available land is under cultivation and kept as clean as the finest flower garden. The houses are of the very best and most substantial in character, built of stone or concrete and all colored white. The farms more nearly resemble our American rural conditions, as having isolated farm houses instead of being all clustered in villages as found in the far East. The country was so beautiful and interesting that we enjoyed every minute of the twelve hours required for the journey.

Arriving at Granada, we find quite an American scene presented by a long line of hacks, and hear the names of the various hotels called in our ears. As the world-famed Alhambra was the main object of our visit to this ancient city, we selected the Washington Irving Hotel, located a half hour's ride from the

depot, but in the immediate vicinity of the old fortress. For an old country Spain allows her streets and roads to run down more than any other. So away we went in the dark, first thrown to one side against the side of the coach, and then with a lurch against the lady sitting on the opposite side. There were eight of us inside the hack; during one of the side lurches, one of us put his shoulder through the window with a crash, and I am certain that it was none of the other seven. But all things must come to an end, and so did our ride up through the narrow streets of the city, and then up a winding road, bordered by tall elms, and with gurgling streams flowing down both sides of the road. The hotel we found to be excellent in every respect.

What shall I say of the Alhambra, celebrated in history, in fiction and in poetry? Here the Moors made their final stand under their last king, Boabdil, and from here were banished from Spanish soil after a succession of wars covering about seven centuries; and even then it is doubtful whether this could have been accomplished, had the Moors been united instead of being split up into warring factions, fighting among themselves. The uncle of Boabdil claimed the throne, and thus between the two, they produced a civil war, instead of uniting against the common enemy, the Spaniard. The Spanish rulers, Ferdinand and Isabella, took advantage of this condition of affairs and formed an alliance with Boabdil, he acknowledging fealty to the Spanish crown. They thus called off one-half of the Moorish kingdom and proceeded to conquer the remainder. El Zagel, the uncle, was a brave and

fearless soldier, and did all he could to stem the torrents of war being poured over his country, but city after city was besieged and captured until finally the old warrior, and would-be king, gave up and signed a treaty of submission to the Spanish crown. His appearance among the vassals of the king of Spain so aroused his followers that they deserted him, and he felt his humiliation and disgrace so much that he begged King Ferdinand to buy his possessions and permit him to retire into Africa. This was done, but the woes of the poor deposed king were not at an end. Upon his arrival in Africa he was arrested by the caliph, his eyes were burned out, his wealth confiscated, and he was thus compelled to pass the remainder of his days in darkness and want.

King Ferdinand now turned his attention to his other kingly ally, Boabdil, who was reigning in regal state in the Alhambra at Granada, and who was rejoicing over the overthrow of his rival and uncle, Zagal. His court and people, however, did not all participate in his rejoicing, and when he attempted to make a triumphal march through the streets of Granada, he was met with groans and lamentations, and retired in humiliation to his palace in the Alhambra. Then came Ferdinand's demand that he carry out his part of a former treaty by surrendering Granada. This so aroused his followers that he was compelled to decline, and took the field to defend his throne. The Spaniards marched against Granada, laying waste all of the beautiful Vega (valley)—said to be the most beautiful in all Spain—and invested and laid siege to the Alhambra and city of Granada. After a prolonged

siege Boabdil was compelled to capitulate and surrender this the capital and last of the strongholds of this one of the bravest and most warlike nations ever known, and thus was wiped out the kingdom of Granada, and banished as a nation from Spanish soil.

A strange and interesting fact in connection with this conquest of Granada to Americans is that it occurred in the same year, 1492, in which Columbus (under the protection of these same Spanish sovereigns) discovered America; in fact, it was to the camp situated on the site of Santa Fe, just across the plain from Granada, while the siege was in progress, that Columbus came a suppliant for help to carry out his enterprise.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### THE ALHAMBRA

On one of our visits to the Alhambra we wandered through the various rooms of the palace. As we listened to our courier giving a description of this and that compartment, our memory brought up scenes and incidents which we had read in history or romance, as to doings when it was the palace of the royal families of Granada. Our thoughts peopled the place with those who once reigned here in all the opulence and arrogance of that despotic age. Here in this beautiful Hall of the Ambassadors sat the king in regal state, surrounded by his courtly retinue and guarded by his armed retainers. Here sat the last king, Boabdil, when he listened to the terms of the treaty which he was compelled to sign, and by which he not only surrendered Granada but ended his empire, and took the first step in wiping out one of the proudest and in many respects the most chivalrous nations of which history makes record,—banished from the Spanish soil that gave it birth, nurtured it to maturity, and supported it during the days of its glory. Many of them crossed over to Africa, where they gradually became assimilated with the native tribes until they lost their identity; those remaining in Spain were mostly sold or given as slaves to the conquerors, and there became absorbed into the Castilian blood. Such a complete annihila-



tion of a great people, I think, has no parallel in history. In this same Hall of the Ambassadors Ferdinand and Isabella assembled their court, upon occupying the place after the conquest, and listened to mass in commemoration of that event.

The fountains and baths in the harem department suggested the many orgies the walls had witnessed, when, as we are told, the amorous king would recline at ease to witness the bathing of his women in the large fountain. Other rooms suggested other scenes, some hellish in their brutality, others gorgeous in their display of the court.

Another day we ascended one of the towers on the wall of the fortress. First, in imagination we stood there with the ill-fated Boabdil, the last of the kings, as he watched the arrival of the Spanish army upon the beautiful plains spreading out before us, then saw their camp spring up like magic, this followed by the destruction of all available supplies for his people which finally compelled his surrender. Again, we stand on this same tower with the conquerors and watch the broken and dethroned monarch surrendering the keys of Granada to Ferdinand, in the plains at our feet, hard by the base of the hill upon which the Alhambra stands; then in thought we see poor Boabdil, no longer a king, with his faithful followers as they plod their way across the great Vega to a point on the top of one of the rugged hills in the distance, which is pointed out as the spot where the heart-broken monarch that was, turned, and, looking upon the beautiful Alhambra now in the hands of the life-long enemies of his people, and with their flag flying from its towers, wept.

Remembering all that this condition of affairs implied to him and his people, I could not blame him. The spot is made famous in song and story by "The Last Sigh of the Moor," and on the wings of that sigh the dominion and power of this chivalrous and daring people passed into oblivion.

As to the right of the Spaniards to drive out the Moors from Granada after their possession of it for more than seven centuries, I have grave doubts, and especially so when we know that it was done in the name of Christ, and was considered a holy war fought for the purpose of spreading the Gospel of the Meek and Lowly Saviour, whose advent into the world was heralded by the heavenly anthem of "On earth peace, good will toward men;" and further, when we read of how these "most Christian sovereigns" (the most infamous propagators of the most hellish Inquisition), when in need of money to carry on this *righteous* war, would arrest a lot of the wealthy Jews and by false accusations, or any other method, compel them to give up their wealth; and also how they followed the most heathenish practice of making slaves of the conquered men, women and children, and other most unchristian acts, while the high prelates of the Roman Church followed them around blessing all their acts and returning thanks for every victory. One thing is beyond dispute, viz., that the religion of Christ has never had as great enemies as this so-called Church of Christ itself.

But what of the Alhambra, its name familiar to every reader of history, poetry or fiction? This at one time strong fortress and most beautiful palace, the

home of the kings of Granada, is located upon a spur of the Sierra Nevada mountains whose snow-capped peaks tower 9,000 feet above its walls and towers, while spreading out for miles extends the most fertile and beautiful valley to be found in all Spain. Granada itself is located 2,500 feet above sea level, thus making this range of the Sierra 11,500 feet. The Alhambra is surrounded with an immense wall, intersected here and there by tall towers and, as it covers the crest or crown of a high hill, was in its day almost impregnable, and, in fact, was only reduced by the Spanish sovereigns by the destruction of all things eatable around the city, thus bringing hunger and death to aid their cause. It was capable of holding an army of 40,000.

The palace of the Moorish kings cannot be described, and must be seen to be appreciated. It is purely Moorish in its architecture, the decorative work being indescribably beautiful. The columns are of marble, while the wall ornamentations consist of most exquisitely beautiful designs in stucco of a density and hardness unknown at the present day.

Our good host of the Washington Irving Hotel favored his guests with a genuine Spanish Gypsy dance (at five pesetas per head). We attended and felt fully repaid, for of all the professional dancers we had seen on our trip around the world, the Granada Gypsies were certainly superior in every respect, except their faces, for they were the most homely aggregation one would think it possible to gather up; but their dance made up for all this, for, although somewhat boisterous, it was exceedingly graceful.

The homes of the Granada Indians are unique. There are 5,000 of this peculiar people who claim Granada as their home, and their houses are now dugged into the sides of the hills, then cemented on and whitewashed, some of them ornamented with pictures. It seems strange to see such dwellings in such an old country as Spain, and in the twentieth century, especially so in a country abounding in stone with which to build, but we suppose like many peoples of the far East, they do so because their ancestors so lived.

## CHAPTER XLV

### GIBRALTAR

What of Gibraltar, our last sailing port on our tour? As is well known, this vast rock fortress is a natural mountain on the southern point of Spain, but belonging to Great Britain. Its history is one of war and bloodshed, as it has been in the possession of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Visigoths, Moors, Spaniards and finally taken and held by the British for about two centuries. It has stood siege after siege until fortified as it is now, it stands as the watchdog of the Mediterranean, as it completely commands the narrow channel entrance running between Spain and Africa, and is considered impregnable. As viewed from the sea it looks like a great rock mountain rising out of the water, but it is not only covered all over with vast military works, but its rock formation is tunneled through with galleries from which openings are made here and there, out of which immense guns protrude, guarding it on all sides and in all directions.

That soldiers had spells of the "blues" in the times gone by, as well as in our day, I think is evidenced by lines cut in a stone sentry box at Gibraltar and copied in 1822.

"God and the soldier all men adore  
In time of trouble and no more,





SIGNAL TOWER.

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX  
TILDEN FOUNDATION

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For when war is over,  
And all things righted,  
God is neglected,  
And the old soldier slighted."

I imagine the poor fellow was thinking of some humble little home and its loved ones across the sea, and his dreams of the honors and glory he expected to be showered upon him because of his patriotism. After all, there is much truth, as well as poetry, in the stanza.

The little city of Gibraltar, clustering along the base of the rock, is a curiosity in itself. It is built of rock and concrete, intersected by narrow crooked streets, many of the buildings being terraced far up the slopes of the mountain. Its population is decidedly cosmopolitan, being made up of people from nearly all European and African nations.

One of the peculiar sights of the place is the native milk wagons. The people of Gibraltar evidently do not believe in watered stocks, or milk, consequently all milk is delivered "in original packages." Goats are the main source of supply, and, in order to prevent adulteration, the animals are driven through the streets, stopping in front of the customers' houses, where vessels are handed out, or let down from an upper story on a string, into which the fluid is milked in the presence of the customer. We were informed that even these precautions did not always prevent attempts at fraud, as some of the milkers had been detected with a rubber bulb under the arm from which a tube would, at the convenience of the operator, convey

water into the vessel. All of which goes to show that the motion of one of our home councilmen to refer a pure milk ordinance to the water commission was not without warrant. This system of milk delivery we have often seen in other southern European countries.

## CHAPTER XLVI

### CONCLUSION

Our tour round the world is ended, and, making up statistics, we find that we have traveled about 28,500 miles. Counting oceans, seas, gulfs and the Suez Canal, we have sailed over sixteen bodies of water, on ten different steamers, and have gone through, or called at, twelve different countries; of the time required to make the tour (six months) we were on steamer seventy-two days. Was it an arduous trip? Yes; living so much of the time two in a room not large enough to make a respectable bath room, and all the time in one's trunks, packing and unpacking almost continuously; shivering with the penetrating cold of Japan; sweltering with the heat of the tropics; suffering with the great changes of temperature between day and night in India; having your constitution nearly jolted to pieces by the Indian sleeping cars; your lungs, hair and clothing filled with dust; thirsting for a drink of nature's greatest gift, water; having to put up with the filth, bugs, rats and mice of a few such so-called hotels as the English of Manila, and the "Apollo Blunder" of somewhere else; to say nothing of a few days' exceeding unpleasantness on old ocean's waves; yes, these were some of our experiences that might be termed unpleasant, and yet they were so far outweighed and discounted by the thousands of pleas-



ant experiences of all kinds as to cause us to relegate them into the list of back numbers, incidents to be referred to only to be laughed about. No one can travel and have with him "all the comforts of home;" on the contrary, he must expect to accept and put up with many things of most unsatisfactory character; and only such an one as can accept these conditions philosophically should call himself a traveler. Indeed, it is these unpleasant and disagreeable experiences which cause him to appreciate the real enjoyments of travel, as they make them stand out so much stronger by contrast. Further than that it is these unsatisfactory conditions, this "living in a trunk," that makes one look forward with such great anticipations to the crowning element of enjoyment in all tours, long or short, viz., the home-coming.

Like going into the great pyramid of Cheops and being nearly overcome and suffocated by the foul air, dust and horrible sensation of being in this old tomb, so far from God's free air and sunlight; I was glad I went in, but scarcely any money could have induced me to repeat the experiment. So in regard to a tour "round the world;" it is an experience and memory which I would not part with for any amount of money, and yet some parts of which I would not wish to have again. The true enjoyment of travel is in living it over and over again, in the after years, or, as some one aptly puts it, "It is better to have traveled than to travel." If one wants to be a good traveler and get all the enjoyment out of it, he must take it as it comes, the disagreeable with the agreeable, the bitter with the sweet, and ever seek to see the bright side of all things,

for as in our journey through life we must of necessity take enough of the sunnow and shadow without looking for them, so it is in travel. There are always enough pleasant and enjoyable moments to far outweigh any disagreeable conditions. There always remains that

"The inner side of every cloud  
Is bright and shining;  
Therefore turn your countenances about,  
And always wear them inside out,  
To show their lining."

From Gibraltar we embark for the last sail of ten days, concluding our long tour round the world. On the third day we sail through the beautiful Azore Islands, resting in a cove in the midst of the sea, and on across the great Atlantic.

In leaving Gibraltar we did so upon the day announced as the beginning of the equinoctial storm and were advised to wait until a later date, but we were homebound and in preference as to weather could delay us. We did, however, anticipate a rough passage across the Atlantic and were not disappointed, as we had eight days of head wind and consequent heavy seas, causing us to lose a day.

But now it is our last night at sea. The stormy weather has passed and the sea looks so calm and innocent as to indicate that it had never been otherwise. About 4 p. m. we passed Nantucket light ship, from which the news is flashed by wireless telegraphy to those watching on shore that our vessel is safe, and our good ship rushes on into twilight and then darkness.

Our little party, wrapped in our rugs, is seated on deck, while our thoughts and conversation are of our loved ones, and the happy reunion we so soon expect to enjoy. To our right and left extends the thousands of miles of the north and south Atlantic, behind us three thousand miles lie Europe and the countries we have left; ahead of us, yet out of sight, extend the shores of the greatest, grandest, freest and best land the sun ever shone upon. No sound disturbs the stillness of the silent night except the "swish" of old ocean against the prow of our great steamer. Four bells ring out, the cry of "All's well" is heard from the lookout on the bow, from the man in the crow's nest, answered from other posts, assuring us that we are in safe hands and that it is time to seek our cabins and beds. We bid each other a warm good-night and retire in glad anticipation of entering New York harbor on the morrow, and then to the best and dearest spot on earth, *home*.









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